

# Cornish Kitchen

F C7 F C7 F C7 F

Why bless' ee you knows all a - bout\_ it, A - vore I do tell'-ee a word. Tis a

5 F C7 F C7 Dm C

boy and a maid and a count - ry glade, A stor - y you'-ve oft - en heard. How the

9 C G7 C G7 C G C

boy lost his heart to the maid\_ well\_ the how of it's al-ways the same;\_\_\_ Tis

13 G F G F C G7 C G Bflat F C

where I met Nell-ie that I wants to tell-ee. She was tend-ing the but-ter and craime. In a

C C F F Bflat Bflat F F

Corn - ish kitch en\_\_\_\_\_ with the log fire glow on the wall\_\_\_\_\_ and the

24 C C Dm Dm G F F F

nick-et - y nock o' the grand-fath-er clock, The blue and white chin-a and all;\_\_\_ The\_

32 C C F F C7 C7 Bflat Bflat

floor clean sand-ed\_\_\_\_\_ the\_ table\_ for sup-per was laid,\_\_\_ Her

40 F G7 G7 C F C F F

moth-er said stay\_ well what could I say, So I sat bes-de Jan's little\_ maid.\_\_\_\_

Old Jan farmed about forty acres,  
 And I was his better most man;  
 So twas easy for me, to be see'in of she,  
 And that's how the courtin' began:  
 On Easter Day just a year after,  
 We marched off to church prinky dressed;  
 I gived her the ring and all that sort of thing,  
 And the parson chap he did the rest.



We've a Cornish Kitchen, with the log fire glow on the wall;  
 And the nickety nock o' the grandfather clock,  
 The blue and white china and all:  
 There's the squab pie steamin', the table for two neatly laid;  
 A chair for me and another for she,  
 What was once farmer Jan's little maid.

I've seen chaps look wish't as a awinnard,  
 What you call scared out of their life;  
 P'raps starved as a baby or poor lived maybe,  
 But tis most times a troublesome wife:  
 Of course all the maids ain't like my maid,  
 What a joy of the world it would be,  
 If such maids could be found, to have one each all round,  
 An' all be as happy as we.

In a Cornish Kitchen, with the log fire glow on the wall;  
 And the nickety nock o' the grandfather clock,  
 The blue and white china and all:  
 We've a brave fire burning, the table for three is laid,  
 That's Nellie and me and the other you see,  
 Is our own dear little maid.

*1 There is a type of blue striped china often called 'Cornish China' or 'Cornish Kitchen'.*

*2 'Prinky dressed' - all 'dressed up'.*

*3 'Squab pie' - pigeon pie.*

*4 'Wish't as a winnard'. A winnard is a redwing, they stop off in Cornwall for a rest on their way through. (They come from quite a distance and usually look pretty 'wished' when they arrive. Note the placename 'Winnards Perch'.)*

Cornish Kitchen was popularised in 1960s and 70s folk club and north Cornwall pub scene by Mervyn Vincent. It is likely that he learned it directly or indirectly from the singing of Jack Collings of Port Isaac. Jack Collings was a Cornish Bard and took the Bardic name *Pyscador An Gan* (Fisherman of Song). He was a pioneer of wireless performance from Cornwall and recorded on 78 rpm records for Decca between 1926 and 1936. His repertoire included Cornish Kitchen along with numbers like Tavistock Goosey Fair and Camelford Fair (Information provided by Eileen Spry, Folk Song Recorder for the Federation of Old Cornwall Societies who was given a cassette copy of some of Jack Collings' recording by his nephew Michael).

Cornish Kitchen was apparently written by Frederick Dale in 1912 and published by Larway and co. The present owners of the firm were contacted in order to clarify copyright issues but had no record of the song and no objection to a version being published here.