

Cornhill on Tweed in 1948

For many happy years,
I've lived in Cornhill,
A better place you couldn't find
With school and church and mill.

A station grand, a swell garage,
A shop to buy your toffees,
Two good farms, the Collingwood Arms,
And a shining, clean Post Office.

Of course, there's Harry Howitt,
And Alex. Brownlees too,
Good old Jim, the blacksmith,
Who has nailed on many a shoe.

And also Tommy Carr,
With all his threshers grand,
Who make a nice bit living,
From the people on the land.

Our only place of worship,
Is the church we call St. Helen's,
Standing proudly in our midst,
Surrounded by the Elms.

The Reverend Samuel Taylor,
Is our vicar, staunch and true,
A friend to everyone of us
No matter what we do.

We also have the Squire,
Who is Captain Collingwood,
He would modernise our village,
That is, only if he could.

He is such a jolly fellow,
So cheerful and content,
Especially when you meet him,
After you have paid the rent.

When the clock is striking nine,
You will see an awful jam,
For up and down the schoolroom,
paces Mr. Cunningham.

The children love him dearly,
As he stands before the fire,
Because they've learned from some-one,
He will very son retire.

Now I know from sad experience,
That he can use the cane,
But I always will respect him,
And admire him just the same.

And then we have Miss Jeffrey,
Who keeps the little shop,
She sells just nearly everything,
Including ginger pop.

She has such a charming manner,
Not the slightest sign of passion,
I am sure there's no-one envies her
When dealing out the ration.

Now if you're feeling thirsty,
And your throat is very dry,
Just pop into old Sandy's
With a twinkle in his eye.

If you can play at billiards,
Just go into the club,
It is a good deal cheaper,
Than going to the pub.

They have a team in Tillside League,
It's shouted out aloud,
We know they seldom have a win,
But what a happy crowd.

The ladies have an Institute,
Where they go for little chats,
Or maybe just to show
Their lovely coats and hats.

They've been known to fight and squabble,
And to call each other names,
And I am really very much surprised,
They're not all aches and pains.

Now my friend I think,
I've told you all I know,
About this little village,
Where the silvery Tweed does flow.

So should you be a-passing,
And you've any time to kill,
You'll be welcomed by the people
Who live within Cornhill.

*G.W. Turnbull
8 St. Helen's Gardens
Cornhill on Tweed*