

# Cornish Christmas

Words & Music  
by  
**Tom Prin**

There's a pas - ty in the o - ven & a frost - ed saf - fron  
 There's a Tris - tan in the folk - lore with a wound that would not  
 Come to Corn - wall ho - ly Christ child, hum ble souls a - wait you

bun in the pan - try where the nut - meg meets the thyme. Christ - mas  
 heal. Oh, the sea, its' pow - er beck - ons Christ - mas day. He sets  
 here; Man called Luke says soon your pro mise will ap pear. Come be

day ar - rives in Cornwall, Ma ry's ho - ly child is born & he sails our way this crisp Tin ta gel  
 sail from old Tin ta gel on his way to Dub lin shore with a song up on his lips & nothing  
 pre - sent, past & fu - ture, here & now, "He's born to day! King di vine, our sa vior!" we your peo ple

morn. Sail our way dear Christ Child by the star so true. Boss 'ney  
 more. Sail a way dear Tris tan play your harp so true. May you  
 pray. Sail our way dear Christ Child by the star so true. Boss 'ney

Covehas its' heart o pen wide for you. Sail our way dear Christ Child ply the  
 meet the Christ Child sail ing straight for you. Sail a way Oh, Tris tan sing your  
 Covehas its' heart o pen wide for you. Sail our way dear Christ Child ply the

I rish sea. All our Corn - ish hearts are o - pen wide for thee.  
 song so sweet. May you and the ho - ly Christ child both soon meet.  
 I rish sea. All our Corn ish hearts are o pen wide for thee.