

HORSE DAYS

Jon Heslop

My fath - er used to tell me of his fa - ther's fa - ther's days when the men would come from Cadg-with up the
7 steep and rock - y ways. How that per - il on the sea would send a fire in - to the sky and we would stand be -
14 hind the gate and watch the men go by. Now no fire dis - turbs our ease, there's no long - er need to run. wil - ling men
22 de - fy the seas and the horse - s' day is done.

My father used to tell me of his father's father's days
when the men would come from Cadgwith up the steep and rocky ways.
How that peril on the sea would send a fire into the sky
and we would stand behind the gate and watch the men run by.

*Now no fire disturbs our ease, there's no longer need to run.
Willing men defy the seas and the horses' day is done.*

When the farmer saw the signal then the cart was brought in haste
and the boy would fetch the horses, not a minute would they waste
so the crew could catch their breath and ride, thankful for a faster speed
for every second saved on land could save a soul in need.

In time we learnt the meaning of the fire in the sky
and we knew we would be needed when we saw that star on high.
Over fields and over meadows, 'twixt the hedges down the lane
we would run to be the first one to the bridle and the reins.

We each knew his duty, each to his appointed task.
Like the men who knew the danger there was never need to ask.
There was pride and there was honour in the job we had to do,
no reward except the knowing that the lifeboat would come through.

Came the day we were not needed 'neath that dark and stormy sky.
Horse and cart were superceded, we just watched the men go by.
Now the fires are extinguished and the men drive by unseen
but our story is remembered, like the fields, forever green