



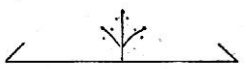
A SONG OF CARBIS BAY



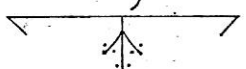
WRITTEN
AND
COMPOSED
BY



ROBERT EUSTACE



PRICE 1/6 NET.



E. R. BARTON,
"ST GWITHIANS",
CARBIS BAY, CORNWALL.

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A SONG OF CARBIS BAY.


Written and Composed by


ROBERT EUSTACE.

Moderato.

VOICE.  Oh why spend pounds and

PIANO. 

 pounds in seek-ing warmth a-way from home, At Mon-te Car-lo Cannes or Nice, at



Flor-ence Nap-les Rome? To dodge the cold there is no need to go to for-eign

shores When we have got the Corn-ish Riv - i - e - ra at our doors_

Copyright.

CHORUS.

Più animato.

Oh! we lead in shine or rain Such ve - ry mer - ry lives Rid-ing in the

Ba-by train, Shop-ping in St. Ives. Star-lings on the chim-ney pots And gulls up-on the

sea: Oh! we're gay at Car-bis Bay, And that's the place for me.

DANCE.



A Song of Carbis Bay.

A SONG OF CARBIS BAY.

Oh! why spend pounds and pounds in seeking warmth away from home,
At Monte Carlo, Cannes, or Nice, at Florence, Naples, Rome?
To dodge the cold there is no need to go to foreign shores,
When we have got the Cornish Riviera at our doors.

Chorus— Oh! we lead in shine or rain,
Such very merry lives,
Riding in the Baby train,
Shopping in St. Ives.
Starlings on the Chimney pots,
And Gulls upon the sea,
Oh! we're gay at Carbis Bay,
And that's the place for me.

And every little village has some special thing to show,
St. Ives a Hake, Lelant a Badger, Hayle, of course, a Crow:
At Carbis Bay an Institute, severe, and somewhat Greek,
They say it's made of Gold and Jade, and Cedar wood and Teak.

Chorus— Oh! we lead etc.

And if we're gay in Winter, in the Spring we have of course,
Geraniums, Fuchsias, Daffodils, the Primroses and Gorse.
And oh! the long, long summer days, when all the bees they hum,
Around the Escalonia and Misembryanthemum.

Chorus- Oh! we lead *etc.*

But best of all, that Festival, when all go up the hill,
To dance around that Monument, the tomb of Mr. Knill:
They say "Nil desperandum," and "Nil nisi bonum" too,
But all the while that Monument appears to lean askew.

Chorus- Oh! we lead *etc.*

Our roads are steep, and from St. Ives to Carbis Bay you know,
Tregenna Hill's a mighty long, and thirsty way to go;
But here Tregenna Castle bids you welcome to her Charms,
And don't forget that at the top you'll find the "Cornish Arms!"

Chorus- Oh! we lead *etc.*

It is the land of Pixies, and of Legend and Romance,
We've got St. Michael's Mount, and Marazion, and Penzance;
Blue seas and skies, and laughing eyes: if you want more than these,
I've only got to say you must be very hard to please.

Chorus- Oh! we lead *etc.*