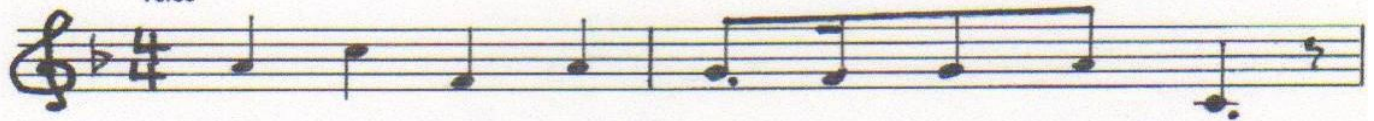


CHISEL PORT

Words & Music by Bob Watson

Steady in 4; With feeling

Verse



Porth - gain har - bour, by the Pem - broke shore,



Signs of the past dis - played. Once known as Chi - sel Port,



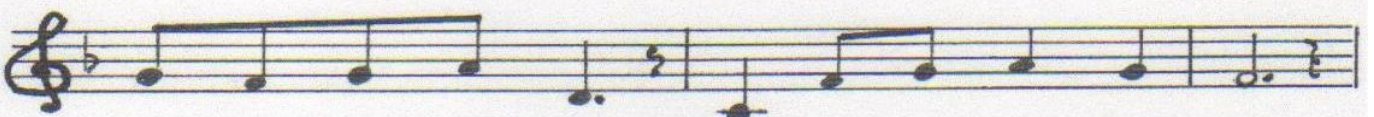
Back in days of yore, Bu - sy at the road stone trade. ---



Gra - nite from the hill - side, hop - pers by the quay, Steam ships and

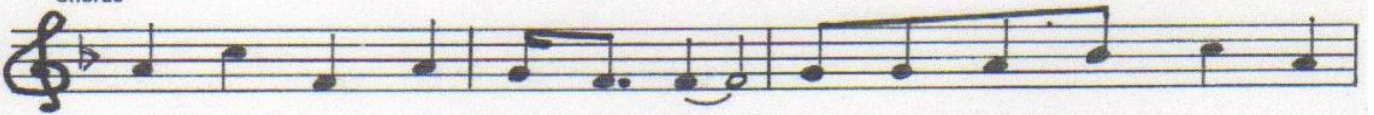


sai - ling craft, put - ting out to sea; --- Bound out for Bris - tol and



oth - er ports be - side, ---- Sai - ling on ev' - ry tide. -----

Chorus



Old time tales of Chi - sel Port, --- Blow - ing on the west wind,



sing - ing on the sea, Of by - gone days and ways that used to be. -----

1. Porthgain harbour, by the Pembroke shore,
 Signs of the past displayed;
 Once known as Chisel Port, back in days of yore,
 Busy at the roadstone trade.
 Granite from the hillside, hoppers by the quay,
 Steamships and sailing craft, putting out to sea,
 Bound out for Bristol ** and other ports beside –
 Sailing on every tide.

** or any westcoast port with 2 syllable name – e.g Cardiff

Chorus: Old time tales of Chisel Port, Blowing on the west wind, singing on the sea,
 Of bygone days and ways that used to be.

2. Still there's keepsakes, gathered there on show,
 All around the Porthgain quay;
 Memories of Chisel Port in times of long ago,
 Linger for the eye to see
 Tramways to the quarries quiet upon the hill
 Once rang with hammers, now the wild flowers spill
 White painted beacons watch out across the tide,
 Waiting for ships to guide.

Once where the old ships plied.

Chorus: Old time tales of Chisel Port, Blowing on the west wind, singing on the sea,
 Of bygone days and ways that used to be.

3. Porthgain harbour, by the Pembroke shore,
 Quiet with the past portrayed;
 Mindful of busy days gone for ever more,
 Vanished like the roadstone trade;
 Still you'll see the old ships, gone beyond recall,
 Hung up in picture frames on a bar room wall,
 Time's left its mark on the memories that remain,
 Echoed on the wind's refrain.

Final Chorus Old time tales of Chisel Port,
 Blowing on the west wind, singing on the sea, Of bygone days and ways that used to be.