

MAY DAY MAYDAY

Jon Heslop

There's a May Day in Pad - stow the Red and the Blue
5 are danc - ng the streets to bring sum - mer a - new.
9 The drums take their beat from the rhy - thms of the past
13 and the young men of Pad - stow are May - ing.

There's a May Day in Padstow, the Red and the Blue
are dancing the streets to bring summer anew.
The drums take their beat from the rhythms of the past
and the young men of Padstow are Maying.

All through the sunshine and all round the town,
"Unite and Unite!" how the words echo round.
There's maids with the posies of flowers in their hair
and the young men of Padstow are laughing.

The shadows of ev'ning are lengthening now,
the Red and the Blue come to take their last bow.
The drums miss a beat at the signal in the skies
and the young men of Padstow are running

down to the boatshed and out past the light,
under the oilskins still sashes and whites.
There's a sash of the Red next to sashes of the Blue
and the young men of Padstow are sailing

out 'neath the cliffs where the white waters rage
a fragment of life is pulled back from the grave.
Another soul snatched from the dragon in the deep
and the young men of Padstow are smiling.

Then back from the ocean as darkness descends,
back to their families, back to their friends.
There's a pint in the Harbour, the Golden Lion too
and the young men of Padstow are Maying.