

343
5

B
000241992
UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

PR
6021
I87
C6

Cornwall
The English Riviera
—
P. J.
KISLINGBURY

CORNWALL
THE ENGLISH RIVIERA

All rights reserved

CORNWALL

THE ENGLISH RIVIERA

A Poem

By

P. J. KISLINGBURY



BRISTOL
J. W. ARROWSMITH LTD., QUAY STREET
LONDON
SIMPIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & COMPANY LIMITED

1911

M 12

CORNWALL.

A SHORT TOPOGRAPHICAL ITINERANCY, PROMISCUOUSLY
WRITTEN AS THOUGHTS CAME NATURALLY.—LIKE THE
BEAUTIFUL COUNTY—UP HILL, DOWN DALE.

P R E F A C E .

IN presuming to send this little work to the public, I am performing a duty from a loving wish that my native home of Cornwall may be more widely known, and its beauties seen and appreciated as they should be.

The work of the great Architect and the master-hand shown in the grand cliffs, crags, caves, sands, hills, valleys, dales, rivers, streams, etc.; also the quiet beauty of the woodland scenery, rural hedges decked with flowers, charming with their loveliness the way in walk or drive. Rambling along by sea or fell. Of the latter there are many, which only show the diversified points in nature, enabling man to see her in her rugged state, as also to see her in her luxuriant loveliness and beauty. Where the south air blows, and the fan-like

waves of soft warm winds from Gulf Stream sent come balmy to the cheek, yet cool, as if in combination sweet they mingle. How lovely! walking as it were in Eden bowers, now in the twentieth century cast; while life to some is where the brambles tear, and o'er the murky way they wander wide, seeking for fairer skies and air. But come and see this lovely land. And here you'll find that Eden yet to man belongs, where he can roam with his own Eve in pleasure sweet and pure.

CORNWALL.

A PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

While winter yet with dreary moan
 Creeps o'er the English way,
The lanes and roads and Cornish cliffs
 Are bright with flowers gay.

Land of the dreamy sea and cloud,
 Who watch the daisy's eye,
While looking up with trustful love
 To the bright December sky.

Land where the botanist doth roam
 In summer suit bedight,
To search in winter for rare ferns,
 But stands filled with delight.

For violets and wild hyacinths
 Make bower with moss and fern,
A sweet arcadian charming sight
 Where'er the eye doth turn.

CORNWALL.

Children at play on yellow sands,
Sporting like elf or fay,
Are having heaps of glorious fun
In the bright long Cornish day.

Walkers and bathers all enjoy,
With happiness complete,
The favour'd gifts to Cornwall given,
Where earth and heaven meet.

Long may thy treasures be intact
From hands which but annoy;
The "vandal" of the present time
As heretofore destroy.

How different from the loving hand
Which touches with delight
The fragile pearl-price curio,
And wonders at the sight.

Delightful are thy varied charms,
No man could sum them up;
From cradle to the oldest age
The last drop of life's cup.

CORNWALL.

Land of Cornubia by the Romans named,
Land of the men for their bravery famed ;
Land where the Britons made great stand,
Land where they dared the Saxon hand.
Land for five centuries unsubdued,
Land where they fought with missiles crude ;
Land of Britannia the prima state,
Land where they long kept closèd gate.
Land where the power of Edgar fought,
Land where they conquest sought and sought ;
Land first at Hengston Hill o'erthrown,
Land which kept still contention's bone.
Land last by Athelstan o'erpowered,
Land he then claimed and England dowered ;
Land to " Cornwallia," they named in change,
Land which they placed in the Wessex range.
Land though defeated, unsubdued,
Land brave, with fortitude endued ;
Land which they knew and every range,
Land where, though fugitives, no change.

Land where they hid from Saxon hand,
Land where they lived a British band ;
Land where they with the Dane gave token,
Land where last British speech was spoken.
Land next perverted to Cornwall,
Land of the motto, " One and All."
Land of old histories lost in count,
Land where man's honour is paramount.
Land of the pre-historic ground,
Land where their monuments abound ;
Land where primeval huts are found,
Land where their shape is bee-hive, round.
Land of Damnonii of Damnonium,
Land of Cornubia with Devon made sum,
Land in time gone ruled by one king ;
Land where they vowed at stone-circle ring.
Land ages ago when those two tribes met,
Land in Cornubia they sun-circle set ;
Land where thirty stones they set in a round,
Land where a high Druid at each stone kept ground.
Land where they fixed the stones as a token,
Land where they promised peace should not be broken.
Land when from their sister-tribe Devon they parted,
Land Cornubia claim'd fifteen stones as when they started ;
Land of this old and most ancient race,
Land where they once held the premier place.



Tintagel—King Arthur's Castle.

Land of arms fifteen bezants (gold balls upon sable),
Land whence their old motto. Stones acted as cable.
Land time gone ruled by its own king,
Land where they now deep homage bring ;
Land where their good deeds are revered,
Land where their names will ne'er be seared.
Land of immortal Arthur's fee,
Land bound round nearly by the sea ;
Land where far-famed " Tintagel " stands,
Land wherein born to give commands.
Land where his blood first nurture drew,
Land where this hero traitor slew.
Land where his name was loved and feared,
Land where with age his fame 's endeared ;
Land where his name abounds in story,
Land of his life, his deeds, his glory.
Land where he trod its heath and brake,
Land which he loved for its own sake ;
Land where the dew sheds pearly-tear,
Land where it falls on Arthur's bier.
Land where his life shines as the day,
Land where it lives and shall for ay.
Land of the wave-beat shore and rock,
Land where they backward flingeth ;
Land where the cliffs grow cold and dark,
Land where old Neptune singeth.

Land where those rocky brows wear crown,
Land where gold lichen clingeth ;
Land where their rugged faces frown,
Land where the sea-flower springeth.
Land where the sea shows vast expanse ;
Land where it proves its power ;
Land where it beats with sullen blast,
Land where its vengeance lower.
Land of the rippling purling streams,
Land where their music falleth ;
Land where they sing their cooing lay,
Land where their swift rush calleth.
Land whose fair beauty ever shows,
Land where the spring-tide comes,
Land where the sea far outward goes,
Land where it beats its drums.
Land where like gentle zephyr mild,
Land where it softly hums ;
Land where its anger scarce knows bound,
Land where it adds its sums.
Land where Cassiterides doth lie,
Land down those seas which rude sweep by ;
Land where those Isles have ages lain,
Land eyes have longed to see in vain.
Land Lyonesse too drowned by sea,
Land captured from Cornubia's fee ;

Land taen with houses, towns and people,
Land entombed all with church and steeple.
Land when waves peaceful are o'erhead,
Land of God's acre of His dead ;
Land there unseen the church-bells swing,
Land where the dead their own knell ring.
Land too from whence comes sweetest chime,
Land with harmonious sounds sublime ;
Land Lyonesse covered many miles,
Land from Longships Lighthouse to Scilly Isles ;
Land thence to Lizard Point north-east,
Land which gave mountain waves great feast.
Land all engulfed in ten ninety-nine,
Land seized and kept in ocean mine ;
Land staying 'till time no more shall be,
Land waiting its Master's last decree.
Land where old records are carried on,
Land of memorials of those long gone.
Land claimed by Neptune for his bride,
Land where she with her nymphs do ride ;
Land over which he reigns supreme,
Land of the Cornish folks loved dream.
Land which holds numerous things in store,
Land of the talk from Eastern shore ;
Land where strange words are handed down,
Land of Phœnician famed renown.

Land of their intercourse in past,
Land where they once ship's anchors cast ;
Land where from East to West they came,
Land where they left an honoured name.
Land where the miners round them pressed,
Land where they earth-lode metals dressed.
Land when these Syrians came this way,
Land where they anchored was Mount's Bay ;
Land when the " Mount " was clear of tide,
Land over those foreigners did ride.
Land where those bronzed men brought their wares,
Land there with British tribes changed fares ;
Land where with pottery, money, clothes,
Land where they bartered, not as foes.
Land when the Briton tin had brought,
Land East and West had what each sought.
Land where they made the " clouted " cream,
Land they the Briton taught to " ream."
Land where they formed from milk's crude state,
Land where they cream with junket ate.
Land where the East-folk made this food,
Land where it suits each taste and mood.
Land where all space was virgin ground,
Land where rude forests did abound ;
Land where e'en now lies trackless croft,
Land where first Nature's not all doffed.



St. Michael's Mount.

Land where great giants lived and died,
Land where oft now their spirits ride ;
Land where they in the storm sweep by,
Land where is heard their battle-cry.
Land where they fought in times-long past,
Land where around their armours cast.
Land where they rock and boulder flung,
Land where their fists like metal rung.
Land where they threw big quoits about,
Land where their voices gave great shout ;
Land where they made the cave in rock,
Land where they wrestled hand in lock.
Land where Trecobben Hill was great,
Land of this part they kept in state ;
Land where they had the " bloody field,"
Land where they did dire vengeance wield.
Land where Cairn Gulval's rocks bear mark,
Land where the giants used to lark ;
Land of Carn Galva's giants too,
Land where he kept his Titan crew.
Land where those giants held their sport,
Land where death stepp'd and closed their court—
Land of the Hebrew Brook, by name Gulfwell,
Land where a Jewish Sibyl used her spell ;
Land where this spring oracular was deemed,
Land where it was by people 'round esteemed.

Land where this well replied to questions Sibyl spoke,
Land where the response came by bubbles, which then broke ;
Land where when folks craved news from absent friend,
Land of this brook so bright, should it bad colour lend ;
Land where dark tinge showed, sick their friend would be,
Land where, if water lay quite still, then dead was he.
Land where this brook gave great surprise to all,
Land where this water changed at invocation's call.
Land of the carn of the howling wind,
Land to Kenidzhek never kind ;
Land when on tour few tourists scan,
Land where this part is held as " ban."
Land where this carn as landmark shows,
Land where its stones like castles pose ;
Land where this outcast part stands lone,
Land where is heard death's shriek and moan.
Land where the Celts' lost spirits fight,
Land where they come at dead of night ;
Land where they hold possession fast,
Land where the people stand aghast.
Land where this spot no one invades,
Land where they fear the ghostly shades.
Land where no ploughshare holds its sway,
Land which is shun'd by night and day.
Land where the dead 'round hill-shades lie,
Land where the barrow-mounds give sigh ;

Land of the mystic-circles' power.
Land of rude altars left as dower.
Land where holed stones are scatter'd 'round,
Land where the " past " is sacred ground.
Land which is feared and held in dread,
Land given over to the dead.
Land of romantic names all round,
Land where the voice has singing sound ;
Land of delightful charming grace,
Land of the old, old Celtic race.
Land of Phœnicians, Romans, Jews,
Land where they came bright tin to choose,
Land where the Danish pirates fought,
Land they came to and good things got ;
Land where the Greek, too, came from far,
Land where he watched the evening star.
Land Theodoro came to of royal line,
Land here lived descendant of Constantine ;
Land of this cousin of Emperor of Greece,
Land where this Christian king's kin found peace.
Land where he lived long, land where he died,
Land where on tablet his record 's described ;
Land of Landulph on its church-wall 'tis read,
Land of the dust of this sanctified dead.
Land where the fairies dwell at night,
Land where they dance by bright moonlight ;

Land where they merrily play in a ring,
Land which they leave on nightingale wing.
Land where the timid violets meet,
Land where they gossip at your feet ;
Land where they in green moss-beds grow,
Land where their fragrance sweetly blow,
Land of the primrose, woodland flower,
Land where they peep from bracken bower ;
Land where they wear pale golden dress,
Land where they flush with loveliness.
Land where they in sweet colours vie,
Land of the home where zephyrs sigh.
Land of the hare-bell soft and blue,
Land of hydrangea, foxglove too ;
Land of the meadow gold and white,
Land of the goblin and the sprite,
Land of the Pixies, little men,
Land where they tramp the moor and glen ;
Land where they lure folks from their home,
Land too of sprightly elf and gnome.
Land of sweet Tamar who roams through her gardens,
Land where she wanders to Devon's fair banks ;
Land where the brooklets all rush to her service,
Land where she smiles on all ages and ranks.
Land of the Torridge, the Lynher and Tavy,
Land where those rivers acknowledge her force ;

Land where streams glide in the wake of her beauty,
Land which rejoices in power of her course.
Land where the flashing waves sparkle like crystal,
Land whose long vistas of beauty are seen ;
Land where the lifted oar stops while upraisèd,
Land of magnetic attractions the Queen.
Land where the creek forms a halo so lovely,
Land whose landscape reflects in its waters so gay ;
Land where rock-curving points give dignity stately,
Land whose charms all so varied enhance the glad way.
Land where the natural and cultured commingle,
Land where they grow in the friendliest mood ;
Land of green heights grandly noble and fertile,
Land where they look down on sweet valley and wood.
Land whose clear waters lie sleeping so tranquil,
Land where they rush in such mad haste along ;
Land where their ripple soothes gently like music,
Land where their swish sings in echoing song.
Land bearing face of antique great,
Land where the present knows not date ;
Land whose old history is lost in time,
Land of the truth and the legend rhyme.
Land of the cromlech, weird rite-stone,
Land where those solitaires stand lone,
Land of the cross, the Christian sign,
Land where they gem the moor and mine.

Land where the dust of ages meet,
Land of the tread of modern feet ;
Land of rare intricate maze and thread,
Land of the dead, past buried dead.
Land of the scientist for lore,
Land where he tries to ope the door ;
Land where the lock is closed so fast,
Land no hand opens to re-cast.
Land where came nations long since dead,
Land where they were so kindly fed.
Land where memorials speak but in part,
Land which once held the beating heart ;
Land where, when life and pulses heaved,
Land where they thoughts and fancies weaved.
Land walked o'er by the feet of time,
Land where he left his tread sublime.
Land of the mine beneath the sea,
Land where the miners hold the key ;
Land where they work down under wave,
Land where they live a life that 's brave.
Land where tin-lodes are often found,
Land of rich minerals in its ground.
Land of bright copper, coal and ore,
Land which holds these in her dark store ;
Land whose construction is unique,
Land where they for all metals seek.



Land's End.

Land so magnificent though wild,
Land which is Nature's own true child.
Land whose men oft seek world-wide mart,
Land of their love still keep their heart ;
Land where they come back tired to rest,
Land they revere as mother's breast.
Land which holds love's intrinsic store,
Land of their heart right through its core.
Land of all lands most dear to them,
Land which they think is earth's best gem ;
Land where they wish to live when wed,
Land where they hope to rest when dead.
Land of imagination's child,
Land where romance suits scenery wild ;
Land of a warm voluptuous air,
Land which has grandeur's seal set there.
Land all unequalled in its make,
Land such unlikenesses doth take ;
Land variform, its features quaint,
Land which all artists love to paint.
Land through its midst runs hill-ridge bare,
Land 'gain with wealth of pasture rare ;
Land bound with adamant rock,
Land where great waves its doors do knock.
Land where they rave and lash the shore,
Land where they fall, kiss and adore ;

Land coy with sea like lady mild,
Land where waves love to be beguiled.
Land of grand rocks of Serpentine,
Land where this marble's grain is fine ;
Land where its shades are brown and red,
Land where green tones besides are shed.
Land round the Lizard their rock-beds lie,
Land where the sea runs mountains high ;
Land where they quarry those lovely rocks,
Land where they break and hew in blocks.
Land where they are for commerce made,
Land where they sell and make good trade.
Land where these rocks are mined for use,
Land where e'en small parts things produce.
Land of the granite cross deep in the ground,
Land where these sanctuaries often are found ;
Land where for ages, long ages they have stood,
Land where the ancients gave reverence good.
Land where those stones stand as symbols of old,
Land where conjectural guess is oft told ;
Land of those pious-posts stationed for prayer,
Land olden forefathers foregathered there.
Land where they laboured and tribe-raids had led,
Land where they hunted and worked for their bread ;
Land where they worshipped, land where they prayed
Land where those rudest of altars they laid.

Land where crosses may rest beneath ground trod above,
Land of memorials pre-historics did love.
Land showing the heart's crave to worship and pray,
Land religion of old comes to us in this way ;
Land giving the manner man looked up to God,
Land which prayed around crosses of stone placed in sod.
Land sun, moon and stars have for ages looked o'er,
Land of old-time old men who have long been no more ;
Land where many folks stand, the mind lost in the past,
Land where they try hard, hours of old to re-cast.
Land where unsolved still strange remains we oft see,
Land mysterious and weird in its deep mystery.
Land showing sad relics above and in ground,
Land for which neither date nor tradition is found.
Land where supposition alone doth abound,
Land ancient of ancients whose age is not found.
Land in troublous times, to wit the rebellion,
Land whose attention to the struggle was great ;
Land where men's avocations were rudely forsaken,
Land devoted by loyalists to the King and the State.
Land of which Charles the First was so proud,
Land he to all time by letter endowed ;
Land where he sent to all grades and all ranks,
Land his faithful received his royal thanks.
Land of such vast extraordinary merit,
Land Cornwall's county hath shown and inherit ;

Land which the king wished the whole world to know,
Land that such valour and courage could show.
Land conquering through disadvantages great,
Land of wonderful prowess of human feat ;
Land with great patience and pursuance have work'd,
Land of populous towns fully armed they ne'er shirk'd.
Land which " dispight " any likelihood, gained
Land of victories amazing what they attained.
Land where the Crown little could send help them defend,
Land on their small armies they alone could depend ;
Land where their oppressors were richly supplied,
Land where some grand heroes on the battle-field died.
Land in church and in chapel this letter is to be read
Land for ever a record must be kept and oft said.
Land which won great success again and again,
Land of bold, stalwart, loyal, brave Cornishmen.
Land where in September sixteen forty-three,
Land received royal letter, with King Charles' Decree.
Land near " Painter's Cross," at Castle Pentillie,
Land where its owner did dire act, yet silly.
Land in castle hall Sir James' statue still stands,
Land of this Tillie once large owner of lands ;
Land—true tale—ere dying directions he gave,
Land when dead he 'd be placed, but not in a grave.
Land where onward to Tamar a streamlet hies,
Land near it Mount Ararat hill doth rise ;

Land where this mount hath a fearful dower,
Land which is topped by Tillie's tower.
“ Land here a room 'neath tower I 'll build,
Land here I shall do as I feel willed ;
Land here when dead, with my pipe and grog,
Land here I will stay like a happy dog.
Land here in chair dressed as I am each day,
Land here no one can dare say me nay ;
Land here when dead my body shall be,
Land here I will stay on my own fair fee.
Land here I will keep my own door key,
Land here I will stay eternally.”
Land where this atheist used this prayer,
Land where he is coffin'd, not placed in chair.
Land of this bon-vivant notorious in fame,
Land where he has left an unenviable name.
Land where many parts are as in ages long flown,
Land where pre-historic remains are its own ;
Land where their great age can ne'er be assigned,
Land date antiquaries are baffled to find.
Land of the cromlech and the wild rocky tor,
Land where they stand now as in centuries of yore ;
Land of those big tables of large unhewn stone,
Land where they 're revered and devoutly left lone.
Land of Kilhampton's neat church and fine tower,
Land where one might spend such a sweet peaceful hour ;

Land of this venerable and dignified pile,
Land where they built it in unadorned style.
Land of this structure so pleasing though plain,
Land where its noble look thrills heart and brain ;
Land where it stands far from the gay worldly throng,
Land where this old church rests its own dead among.
Land where oft clear voices from choir fall around,
Land where the dead slumber in peace so profound.
Land where came a traveller and stopped on his way,
Land he distinguished by his writings that day ;
Land where James Hervey penned amidst these sad glooms,
Land of famed " Meditations Among the Tombs."'
Land of Treryn Dinas, O beautiful headland.
Land where this " cliff-castle " shows ancient man's hand ;
Land where earth-trace entrenchments in triple row stand,
Land of work now existent so long ago planned.
Land here is famed Logan Rock, wonderful stone,
Land where it stands poised top of sister rocks lone ;
Land where this stone oscillates little or much,
Land where it is balanced agreeing with touch.
Land where a lieutenant with help of boat's crew,
Land where they larked so, they the stone overthrew ;
Land where Admiralty ordered those men stone re-fix,
Land where they regretted their foolhardy tricks.
Land where with machinery they the stone placed again,
Land which they left wiser, but still frolicsome men.

Land where this mass of granite weighs just sixty tons,
Land those sailors glad turned from to get to their guns.
Land near Logan Rock stands the giant's great chair,
Land where one may rest in true golden hours there ;
Land of this " chair," shaped like throne nature framed,
Land folks ages since for the giant had claimed.
Land here for miles round rise sea-mountains rich green,
Land where too the sapphire lends its beautiful sheen.
Land separate was the Cornish ground,
Land thought so far from Plymouth Sound ;
Land isolate, alone and grand,
Land unknown, called a foreign land.
Land where scarce traveller ever came,
Land yet was heard of, and of fame ;
Land ere Brunel his bridge had planned,
Land ere bright Tamar's shores were spanned.
Land ere the train 'round Saltash ran,
Land peopled by a Celtic clan.
Land where the moon on Tamar sleeps,
Land where her water vigil keeps ;
Land where she wakes from peaceful dreams,
Land which she silvers with bright gleams.
Land where this lovely river glides,
Land where she bears her teeming tides ;
Land where she gaily onward goes,
Land where she to the Hamoaze flows.

Land where she ever keeps her tryst,
Land where these waters long have kissed.
Land of Saltash holds Cornwall's keys,
Land which opes often as she please ;
Land where long time was used a wherry,
Land where this boat did people ferry.
Land folk from Devon to Cornwall came,
Land Cornish they went from the same ;
Land where Brunel joined sea with land,
Land where the " Albert Bridge " looks grand.
Land whose great gate now opens wide,
Land of the rail combined with tide.
Land where the foreigner may roam,
Land of the mystic Druid's home ;
Land where their secrets hidden lie,
Land where they 'll rest till all things die.
Land of vast prospects from Saltash town,
Land on the Hamoaze looks proudly down ;
Land where its body Plym's waters meet,
Land which holds part of England's fleet.
Land where her warships' anchors ride,
Land where they are all Britain's pride.
Land where the women prowess won,
Land of the strength of the Amazon ;
Land of Ann Glanville in time remote,
Land where she was the stroke of boat ;



Saltash Bridge.

Land of Saltash these women claimed,
Land where they were for valour famed.
Land where they showed their strength of will,
Land where their names are valued still.
Land where they wore white cap frilled fine,
Land where they mustered all in line ;
Land where they wore frilled jacket too,
Land where they showed long way from view.
Land where Ann's crew with men did race,
Land where her team ay won the chase ;
Land where they bragged not, but dared do,
Land of this " fair " courageous crew.
Land where they from to Havre went,
Land where they rowed with fixed intent ;
Land of the French whose team they beat,
Land where Ann's crew took premier seat.
Land where one girl with joy elate,
Land where she dived in cap ornate ;
Land where she swam 'neath vessel's keel,
Land where this famed crew set their seal.
Land of those Saltash women brave,
Land where they feared not wind nor wave.
Land where we look o'er Maker Heights,
Land also of Mount Edgcumbe sites ;
Land of rich woods and shores combined,
Land where their beauty is unconfined.

Land of rocks, creeks, and landscape wide,
Land where the sea in inlets hide ;
Land lovely from this 'vantaged ground,
Land mirrored in the waters round.
Land of gems rare, few lands can meet,
Land for its scenery none can beat ;
Land first and last town of the West,
Land which owns some of the whole world's best.
Land of the granite peak and hill,
Land where they guard their boundary still ;
Land where the Romans camp did hold,
Land where they showed such bravery bold.
Land where their helmets sparkled fine,
Land of their exile and repine ;
Land where they bartered for the tin,
Land where they mourned for kith and kin.
Land of waters, rich green and purest of blues,
Land alone of all England which shows such fine hues ;
Land when the sun gives out his great power,
Land seems as if God had gilded His dower.
Land anon when the moon pours her rays o'er the earth,
Land looks angel-white as if wrapped in new birth ;
Land of beauty thou drawest the soul's sympathy,
Land of nature so sweet opes the heart with its key.
Land of the southernmost English shire,
Land too of most ancient British pyre.

Land shaped like " Plenty's Horn," whence came
Land titled Cornubia, a Latin name.
Land undulous, now dale, now hill,
Land of its own unbiased will.
Land of whose parish Moorwinstow,
Land where the north-east winds do blow ;
Land where this latitude is spent,
Land west is America's continent.
Land Cornish drawn by boundary-line,
Land from Moorwinstow will define.
Land towards Devonshire to the West,
Land thence to " Land's End " will be the best ;
Land then to " Rame Head," Plymouth near,
Land of its length and breadth is here.
Land of the Tre, the Pol and Pen,
Land with these names bear Cornishmen.
Land of great names enrolled in fame,
Land mothered by the Cornish dame ;
Land where her influence ay is felt,
Land of the Saxon and the Celt.
Land of illustrious sons' long fame,
Land where they treasure every name ;
Land of Borlase, Prideaux and Boase,
Land where their writings honour throws.
Land of Sir Humphry Davy, Moyle,
Land where they loved to work and toil.

Land of Trevithick, Tregelles too,
Land sons of which they were so true.
Land of Earl Chatham, *né* William Pitt,
Land where her children proudly sit.
Land of Trelawny and his brave deeds,
Land where he loved to sow good seeds.
Land of Jonathan Couch, of Polperro repute,
Land as medical man he was held as astute ;
Land where as a botanist greater his fame,
Land where he searched and rare fossils did claim.
Land of John Couch Adams, scientist of sky's host,
Land of this astronomer who was void of all boast ;
Land where he the farthest of all planets found,
Land from whence this knowledge spread the whole earth
 around.
Land too of the Grenvilles, William Murdoch and others,
Land a clever group owns of diversified brothers,
Land also of heroes who live in her heart,
Land where thoughts to them from the mind often
 start ;
Land where ne'er forgotten though ages roll on,
Land where they will dwell 'till eternity's dawn.
Land whose Cathedral Truro claims,
Land of many strange-sounding names ;
Land where this grand pile is obscured,
Land once St. Mary's, now abjured.

Land where they have the nave preserved,
Land this church sixteenth century served ;
Land where the modern fabric stands,
Land where the old with new clasp hands.
Land where the present meets the past,
Land where they both unite at least.
Land where all Fanes hath freedom's right,
Land where " Truth " conquered in the fight ;
Land from religious tolerance, free,
Land which maintains her dignity.
Land where the Cornish Earls did live,
Land where they did their dictum give ;
Land where they claim this ancient blood,
Land near on hill their castle stood.
Land whose museum has treasured hoard,
Land where some Celtic things are stored.
Land where those pre-historic's " count,"
Land of those fixtures paramount.
Land of those gems, in number small,
Land where they prize and value all.
Land of many saints fifteen centuries ago,
Land where they came knowledge of Christ to bestow ;
Land Saint Gwithian holds oldest church in all the land,
Land where it lay ages deeply buried in sand.
Land men excavated and searched for so hard,
Land whose hope of success and good wishes were barr'd.

Land where the spheres came to and encircled one day,
Land where they formed up in great battle array ;
Land where they turned over the pitiless sand,
Land where they the church showed to her seeking band.
Land then rejoiced that the search was all o'er,
Land the chapel then guarded from the sea's ruthless shore.
Land where this oratory is small in its size,
Land where antiquaries come and feast their longing eyes ;
Land where tradition so long had preserved,
Land where Saint Gwithian his holy mission served.
Land where he o'er the towan's studied as he walked,
Land where he with the people often prayed and talked ;
Land where this good man had sorely sighed and wept,
Land where he sedulously his sanctuary kept.
Land of this solitary quiet region grand,
Land of this church so old built in upheaving sand ;
Land of this edifice so sacred yet so lone,
Land where it rests beside the sea's deep mournful tone.
Land of Saint Piran of Perranzabuloe,
Land of the deeds of this good man so true ;
Land of Saint Ives he came, then went to Perranporth,
Land which still reveres this saint of sterling worth.
Land where near he built and sanctified a " Kirk,"
Land where he laboured hard in many kinds of work.
Land where he showed the miners how to smelt the tin,
Land where he the farmers help'd when seed-time did begin.

Land of time centuries gone, Saint Piran now no more,
Land this little church neglected ay worshipp'd in of yore ;
Land where sand came instead of people, and re-fill'd,
Land thus a sad memorial gather'd up and hill'd.
Land where this holy pile was by nature's agents freed,
Land showing from long ages past a Christian man's good deed.
Land the present giveth thanks for such acts which are
 sublime,
Land where natural causes came and brought back step of
 Time.
Land where Marconi's flag is unfurl'd,
Land where his science links the world ;
Land of Gunwalloe's Church and cove,
Land where the tourist loves to rove.
Land just beyond near foam-crest wave,
Land there Marconi's towers look brave ;
Land of his mystic wireless gauge,
Land of this marvel of the age.
Land of those towers high overhead,
Land where they look like things of dread.
Land Poldhun Hill they dominate,
Land which holds key of wireless gate ;
Land where they send their message weird,
Land from through boundaries vast they 're steer'd.
Land which gets answers unseen they come,
Land of messaged words from deaf and dumb ;

Land where those ether conquerors rule,
Land where those masters have no school.
Land of those spidery towers in air,
Land where they claim a wizard's care ;
Land of this station with power so fraught,
Land of transmuted human thought.
Land of the ever-surgings sea,
Land of the misty veil-like way ;
Land where it clouds one round in wreaths,
Land where like magic it's gone away.
Land of grand cliffs of awe-inspiring form,
Land where they face and dare the wildest storm ;
Land where their breast is decorated o'er,
Land of the many shades of lichen'd store.
Land where all colours grace the seeking eye,
Land where grand flowing tints oft sky outvie.
Land where on banks live beauteous flowers by stream,
Land where they by the singing waters idly dream.
Land where the pensive mind perceives sweet fear,
Land where the soul feels awe with reverence dear ;
Land of rare majesty in nature seen,
Land where God's step and hand hath been.
Land bearing an old legend, the Zennor Mermaid,
Land whence from the sea to its cove she oft strayed ;
Land whose famed church choir she heard singing one day,
Land where she listened, and wished she could stay.

Land where the Squire's son sung best in the choir,
Land where his voice beat the best music of lyre ;
Land where in cove mermaid hearkened and waited,
Land whose attraction for her never abated.
Land where she gave utterance and found she could sing,
Land where her notes floated as from bird on the wing ;
Land where people flocked to the cove, just to see,
Land whence came those tones of such sweet melody.
Land where the Squire's son fell in love with the voice,
Land where too the mermaid claimed him her heart's choice ;
Land where this fair youth she wiled into the sea,
Land where she keeps him with her water key.
Land where it is said he oft sings soft and low,
Land where his heart is, but from her dare not go.
Land of old legends some of good, some of folly,
Land which drives out clouds of dark melancholy ;
Land where this mermaid the tale says carried dupe off,
Land which once gave credence, to-day laughs at in scoff.
Land which gives gist to the tales told of old,
Land where her stories are loved better than gold.
Land of Saint Ives, the Riviera Queen,
Land one must love, when it is seen ;
Land with its lovely crescent-shaped bay,
Land where bright waves in it sport and play.
Land where across lies the eastern shore,
Land of sweet tints from heaven's great store.

Land where also is seen Godrevy Isle,
Land where its light shines for many a mile ;
Land with the " Island," true name of old,
Land where it stands protective, bold !
Land where earthquakes' action joined it to town,
Land where this story is handed down ;
Land of this Gem purloined from the sea,
Land which it shields so lovingly.
Land of this " Jewel " by Porthmeor's shore,
Land the Atlantic waves wash evermore ;
Land where its sward is as green as its sea,
Land where its beauty for miles one may see.
Land of this sward, sitting on lichen'd rock,
Land where comes boom, like a small earthquake shock ;
Land far down beneath mountain " breakers " lash round,
Land where they made a great cave in its ground.
Land where is heard the deep roar and the swirl,
Land where the wild waters swish as they whirl ;
Land where one may feel a commotion so strange,
Land which seems to tremble with din, quite a range.
Land where all ferns prolific bear,
Land where they flourish without care ;
Land where the " maiden hair " did grow,
Land where the vandal stole for show.
Land where its fronds fell wild and free,
Land where it graced the cave by sea ;

Land where Porthminster's rocks abound,
Land there this " Alpine Fern " was found.
Land where it lined the walls with green,
Land where " sea-pinks " peeped through between.
Land of the purling singing rill,
Land of quaint monolith of Knill ;
Land where it stands high some miles to view,
Land built it in seventeen eighty-two.
Land where Knill's memory is preserved,
Land where his bounty is sometimes served.
Land of his whimsical queer rite,
Land where some folks each fifth year cite ;
Land where his behests are obeyed,
Land danc'd o'er by old dame and maid.
Land where on Saint James the Apostle's feast day,
Land where young and old, rich and poor wend their way ;
Land where as round monolith dames and girls swing.
Land where the " Old Hundredth," Psalm, they all sing.
Land where fiddler performs with manner high,
Land where he " Accompanies " in month July.
Land where this play is enjoyed and the fun,
Land where they look on Knill's act as a pun.
Land of Saint Ives Corporation then meet,
Land there with Knill's gifts and bounty they treat.
Land where the artist takes his stand,
Land where they congregate in band ;

Land where they need not seek for "spot,"
Land where at hand they've pictures got.
Land where the scenery is so grand,
Land where they sketch palette in hand.
Land with grand dazzling beams of light,
Land of soft haze with gold bedight ;
Land where the sunlight peeps through mist,
Land sun ne'er leaves till gloaming kiss'd.
Land where the myrtle blooms so free,
Land where it grows in shrubbery ;
Land where as trees too myrtles grow,
Land outdoor garden, high or low.
Land where it wants not vase or glass,
Land where its flowers come out *en masse*.
Land where both rich and poor doth hold,
Land where this rare plant costs no gold.
Land where "Verbena Tryphillia" lives,
Land where it size and beauty gives.
Land which rears fuschia trees so high,
Land where their pensile flowers droop shy ;
Land where in crimson showers they fall,
Land which all connoisseurs extol.
Land which the people praise as well,
Land where they oft its beauties tell.
Land of a lovely temperate clime,
Land where the dawn-bells ring grand chime.



St. Ives Town and Harbour.

Land where the evening sings sweet song,
Land where the sunset lingers long ;
Land where all colours finely show,
Land where the rainbow shoots his bow.
Land where the twilight soft falls 'round,
Land where her footstep hath no sound ;
Land where her garments trail to night,
Land where she rests in slumber light.
Land where fresh beauties gild each day,
Land where one laughs and feels so gay.
Land where the zephyrs flit and play,
Land where they sing oft through the day ;
Land where they whisper low to trees,
Land where they echo to the breeze.
Land where they kiss the leaves of flowers,
Land where they cool the sunlit hours.
Land where the sky is cerulean blue,
Land where comes showers of pearly dew ;
Land where at night heaven's blue is deep,
Land where the sky shows wondrous sweep.
Land of this spot, the Cornish pearl,
Land where they silver ball doth hurl ;
Land where the Mayor keeps it each year,
Land where it 's held intrinsic dear.
Land where it is toss'd as in days of old,
Land where it is treasured more than gold.

Land where the folk on Whit-Monday play,
Land where they toss the ball that day ;
Land where they throw and try outreach,
Land o'er and 'round Porthminster beach.
Land where this ball is one man's care,
Land finished play, returned to Mayor.
Land of rich laughter and gay song,
Land where all happy hours belong ;
Land 'neath the pearl and opal sky,
Land of earth's glowing ecstasy.
Land beauteous far as eye can reach,
Land which its usages doth teach.
Land of sweet-scented clematis,
Land which the gentle winds do kiss ;
Land where they chase the pretty flowers,
Land where they dance among the bowers.
Land where they sing sweet chanting strains,
Land where they wander down the lanes ;
Land where they swift 'round leaflet fly,
Land where they swing on branches high.
Land where they softly touch your cheek,
Land where they twitch your hair in freak ;
Land where they round the churchyard hie,
Land where they mourn the dead with sigh.
Land where the dark rocks jut and frown,
Land where the sands are gold as crown ;

Land where they silver'd are at night,
Land of bright jewels ! lovely sight.
Land of the calm of ocean deep,
Land where the " breakers " claim their keep ;
Land where Atlantic surges roar,
Land where they die along the shore ;
Land too of surf and wash of tide,
Land where the sea-gulls lave and hide ;
Land where they rise and mount on wave,
Land where they fly to rock or cave.
Land where the stormy tempests rave,
Land where the fishermen are brave ;
Land where they bring the life-boat out,
Land where they muster thin and stout.
Land where " to save ! " the battle cry,
Land where " to dare ! " their great hearts vie ;
Land where they heed not sea nor sky,
Land where they oft in harness die.
Land of no mean unkindly heart,
Land where they each sustain their part ;
Land where they " stand up " for each other,
Land where they help a fallen brother.
Land of no distinct thermal change,
Land where equality hath range ;
Land where as seasons come and go,
Land there as marvel comes the snow.

Land whose fair shores the Gulf Stream laves,
Land where it warms her nooks and caves ;
Land where fresh too comes lovely breeze,
Land where it sweeps through bowers and trees.
Land where Life's force-power is extreme,
Land ruled by mode and style supreme.
Land of the mould of slumbers light,
Land where not long, nor deep the night ;
Land as lands near equator's line,
Land here is graced by perfumes fine.
Land where e'er snows of Parma melt,
Land here spring-flowers gem rock and veldt.
Land where the violet is earlier seen,
Land Cornwall is Empress ! Naples Queen.
Land more advanced than distant climes,
Land where spring's garlands come betimes ;
Land where green banks embroider'd are,
Land where seems emptied Flora's car.
Land where the south air softly blows,
Land where those winds keep off the snows.
Land where grand trees look down from height,
Land where they sentinel the night.
Land nature fair goes hand in hand,
Land where the seas caress the land.
Land of Tregenna, oh ! lovely old castle,
Land high on dais as king when enthroned ;

Land with thine own lovely parterres around thee,
Land too that o'erlooks such grand scenery round.
Land where thy old halls and " parlours " are restful,
Land where sweet health gleams all sunny and free ;
Land where she laughs in her beauteous surroundings,
Land where she sings as she roams o'er the lea.
Land where she makes thy pond's " goldfish " so sportive,
Land where she swings 'neath thy " plantation " tree ;
Land where 'round castle she skips o'er the flowers,
Land where she lives in the bird and the bee.
Land of Tregenna ! thy rooms are all stately,
Land tourists come to and the guest from afar ;
Land where they seek out health's beautiful goddess,
Land where they find her the bright reigning star.
Land of the rock and lofty cliff,
Land where they dip for ocean whiff.
Land of the moors though wild and cold,
Land yet looks warm with " broom's " bright gold.
Land where all ferns spontaneous grow,
Land where their fronds to earth bow low.
Land where birds migrate to on wing,
Land where they, grateful, chirp or sing ;
Land where they winter in this home,
Land which they leave when spring doth come.
Land of Carrack-Gladden's lovely vale,
Land where the fairies tell their tale.

Land where the woodbine's scent is fine,
Land where its flowers o'er hedges twine.
Land where we linger on the scene,
Land where the pulses sharpen keen ;
Land of the picturesque and strange,
Land where grand nature shows such range.
Land down near lovely Carbis Bay,
Land where the people come each day ;
Land where they have grand fun galore,
Land round and about the Cornish shore.
Land where " The Grotto " nestles near,
Land where they get good brew, not beer ;
Land where they serve cream, cake and tea,
Land of their goodness all agree.
Land where they fish, golf, bathe in bay,
Land where enjoyment fills the day ;
Land where when satisfied they leave,
Land whose bright fancies 'round them wreathe.
Land of night's summer stars sparkling gay,
Land where they come out in best array ;
Land where their presence the heart doth cheer,
Land where they in countless numbers appear.
Land of the sweet magic hour of the night,
Land where her lights o'er the sea shine so bright ;
Land where they guide the mariner home,
Land where he rests from the sea-wave's foam.

Land where God's hand guards her dear shore,
Land where He stills the tempest's roar ;
Land where He 'suages the raging sea,
Land where His commands are, Peace shall be.
Land where the clouds spread far out and vie,
Land where they look mountains moving in sky ;
Land where they display also valley and tree,
Land of pictures which show in sky, earth and the sea.
Land of fresh panoramas lovely and grand,
Land of the great master Magician's fair hand ;
Land where life holds records so many and great,
Land where opened seems the heaven's own gate.
Land of native home ! draws the mind and the heart,
Land first life did nurture and its rudiments start ;
Land where thought ingrafted like plant to a tree,
Land there oft the soul dwells in sweet memory.
Land where old age is mellowed young,
Land where fresh wreaths of youth are flung.
Land where bright rare exotics bloom,
Land of no place for early tomb.
Land where the sun shines radiant fair,
Land where all nature is debonair ;
Land of all tones, all shades, all skies,
Land where the sea song never dies.
Land where luxuriant roadways meet,
Land where the wild-flowers twine your feet.

Land where earth her best riches bring,
Land where her verdure is ay like spring.
Land where sweet heather carpets make,
Land where it wanders in your wake ;
Land where it clings 'round rock and stone,
Land where it 's to perfection grown.
Land where its purples vie in hue,
Land where it shades to violet blue.
Land where life lives in charming ease,
Land of rich honey and glad bees.
Land with an endless summer day,
Land where one longs to live alway.
Land where the child enjoys his play,
Land where the heart feels light and gay.
Land of hedge and lane deck'd o'er with flowers,
Land where they come in lovely showers ;
Land of the eglantine—sweet brier,
Land of this rose which all admire.
Land where the daffodils grow wild,
Land of this lovely golden child.
Land where they jewel lane or road,
Land of fair nature's sweet abode.
Land too where richest flowers hold sway,
Land where they gem the parterred way ;
Land so copious, with gifts so profuse,
Land with superabundance, kept from abuse.

Land where the winds æolian blow,
Land where their tones through harp-strings flow ;
Land of ballad and legend sung in song,
Land where these attributes belong.
Land of the tale told in twilight grey,
Land of the ghost that haunts certain way ;
Land where is seen oft the long gone dead,
Land where they tell the story with dread.
Land so unique in its features stand lone,
Land the world 'round are its symbols all known ;
Land with hills sterile of granite-peak crown,
Land where one roams hill to valley adown.
Land whose fresh air is life-giving ay,
Land so celebrated and favour'd to-day ;
Land where combined is the finest of fine,
Land in its beauties distinctive each line.
Land ever fertile and boundless in wealth,
Land where the goddess of good is herself.
Land fanned by air as from some witching clime,
Land of the wild, the weird, and sublime ;
Land of charms cheering to the mind which ne'er fail,
Land of sweet voices from rock, hill and dale.
Land where from Ped-nolver rocks music came grand,
Land where the sound stole like a dream o'er the sand ;
Land where again from the Porthminster hill,
Land whence strains filled the whole heart with a thrill.

Land where foreign flowers prolific abound,
Land in open air here they bloom all around ;
Land where their fragrance fills the warm air,
Land they delight in, no exile is there.
Land where American aloe-trees flower,
Land where their blossoms do give fairest dower ;
Land where they rear their heads high to the breeze,
Land near the Atlantic's salt waves and huge seas.
Land where primeval land is found,
Land looked upon as sacred ground ;
Land of immemorial time,
Land yet is in its health and prime.
Land where great oceans come from far,
Land where they draw old Neptune's car ;
Land where they sweep the golden strand,
Land where they salute cap in hand ;
Land where they low obeisance make,
Land where they thunder, roar and shake.
Land of the wave-crest snowy white,
Land where the deep is blue as night ;
Land where again comes pearly sheen,
Land where through ocean sand is seen.
Land where a-down bright fish do play,
Land where they flash and plash all day ;
Land where e'en mirth in fishes show,
Land where no doldrum keeps his woe.

Land where 'tis gone like flying thought,
Land where the " dead in life " are not.
Land of the cake with saffron gold,
Land where it is relish'd hot or cold ;
Land with this ancient recipe,
Land where Phœnicians gave the key.
Land where this cake is liked by all,
Land where they make in cot and hall ;
Land where the " stranger " loves the taste,
Land where they wonder at the paste.
Land where this dainty is assured,
Land there at any time secured.
Land of great richness in its earth,
Land also of great surface worth ;
Land where the crops are first to come,
Land which doth reap the highest sum.
Land where the grain gives splendid yield,
Land fruitful in both bower and field ;
Land where fair nature gives her best,
Land which doth wear a crownèd crest.
Land with such fare what land can vie,
Land enhanced too by Cornwall's sky ?
Land which gives voice for music's song,
Land where harmonics live among ;
Land where you hear them in the breeze,
Land where they sing through summer seas.

Land where they sound in rippling wave,
Land where they whisper in the cave.
Land where the sea-pinks clothe the rock,
Land where they wear their gayest frock ;
Land where they in green tufts reside,
Land where they saunter to the tide ;
Land of Atlantic's sand-storm rift,
Land where the sea its mountains lift.
Land of the caves formed in rock's side,
Land where fair bathers robe inside ;
Land where fine bays and creeks abound,
Land where the yellowest sands are found.
Land where the eye ne'er tires to see,
Land of this bold promontory.
Land of the old and modern age,
Land in its book writes a new page ;
Land singular, gives surprise to all,
Land unique part of earth's great ball.
Land where bright rivers glide along,
Land where they croon their Cornish song.
Land where their song recounteth oft,
Land where they tell of those aloft ;
Land where they murmur soft and low,
Land where they sigh as on they flow.
Land where they love the plaintive tone,
Land which interprets it alone.

Land where gay ribbons windeth through,
Land where they gleam with silver hue ;
Land where fair flowers bend o'er and stray,
Land where they are kiss'd by ripples gay.
Land where they droop their leaves so shy,
Land where they blush, shake and defy ;
Land where as on those streamlets go,
Land where they treat those flowrets so.
Land in winter season so called—the sun shines,
Land where genial air, like sweet spring-time, beguiles ;
Land where again summer joins jointly the two,
Land where those atmospheres combined doth imbue.
Land where bright warmth with a cool air commingle,
Land where this elixir of glowing life comes ;
Land where God's blessings doth never come single,
Land where one gets bread in big loaves, not in crumbs.
Land where the chaffinch so long gives its note,
Land where its chaff is so late heard to float ;
Land where so near as December's last day,
Land when this bird leaves and wanders away.
Land where unexpected sights oft meet the gaze,
Land which is a wonder, a labyrinth, maze.
Land as o'er the moor one walks, lo ! it is gone !
Land nothing but mist is around, behind, on ;
Land where one is mystified how to proceed,
Land where e'en the natives, so used, fear to lead.

Land where we are all " Pixie-laden " they laugh,
Land where, with the sunshine, they return the bright chaff.
Land where the mist gauze-like oft soon disappears,
Land where folks rejoice as the atmosphere clears.
Land where some sights unreal seem,
Land just a step beyond a dream.
Land of rough eminence, land of deep mine,
Land where rich milk comes from well-preserved kine ;
Land where the cot looks as white as a dove,
Land where they peep through the trees which they love.
Land where like mirage fresh scenes we descry,
Land where the far off appears so near by.
Land where white cloudlets " once on time " hide the sky,
Land where quick they vanish as if angels pass'd by.
Land where the sunshine brightens all,
Land where its warmth and radiance fall ;
Land of grey-granite speckled bright,
Land where its crystals charm the sight.
Land of this spar-stone, mineral rock,
Land where they take for house or dock ;
Land of those giant boulders deep,
Land where they nestle as asleep.
Land of rich and varied wealth,
Land standard first, for best of health ;
Land sweet and pure from fresh sea-wind,
Land of soft air to sick-folks kind.

Land in the past few "strangers" scann'd,
Land with their advent, all is bland ;
Land since health's banner is unfurled,
Land now acclaimed by all the world.
Land where cliffs tower o'er sparkling sand,
Land where rock-chasms run far inland ;
Land whose waves look like rich-set gems,
Land where they are bound with silver hems ;
Land here of all England such waves do meet,
Land where they fall at Cornwall's feet.
Land of the rocks all dressed in green,
Land where asparagus wild is seen ;
Land where its fronds wave softly 'round,
Land where they too grace heather'd ground.
Land where one roams from moor to shore,
Land heather spread and broom's gold store.
Land of "Porth Ia," Saint Ives health resort,
Land which is claimed as the Duchy's forte ;
Land where this Saint came to from Ireland's strand,
Land she first stepped on was this town's "Island."
Land of Pendinas, Cornish name for same,
Land in the fifth century was known to fame ;
Land folks "Porth Ia" gave as name to the town,
Land which to this day keeps her name in renown.
Land of some rocks with the samphire herb bound,
Land which gives heart to wreck'd sailor if found ;

Land he knows well is near, this plant on the rock,
Land where he gives thanks for relief of heart's shock.
Land of resourse of the sea and of mine,
Land which contains such wondrous combine.
Land where the marvellous radium is found,
Land where its eyes shine deep down in the ground ;
Land where its power, though unknown, has long been,
Land where its virtues have been felt though not seen.
Land with a Spa, natural mineral spring,
Land " Wheal Trenwith " mine, so plenteously bring ;
Land where this radium, " radio-active," doth live,
Land this spring's temperature environments give.
Land where mayhap more wonders be,
Land of a grand futurity.
Land of the footprints of the past,
Land where their revered shades are cast ;
Land where for good those steps have been,
Land where they showed and still are seen.
Land where they tread the old, old way,
Land of bright promise none gainsay.
Land where thy beautiful church looks commanding,
Land with its battlement parapets high ;
Land where its pinnacle on angle resteth,
Land where its tower lifts its cone to the sky.
Land where this graceful and grand old church standeth,
Land where its organ-peal sometimes sounds lone ;



View of St. Ives, showing Church.

Land where anon it blends with sweet voices,
Land where they oft mingle with ocean's grand tone.
Land where the waves reach the grass-cover'd churchyard,
Land where they sweep 'round the graves cold and grey ;
Land where they swish their spray oft o'er the windows,
Land where their white-plumes so prettily play.
Land where the sunshine streams down o'er the dark aisle,
Land where it shoots through stained figures of glass ;
Land where those fair heavenly faces smile sweetly,
Land where in diversified shades the rays pass.
Land whose fine font style of building is Roman,
Land where this lovely old relic is preserv'd ;
Land where handsome bowl is supported by angels,
Land where generations its altar hath served.
Land where this holy pile is always engaging,
Land where its memorials and standards we view ;
Land where its historical features are resting,
Land where is shown clearly the old from the new.
Land where in the chancel and choir-stall are carvings,
Land where they bear such a strange motley crew ;
Land where saints, crowns and fishes are portrayed,
Land, too, bears head with fool's-cap, and bust of a shrew.
Land where this church likewise shows bearings heraldic,
Land where arabesques also and shields too are placed ;
Land where are grotesques, some with animal faces,
Land in ages long gone living fingers had traced,

Land time past sheep pastured and roam'd round the church
walls,

Land where a storm raged, and great hurricane blew ;
Land where this occurred in sixteen ninety-seven,
Land whence came the sand and hid church grass from
view.

Land of this town part the sea has encroached on,
Land where big ocean waves strip'd part of church roof ;
Land where those elements, earth, air and water,
Land where they wove warp, without weft or woof,
Land where they stayed not to bind all together,
Land where they made havoc, as children with toy ;
Land which they deluged with sand and with water,
Land where they centuries old work did destroy.
Land where one can converse with God helped by nature,
Land which all around bears the stamp of His hand ;
Land where He doth wander in His earthly garden,
Land where falls His footstep all over the land.
Land erst-while left calm in its own quiet beauty,
Land where rise its trees, some with fruit garnished rare ;
Land where its green meadows and valleys look lovely,
Land where nature is abundant with so little care.
Land ay undulating, uphill and down dale,
Land where'er the eye rests, but with joy it must glow ;
Land where the heart lifts up to its great Creator,
Land where the lips form, and prayers from them go.

Land where with its beauty all people are charméd,
Land where its great grandeur calls forth loving praise ;
Land where the big ocean with its wave reposeeth,
Land where its tones fear in the timid heart raise.
Land where its power hath well been recorded,
Land where its low ripple falls gently as sigh ;
Land which for its sweet-breathing health holds the dower,
Land of the long past, and the sweet by and by.
Land now of all classes and distinctions of peoples,
Land where they come to and great interest display ;
Land where they study points and records of history,
Land which they soon love and never wish go away.



PP
5021
I 87
C 6



3 1205 02113 5999

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



B 000 024 199 2

