

# Hengan



TRADITIONAL FOLK SONGS, DANCES AND BROADSIDE BALLADS  
COLLECTED IN CORNWALL.

MERV DAVEY — TELYNOR AN WERYN

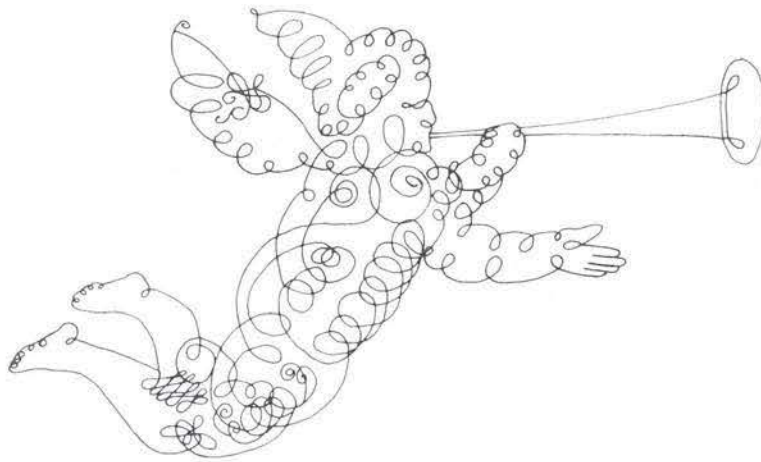




# HENGAN

Merv Davey

TELYNOR AN WERYN



Traditional Folk Songs, Dances and Broadside Ballads collected in Cornwall.



DYLLANSOW TRURAN

First published in 1983  
by Dyllansow Truran  
Trewolsta, Trewirgie, Redruth, Kernow  
Typeset in Great Britain by Delta Graphics, Falmouth, Cornwall  
Designed and printed by Penryn Litho, Mabe, Penryn, Cornwall

This edition published in 2013  
by An Daras, The Cornish Folk Arts Project  
Meneghyjy, Withiel, Bodmin, Cornwall, PL30 5NN, UK  
[www.an-daras.com](http://www.an-daras.com)

©1983 Merv Davey

© for Cornish translations as indicated

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted in any form, or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher.

ISBN 0 907566 71 5

# Acknowledgements

I am grateful for permission granted to use material from the following sources:-

'The Baring Gould Folk Song Collection', The Local History Department, Plymouth Central Library — reproduced by kind permission of the Devon County Librarian.

The Federation of Old Cornwall Societies.

Royal Institution of Cornwall.

BBC Sound Archives.

Cecil Sharp Manuscripts, Cecil Sharp Estate.

Clive Cary Manuscripts, Mr Hugh Carey(Trustee).

Lucy Broadwood Manuscripts, The Broadwood Trust.

Gardiner Manuscripts, The English Folk Song and Dance Society.

Many thanks also to; the staff of the libraries at Cecil Sharp House, Plymouth and the Royal Institution of Cornwall; to Graham Sandercock for advice on the Cornish; to Ian Thomson for advice on the musical score; and to my wife Alison for the artwork and her patience.

Several of the songs and tunes in this publication were collected from living tradition. We in Cornwall owe much to the people who have maintained and preserved these traditions against the pressures of modern society so that they can be passed on to the next generation.

Merv Davey     *Telynor an Weryn*



## Raklavar

The first ceili band that we have any real information on in Cornwall were the '*Menestrels Sen Marya*', the Minstrels of St Mary. They were evidently doing gigs in the Launceston area during the late fifteenth and early sixteenth century. They were in demand during the feast days as the parish records of 1462 illustrate — 'Expended in wine to the Mayor and his fellows and Le Mynstrall in the Vigil of St Mary Magdalene . . . . . at the same time to William Parker and John Davey, clerk, and other singers for the feast of Mary Magdalene'. In 1477 three minstrels were paid 12d.

Their line up included Cornish pipes, harp, crowd (early fiddle) and various shaums or bombardes. The minstrels certainly achieved a degree of immortality in that they can still be seen performing — carved in granite on the East wall of St Mary's church in Launceston.

The *Gwary Myr*, Cornish miracle plays, performed in the Cornish language in medieval times give us another insight into the Duchy's music and dance. '*Menestrels gwreugh dhevy pyba may hyllyn warbarth donsya . . . . .*' instruct the stage directions to '*Gwryans an Bys*' calling the band to play their pipes for dancing.

In fact bagpipes would seem to have been quite important to Cornish music, besides those at St Marys, there are further carvings depicting pipers on bench ends in the churches at Davidstow and Altoner and also, I understand, in a private chapel on the Boconnoc Estate near Lostwithiel. The Cornish manifestation of this popular medieval instrument was mouth blown with a single drone and double chanter. It is not clear whether the chanters were played in unison, or in harmony like the Italian '*Zampogna*' traditionally played by shepherds at Christmas time.

An important vehicle for preserving traditions of music and dance in Cornwall were the feast and fair days called \**De Gol*' in Cornish which became \**Duggle*' in nineteenth century dialect. Most towns and villages in Cornwall acknowledged a particular saint and commemorated him once a year with a fair. Important dates in the astronomic and agricultural calendars were celebrated in much the same way. Thus two hundred years ago the populace enjoyed many more holidays than we do today. Closely linked with these festivities were the \**Geese Dances* and *Furry Dances*. The Geese or *guise* dance was a kind of \**Droll* or mummings play with participants dressed in bizarre costume or blacked up. The furry dances, literally fair dances stemming from the Cornish word *Fer*, were largely processional dances through the streets.

The early Celtic church in Cornwall was much more individual and less centralised than that later taken to England by St Augustine. It is speculated that the flexibility of the Celtic Church may have enabled a compromise to be reached when a strong local deity was encountered. The indigenous spirit was nominally transformed into a saint thus allowing his followers to continue to revere him and be Christians at the same time! Certainly there is a profusion of saints in Cornwall, for few of whom is there any record of canonisation. Either way it seems likely that many of the Cornish feasts and associated customs have their origins in pagan times and are of very great antiquity indeed. Examples of those surviving today are 'Tom Bawcocks Eve' at Mousehole, 'Golowan', the midsummer solstice, and of course May Day.

In 'Traditions and Hearthside stories of West Cornwall' 1870, William Bottrel looks at the celtic culture of previous centuries through the medium of folklore and ancestral tales maintained within families of his own time. There are references to three men's songs, hornpipes, hand in hand dances and reels, together with mention of such instruments as dulcimers, pipes, tabors, timbrells and, naturally, harps — ' . . . . and the minstrels harps ringing to the metric drolls or songs of the bards . . . . ' p240.

In fact Bottrel writes during a time of considerable social unrest in Cornwall. The easy going peasant existence adhering to the agricultural calendar had long since been replaced by the demands of the mining industry. Harsh working conditions and foreshortened lives encouraged the Cornishman to find escape and solace either in drink or fanatical religion. The miners were paid on a Friday, frequently and deliberately through the 'offices' of a local drinking house or kiddleywink. The inevitable orgy of drinking was so severe that the Monday following pay day few miners were capable of working and the day became known as 'Maze Monday'! These conditions had their effect upon music and dancing traditions which had probably never been very sober anyway and now became wild and riotous.

Eventually the gentry, who had a vested interest in maintaining an efficient workforce, became concerned and tried to discourage fairs and feastdays with some success. Allen's 'History of Liskeard' p344 records the official attitude towards the Maypole at Baytree hill as ' . . . . another device to promote intemperence and idleness'. Circa 1847 one Thomas Trevaskis attempted to bribe the residents of Padstow to cancel May Day festivities by offering them an Ox. In Padstow's case the attempt was marked by a singular lack of success.



Nevertheless the temperance movement encouraged the demise of many customs and feast day celebrations that had survived from early celtic times. With these traditions also died the principle medium for the oral transmission of ballads and dances.

The Industrial Revolution in England gave rise to an injection of working and industrial songs into the pool of traditional music, especially in the North. This was not the case in Cornwall where the musical aspirations of the working class seem to have been expressed through the village chapel with its associated choir and band. The same situation arose in Wales, which leads one to suppose that kindred celtic spirits reacted to the same circumstances in a similar way.

Old habits and traditions die hard however and it is surprising just how much material was smuggled into the activities of the non-conformist churches and later approved and promoted by them. This is perhaps reminiscent of the way in which pagan customs were incorporated into the fabric of the celtic church a millenium and a half before, as we have already discussed. The 'Sunday School Treat' became a widespread institution in the Duchy and incorporated many games and dances which had origins elsewhere. Small bands were used for these occasions and specialised in the march tunes and polkas for such processional dances as the 'serpent dance' and 'snakes and snails'. In his 'Cornish Song Book' 1933, Dunstan gives many examples of 'Sunday School Treat' marches including 'Tom Bawcock's Eve', 'The St Just Cock Dance' and the 'Flight March' (otherwise known as St Kevern's 'Feastin Song') all of which have an obvious connection with feast days and possible pagan roots. This era also encouraged the introduction of many new tunes into the traditional repertoire: the 'Frogpool' and 'Sunny Corner' marches presumably have an immediate local origin; and 'The Cornish Quickstep' with 'Perranzabuloe' may have resulted from musical ideas brought back from overseas by returning miners.

Temperance did not have a complete stranglehold on traditional music and some activities outlived it. A *\*Troyl* is the Cornish equivalent of what would be understood in Ireland or Scotland as a ceili. Until well into the 1920s it was the custom in the fishing villages along the North coast, particularly Newquay and St Ives, to hold a *troyl* after a good catch of pilchards or other suitable excuse. These occasions involved country dancing interspersed by a solo singer, *\*lapyor* or someone telling a *\*droll*. In Newquay they frequently took place actually in the fish cellars, so my grandfather informed us. Informants such as Mr Hedley Martin of Morval describe comparable occasions held in the bigger farmhouses across the North Cornish moors. The younger men would travel from farmhouse to farmhouse on festive occasions and provide entertainment in the form of a 'three handed reel' *\*scoot dancing* or perhaps a song, in return for access to the cider barrel. We are very fortunate indeed in that much of this is in the living memory of people, and not necessarily very old people, today. It is to be hoped that the revived interest traditional music and dance enjoys at the present time will help to preserve them for future generations.

# Contents

<b>Kernewek and Traditional Music</b>	9
<b>A'n Ganowow Tus — From the Mouths of the People</b>	11
The Wrestling Match	15
Lamorna	16
An Gwythyas (The Keeper)	17
Tally ho Hark Away	18
Terryans Syllan (Scilly Wreck)	19
Little Eyes	21
Ow den Coth Da (My good Old Man)	23
An Awhesyth (The Lark)	25
Adam hag Eva	26
The Keenly Lode	27
Mowes a Vry or My Pretty Maid	28
Wembalo	29
The Drowned Lover	30
Wassel Redruth	31
When Eyndek (Indian Weed)	32
Tre Bosvennegh (Bodmin Town)	33
Ormond	34
Ha My Ow Mos - a Three Men's Song	35
Helygen (The Willow Tree)	35
An Ula (The Owl)	36
An Rosen Wyn (The White Rose)	37
<b>Daswryans — Reconstructions</b>	39
Naw Map Harth (Nine Brave Boys)	41
De Hala Me — May Feast	42
Hungan (Lullaby)	43
Whelyow and Garoryon (The Lover's Tasks)	44
When ha Blejennow (Flowers and Weeds)	45
Tansys Golowan — Midsummer Feast	46
Estren (Stranger)	47
Damon	48
Jowan Bunt	49
<b>Ylow Dons — Dance Music</b>	51
Plethen Newlyn	53
Plethen Peswar Luf	53
Jyg : Porthlystry	54
Jyg : Try Scoler	54
Bishop's Jig	54
Polka : Arlodhes Eversham	55
Polka : Mary Kelynak	55
Polka : Myghtern Sweden	55
Pybcorn : Boscastle Breakdown	56
Pybcorn : Can Scoswas	56
Mowes Yseldryow	57
Tavol Turkey	57
An Culyek Hos	58
Fer Lyskerys	58
Pencarrow	58

<b>Folennow Ledan — B Roadside Ballads</b>	59
Can an Plu (Song of the Parish)	61
A Mynsa Tus Kernewek Goslowes (If Cornish Folk would Listen)	63
Lapyor Tom 's Song	65
Twenty lives lost by awful shipwrecks	66
The Schiller	67
An account of the melancholy shipwreck	68
A true tale of merciful deliverance	69
Wheal Do'em in Breage	70
A desperate attempt to raise the dead	71
A desperate attempt to rob the poor	72
Eight young women lost their lives	73
French Polish drinking at Goonhavron	74
Murder of a Cornishman in London	75
Cornish Kitchen	76

**Gerlyfryn** — A selection of Cornish and Dialect words associated with traditional music and dance.79



## Kernewek and Traditional Music

Henry Jenner and Robert Morton Nance were able to glean many thousands of expressions and rhymes in the Cornish language from dialect speakers during the early part of this century. These were, however, very fragmentary and the only songs to be conveyed in this way were '*Ha my ow mos*' a short fisherman's catch which was thought to have originally been a 'three men's song', and a five line rhyme '*A Granken*' remembered by John Davey (see below). The Gwavas MSS in the British Museum provides us with three more songs, '*Delyow Syvy*' originally noted by an Edwin Chirgwin in 1698 and the two broadside type ballads included in Section IV of this publication. To the best of my knowledge there are no further songs in Cornish which might be considered traditional by nature.

At first this paucity seems hard to explain, when one considers the Cornishman's feel for music and that the language has survived to be spoken to the present day. A very brief look at the history of the language might provide us with the answer however:-

Cornish stems originally, like Welsh and Breton, from the ancient British tongue used by Boudicca and is a slightly more distant relative of Gaelic. The Roman occupation of Britain did little to the detriment of Cornish and in fact enriched it to some extent with the influence of Latin. The first real threat to the language came subsequent to the defeat of the Cornish at the hands of the English under Athelstan at Exeter in AD 936. The tide of Anglicisation was stemmed, however, perhaps even reversed, by the Norman Conquest after which English was demoted to peasant status and Norman French preferred by the ruling classes. The position of the Cornish language was strengthened by the involvement of Breton speaking barons with the Normans. Thus for several hundred years Cornish had a reprieve and reached what many would call the height of its classical culture with its medieval drama.

By the sixteenth century Europe was witnessing the emergence of the middle classes and in Cornwall they spoke English. By the end of the seventeenth century the pressure had very much increased for those aspiring to better their station to disown their native tongue. English had gradually become the language of the market place as well as that of the legal system and administration. By the end of the eighteenth century there were but a few peasants and fishwives left who had been born into a monoglot Cornish society.

It can be seen that such an atmosphere was not conducive to the oral transmission of folk songs and ballads. Material would not easily be passed from one generation to the next when the younger one was forced to identify with a different language than that familiar to their parents.

Throughout the period of its decline, Cornish enjoyed an increasing patronage from the intellectual strata of society. Indeed, towards the end of the nineteenth century, such spoken Cornish that existed was limited to a handful of scholars. Although a certain John Davey of Zennor, who died in 1891, claimed to have a traditional, as opposed to acquired knowledge of the language.

Unfortunately, even when it was still being used around them, the intelligentsia were glorying in the demise of Cornish, viewing it as a subject of historical and philological study rather than a living language. The lower classes were considered incapable of producing any form of art or culture worthy of merit and native traditional verse was not even noticed let alone recorded. In his '*Natural History of Cornwall*' 1758, Dr Borlase of St Just declared the Cornish language to be dead. Yet Daines Barrington was able to interview several fluent Cornish speakers, including Dolly Pentreath, ten years later a few miles from where Dr Borlase lived. The fact that we now have such a limited record of traditional verse in the Cornish language owes much to such prejudice.

Nevertheless, the relationship between the Cornish language and traditional music and dance is a strong one. The link is demonstrated by the use of Cornish words like \*'*Troyl*', \*'*Lapyor*', \*'*Crowd*', \*'*Kerayjes*' etc by dialect speakers until well into living memory. There is also a much more subtle, deeper connection.

During the last decade of the nineteenth century, before the advent of twentieth century mass media and communications, a Rev Sabine Baring Gould researched and collected folk songs in Cornwall and the borderlands of Dartmoor. He felt there was a connection between much of the material he was collecting and the Cornish language that was once commonly spoken in the area as he related in '*Songs and Ballads of the West*' (1905):-

' . . . . But what I find is that songs and ballads sung to their traditional melodies in Somersetshire, in Sussex, in Yorkshire, and Northumberland, are sung to quite independent airs on Dartmoor and in Cornwall. How is this? Because the same process went on in the West as in Scotland.

The Celtic tongue retrograded and finally expired in Cornwall. Then English ballads and songs found their way into Cornwall, as they found their way into Scotland and Ireland, and were set to already familiar melodies thenceforth dissociated from their no longer understood words. Take an instance. There is in Welsh a song of pleasures of the bottle, "*Glân meddwod mwyn*". Now precisely the same melody was sung in Cornwall, almost certainly to words of a like nature. When the Cornish tongue ceased

to be spoken, then this melody was applied to a broadside drinking song, "Fathom the Bowl". But "Fathom the Bowl" has, everywhere else, its own traditional air.

Another well-known song is "Tobacco is an Indian weed" another is "Joan's Ale is New", both wedded one would have supposed indissolubly to their traditional airs known everywhere in England. But not so in Cornwall and on Dartmoor; there these words are set to quite independent melodies — melodies that probably had accompanied words in the old Cornish tongue in former times. To descend later. Broadside ballads, and songs in "Warblers", and "Apollo's Cabinets", &c., got down into the West, unassociated with music. Then, again, the local composers went to work and set them to tunes of their own creation. Thus "Sweet Nightingale" was a song by Bickerstaff, to which Dr. Arne wrote music in 1761, and it was sung in an opera in London. The words got into a song-book, "The Syren", which found its way into Cornwall. Some village musician — no bumpkin at the plough tail — set it, and it was sung by the miners in their adits and the labourers in the fields to the locally produced air, not to that by Dr. Arne.'

This argument can of course be extended a stage further. Such a deposit of music as that described by Baring Gould would carry celtic musical ideas and conventions that might influence the process of 'Oral transmission' discussed overleaf.

Certainly there seems justification for providing Cornish as well as English words in this publication as many of these melodies may have accompanied Cornish verse originally anyway.

\*See page 79 Gerlyfryn



# A'n Ganowow Tus - From the Mouths of the People

The songs in this section were all collected from oral tradition in Cornwall and span a period of over a hundred years. Some of the melodies and ideas have their origins deep in antiquity, some carry more recent history and some simply reflect the Cornishman's desire to sing, using the words as a medium for their voice rather than their meaning.

It is important to bear in mind that the 'pure' folk song has evolved within the community and is not the creation of a single individual or commercial enterprise. Each person who learns and passes on the song may change it slightly, the alterations they make being influenced by their own musical and social background. Even if it has been introduced from outside or deliberately composed, this process of 'oral transmission' will have moulded the words and tune according to the tastes and attitudes of the community, to the point where it becomes a completely different entity. Thus the way in which traditional music is selected and modified reflects the historical and social influences upon the community.

The traditional singers of the last century, the informants for collectors like Baring Gould, were subject to musical influences outside that of conventional European art music. Bar lines would often have been ignored, cadences varied to emphasise the story and quarter tones would have been employed that do not fall easy on ears conditioned to modern art and pop music. Certainly when performing these songs now we can afford to use a fair degree of licence, regarding the words, and music script in particular, as a guide or pattern rather than something to follow rigidly.

## The Wrestling Match

This song was collected by Baring Gould from James Olver of Launceston in 1890.<sup>1</sup> Olver told him that he had heard it sung 67 years earlier, when he was a lad, at Liskeard wrestling matches. The version in 'Songs and Ballads of the West' was modified a little, avoiding the suggestion that Jan and Will Trefry were fighting for prize money. This song is also included in the 'Guild of Handicraft Essex song book' Volume 6,<sup>2</sup> no place of origin is stated but with names like 'Jan' and 'Trefry' and the Cornish Wrestling throw 'Flying Hoss' mentioned it is reasonable to assume a Cornish provenance.

## Lamorna

Like the White Rose and Little Lize, Lamorna enjoys considerable popularity in Cornwall at the present time but was not identified by the early folk song collectors. It is likely that it was adapted from, or shares its roots with, a broadside ballad called Pomona.<sup>3</sup> If it was deliberately adapted from "Pomona" then a likely candidate for doing this was Charles Lee an author and Cornish dialect enthusiast.<sup>4</sup> His novels captured the world of early nineteenth century Cornwall and in researching the background for his work he spent considerable periods of time living in, and engaging with, local Cornish communities including that of Newlyn. The English and Cornish words were provided by Ken George in 1980.

## An Gwythyas (The Keeper)

The words and music were communicated to Rev Sabine Baring Gould by Peter Sandry of St Ervan.<sup>5</sup> Baring Gould felt that the words were unprintable and modified them for inclusion 'Songs and Ballads of the West'. There are several different versions of this song noted by Cecil Sharp and also in Silverman's folk song Encyclopaedia'. The words retain the theme but the tunes do differ substantially.

## Tally Ho Hark Away / The Fox Hunting Boys

Sent to Gardiner in 1905 by a Mr Parsonson who noted the song from William Lugg of Launceston.<sup>6</sup> This is an almost universal hunting song theme but the does seem to have evolved its own tune in Cornwall.<sup>7</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> Baring Gould Heritage Project/Wren Trust, *Personal Copy Manuscript*, p132, song no 60

<sup>2</sup> Ashbee, Janet E., C. R. Ashbee, and Handicraft Guild of. *The Essex House Song Book* : (London: Essex House Press, 1905).

<sup>3</sup> *Bodlien Ballads Catalogue- Harding B 11- 65 no date – 19th Century Broadside Ballad*

<sup>4</sup> For discussion of this See Merv Davey "As is the manner and the custom" (Doctoral Thesis, University of Exeter, 2011) app 2.10; and Mike O'Connor, *Ilow Kernow 5* (Wadebridge, Lyngham House, 2009), p108.

<sup>5</sup> Baring Gould Heritage Project/Wren Trust, *Personal Copy Manuscript Vo.3 page 17 no 402.*

<sup>6</sup> *Gardiner Manuscript Collection, Vaughan Williams Memorial Library, Cecil Sharp House, Regents Park Road London.ref GG/1/2/10*

<sup>7</sup> e.g.; Palmer, ed., *Every man's book of English Country Songs*.; Foxworthy, ed. *Adderbury- Forty Long Miles*.; Barret, Ed. *English Folk Songs : also collected in the North* by Kidson.

### **Terryans Syllan (Scilly Wreck) - Wreck off Scilly - Rock off Scilly**

Collected by Baring Gould from James Parsons.<sup>8</sup> The words follow a fairly standard theme and several very similar songs can be seen amongst the Collection of Broadsheets in the Royal Institution of Cornwall Museum, Truro. (See section IV).

### **Little Lize/Little Eyes**

Little Lize is quite a remarkable example of the way in which a song can be adopted into the traditional repertoire of a community. In the form of 'Honey Honey' it was the 'B' side to 'Deep River' a hit single brought out by a close harmony group called the *Deep River Boys* in the mid-fifties (HMV POP 263 -78rpm). A Cornish harmony group called the 'Joy Boys' from the Camborne/Redruth area used the song and it was subsequently taken up by the community as a whole. It is interesting that of all the music popularised by the mass media which must have been used by local groups over the last thirty years, this particular song should have been taken up by the Cornish Community. It certainly shows how selective a community can be despite what sometimes seems to be the overpowering influence of Radio and Television. The natural harmony of the song would of course have instant appeal to Cornish singers. The twentieth century 'Barber Shop Quartet' style of singing much favoured in Cornwall has its roots in the 'Three men's songs' of Elizabethan times. I noted the tune and words given here from the fishing fraternity and rowing club singing sessions in Newquay during the summer of 1974. The remainder of the words were sent to me by Neil Plummer of St Stythians in January 1983.

### **Ow Den Coth Da (My Good Old Man)**

The words and music to this song were received by Gardiner from an E. Quintrell of Helston. He had originally learned it from Miss Fanny Stevens of Talskiddy who died in 1885 aged 93.<sup>9</sup> It is a form of dialogue song reputed to have been popular in Cornwall see 'Whelyow Garoryon' and also 'The Husbandman and the Serving man' in *Canow Kernow* ed. Inglis Gundry.

### **An Awhesyth / The Lark , also known as “The Lark In The Morning” and “The Pretty Ploughboy”.**

This song is very widespread in the British Isles and has been included in well over thirty publications. The words and theme remain much the same<sup>10</sup> but the tune does vary substantially from area to area. Revs Sabine Baring Gould and Frank Bussel collected different tunes for this song from Samuel Gilbert (of St Mawgan), Robert Hand (of St Breock) and John Old (of St Eval) during visits the Falcon Inn at St Mawgan circa 1891. In his Rough copy manuscript,<sup>11</sup> Baring Gould records Old's version of the tune in a major key but in his Personal Copy Manuscript<sup>12</sup> it is more modal. Gordon Hitchcock published an arrangement of the modal version in 1974<sup>13</sup> and it is a variant of the modal version which enjoys popularity today. Whether a modal version was ever sung to Baring Gould by Old or whether he deliberately or accidentally altered the key signature to create this is now lost to history and the process of folk tradition.<sup>14</sup> He did, however, record a beautiful modal version from John Hand.

### **Adam hag Eva (Adam and Eve)**

Collected by Lucy Broadwood in Cornwall and included in her 'English County Songs' page 176-177. It is a children's song and the words are not in fact as nonsensical as they first appear. The second verse alludes to the treatment of Oliver Cromwell's body when it was disinterred after the restoration! The tune was supposed to be that of the Stratton Church chimes but it is not obviously the same as that played by the current chimes set up in 1843 by George Wilkins. It is interesting to speculate whether Lucy Broadwood's tune was originally the same as George Wilkin's chimes but underwent change during oral transmission and subsequent collection; or if it comes from an older set of chimes or completely different source still. The residents of Stratton are of course reminded of George Wilkin's chimes on the hour.

### **The Keenly Lode**

Sabine Baring Gould's Personal Copy Manuscripts contain lyrics for this song as sent to him by S. Varcoe, Inn Keeper of the Luggar Inn, Polperro.<sup>15</sup> These clearly originate from William Forfar's the Dialect Song "The Bal" composed circa 1860<sup>16</sup> In the notes of "Songs of the West"<sup>17</sup> Baring Gould says that he collected the words from an old miner whilst staying at the Luggar Inn in 1894 and arranged them to the tune of "The Crocodile" for publication. Baring Gould's words differ significantly but he keeps the theme of the story. The "Keenly Lode" was included in Henry Jenner's contribution of Cornish songs to the 'National Songs of the Celtic Countries' published by the Celtic Congress.<sup>18</sup>

<sup>8</sup> Baring Gould Heritage Project/Wren Trust, *Songs of the West*, p59, song no 52.

<sup>9</sup> Gardiner Manuscript Collection, Vaughan Williams Memorial Library, Cecil Sharp House, Regents Park Road London.ref GG/1/2/23.

<sup>10</sup> The words also appear in *Broadside ballads e.g. Ballads Catalogue: Harding B 11(2060) Bodlian Library.*

<sup>11</sup> Baring Gould Heritage Project/Wren Trust, *Rough Copy Manuscript Vo.3* page 32.

<sup>12</sup> Baring Gould Heritage Project/Wren Trust, *Personal Copy Manuscript Page 258* song 255.

<sup>13</sup> Gordon Hitchcock. *Folk Songs of the West Country.* (Newton Abbot: David & Charles, 1974) pp70 – 72.

<sup>14</sup> For discussion of this See Merv Davey *As is the manner and the custom* (Doctoral Thesis, University of Exeter, 2011) app 2.2.

<sup>15</sup> Baring Gould Heritage Project/Wren Trust, *Personal Copy Manuscript Page 228* song 531.

<sup>16</sup> William Bentinck Forfar, —*The Bal - Tis a Bra' Keenly Lode*, (London, J Williams, 1860).

<sup>17</sup> Baring Gould, Ed C Sharp, *Songs of the West:* ( London, Methuen, 1905), Song no46, Notes p 14

<sup>18</sup> Alfred Percival Graves *The Celtic Song Book: Being representative of the 6 Celtic Nations.* (London, Ernest Benn, 1928).

### **Mowes a Vry (Pretty Maid)**

Jim Thomas, of Camborne supplied Cecil Sharp with this song in July 1914.<sup>19</sup> It is a variant of “*Delkio Syvy / Delyow Syvy*” or “*Pleth esough why ow mos*”, Edwin Chirgwin’s song in Cornish noted by Thomas Tonkin and included in Pryce’s *Archaeologia Cornu-Britannica*.

### **Wembalo**

Contributed to the “Old Cornwall” Journal 1942 by Mr CC James of Gwennap.

He adds the note:

*“The above, which I have never heard outside of Gwennap, is a variant of a familiar folk song, with a changed refrain and another tune. The refrain has here become pure nonsense, but the suggestion made by one of the better known versions is that it may have represented the calling of the horses by name in driving them – ‘With my whim wham waddle ho! Strim stram straddle ho! Bubble Ho! Pretty boy, over the brow.’ A non-Cornish refrain more like the above has the words ‘blowsey boys bubble oh, under the broom.’”<sup>20</sup>*

### **The Drowned Lover**

This song was recorded by Sabine Baring Gould and J Fleetwood Shepherd from the singing of James Parsons.<sup>21</sup> An arrangement was included in “Songs and Ballads of the West” with a note to the effect that the lyrics were rooted in seventeenth century Broadside Ballads but the tune quite different to that popularly used by publishers such as Playford and unique to Cornwall and Ireland.<sup>22</sup>

### **Wassel (Redruth Wassail)**

Recorded from the singing of John Trenerry (1913)<sup>23</sup> and Mrs Carlyon (1914),<sup>24</sup> by Jim Thomas and Tom Miners who were prolific recorders of folk traditions and founder members of the active members of the Old Cornwall Society movement in the 1920s. In 1929 they recorded and published 5 versions of the Wassail collected in the Camborne and Redruth areas.<sup>25</sup> Jim Thomas had also been Cecil Sharp’s contact when he visited Cornwall in 1913 and 1914 providing him with some material direct and also introducing him to singers. Wassail singing was at one time widespread throughout Cornwall and embedded in the Christmas Guizing traditions.

### **When Eyndek (Tobacco is an Indian Weed)**

Noted by Revs Sabine Baring Gould and Frank W. Bussel from James Potter (Postbridge 1890), Anne Roberts (Scobbetor 1890) and Harry Westway (Belstone 1894).<sup>26</sup> It was published in “Songs Of The West” and in the notes Baring Gould makes the case that, whilst the lyrics can be traced back to seventeenth century broadsides, the tune is unique to Dartmoor and Cornwall.

He comments:

*“Tobacco is an Indian Weed ..... wedded one would have supposed indissolubly to their traditional airs known everywhere else in England. But not so in Cornwall and on Dartmoor; there these words are set to quite independent melodies - melodies that probably had accompanied words in the Old Cornish tongue in former times”<sup>27</sup>*

Baring Gould saw Dartmoor and the Tamar Valley as the cultural fault line between the Anglo-Saxons of the East and the Celtic Cornish of the West. This may well have been the case in the early medieval period and but the extent to which this impacted upon nineteenth century folk tradition is a matter of some conjecture. What is interesting, however, is the extensive Cornish migration from West Cornwall to Dartmoor and the Tamar Valley which took place in the mid nineteenth century following the development of mining in that area. This is witnessed by Cornish mine names beginning with Wheal that appear in the valley below Baring Gould’s own manor, Lew Trenchard. That this took place just a generation before Baring Gould’s collection period suggests that there could have been a Cornish influence on the music he collected regardless of which side of the border whence it came.

---

<sup>19</sup> Cecil Sharp Manuscript Collection, Vaughan Williams Memorial Library, Cecil Sharp House, Regents Park Road London. Song No 2988

<sup>20</sup> “Wembalo”, *Old Cornwall*, Vol. 3, no. 12, (St Ives, Federation of Old Cornwall Societies, 1942) page 521.

<sup>21</sup> Baring Gould Heritage Project/Wren Trust, Fair Copy Manuscript Page 82 song 32.

<sup>22</sup> Sabine Baring-Gould, R. H. Fleetwood Shepherd, *Songs and Ballads of the West: A Collection made from the mouths of the people*, (London, Methuen & Co. 1891), p xxiii, pp66-67

<sup>23</sup> *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, Vol. 5, No. 18 (Jan., 1914), p. 28

<sup>24</sup> *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, Vol. 8, No. 33 (Dec., 1929), p. 123

<sup>25</sup> *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, Vol. 8, No. 33 (Dec., 1929), pp. 111-124

<sup>26</sup> Baring Gould Heritage Project/Wren Trust, Personal Copy Manuscript Page 213 song 107..

<sup>27</sup> Sabine Baring-Gould, R. H. Fleetwood Shepherd, *Songs and Ballads of the West: A Collection made from the mouths of the people*, (London, Methuen & Co. 1891), song no 95 p 202, notes xL and xi.



### **Tre Bosvennegh (Bodmin Town)**

Sabine Baring Gould and Frank W Bussel noted this song from William Nichols (Whitchurch 1891).<sup>28</sup> Nichols was of Cornish origin and had learned the song from his Grandfather.

### **Ormond - Ormand the Brave**

Recorded by Baring Gould from J. Peake of Liskeard who said it was sung by his father in 1830.<sup>29</sup> It would seem to relate to the landing of the Duke of Ormond in 1714 and his attempt to encourage a Jacobite rebellion in the West. The same words and music are to be found in '*Songs of Patriotism and love of the land*' Essex House Book III, where it is in the company of '*Men of Harlech*' and '*The Wearing of the Green*'. The words were reported to date from 1716 and the tune thought to be older. No place of origin noted.

### **Ha My Ow Mos (Three Men's Song)**

This song was given to Thomas Tonkin the Cornish Language scholar in 1698 by Captain Noel Cater of St Agnes.<sup>30</sup> No music was recorded by Tonkin and Morton Nance arranged it as a three men's song. The words lend themselves to this and in his 'Survey of Cornwall' in 1602 Carew comments that comments that the Cornish were very fond of three men's songs - '*cunningly contrived for the ditty and pleasantly for their note*'.<sup>31</sup>

### **Helygen - Lanky Loo**

This is apparently a children's nonsense rhyme and a number of variants are provided in the 'Old Cornwall Journals'.<sup>32</sup> October 1926. Not much information is given except a suggestion that the song had been taken to the Isle of Man by a Cornish Fisherman. In the form of '*Arrane y Vluggan*' or the '*winding song*' it was collected by Mona Douglas from a Mr Faragher in the 1920s. He learned it from a Cornish Miner working in Laxey. *Helygen* is the Cornish for a Willow tree.

### **An Ula -The Owl**

This song was recorded by Revs Sabine Baring Gould and Frank W. Bussel from James Olver (Launceston 1989).<sup>33</sup> In "Songs of the West" Baring Gould explains that this song was sung to Henry VIII as a three men's song and was published in 1609 in Ravenscroft's "Deuteromelia".<sup>34</sup> He notes with interest the changes that have taken place in the air since it was first published.

### **An Rosen Wyn - The White Rose**

The White Rose enjoys considerable popularity in Cornwall, possibly because of the way it lends itself to informal, improvised harmony. It was not noted by any of the early folk song collectors in Cornwall. It seems to have been first committed to record by Peter Kennedy at a recording session in the Napoleon Inn at Boscastle in 1975 from the singing of Charlie Jose<sup>35</sup> but the author was familiar with this song from rowing club singing sessions at the Sailors Arms in Newquay at least five or six years prior to this. Instinctively one feels that it belongs with songs like Little Lize and Maggie May which started life as popular music on the other side of the Atlantic which became adopted, adapted and naturalised into a distinctively Cornish repertoire. There are certainly songs of this name to be found folk collections in America but so far none have materialised with a melody or lyrics anything like the Cornish "White Rose". The "Folk Process" is a powerful one and the "White Rose" could have evolved from a source almost anywhere, either within or beyond Cornwall. The words provided here were given to me by Neil Plummer of St Stythians in 1980 with a Cornish translation by Julian Holmes

---

<sup>28</sup> Gould Heritage Project/Wren Trust, Fair Copy Manuscript Page 437 song 188.

<sup>29</sup> Gould Heritage Project/Wren Trust, Fair Copy Manuscript Page 402 song 168; Sabine Baring-Gould, R. H. Fleetwood Shepherd, *Songs and Ballads of the West: A Collection made from the mouths of the people*, (London, Methuen & Co.1891), song no.13 p.26, notes xvii

<sup>30</sup> Robert Morton Nance, "A fisherman's Catch", *Old Cornwall*, Vol. 1, no.2, (St Ives, Federation of Old Cornwall Societies,1925) page 31.

<sup>31</sup> Carew, Richard. *The Survey of Cornwall*. (London, Staffor and Iaggard, 1602) p135.

<sup>32</sup> "Lankyloo" *Old Cornwall*, Vol. 1, no 4,p29. (1926); Vol.1, no,5, p33, (1927); Vol.1, no,6, p43, (St Ives, Federation of Old Cornwall Societies,)

<sup>33</sup> Gould Heritage Project/Wren Trust, personal Copy Manuscript Pages 8 and 324.

<sup>34</sup> Sabine Baring-Gould, and Cecil James Sharp. *Songs of the West*, (London,Methuen, 1905).

<sup>35</sup> Peter Kennedy, "Boscastle Bow-Wow; A pub session at the 'Nap'" *Foltrax: FTX-096*.

# The Wrestling Match

F C Dm Bflat F C  
 Twas of champions— bo - ld they wrestl-ed for a sum of go - ld, and  
 5 Bflat F G F C7  
 all the cry was Will tre-fry that he should win the day so— Will Tre- fry—  
 10 Dm F F C7 F  
 huz - zah the lad - ies clap their hands and cry, Tre - fry, Tre-fry huz - zah

Then up sprang little Jan,  
 An undersized man,  
 And I will be thy conqueror  
 Where thou dost stand.  
 So will I fight with thee  
 I'll let thee knowed I can do so  
 Today I'll fight with thee.

They wrestled on the ground  
 His match Trefry had found,  
 And back and back he bore  
 He felt his force give way.  
 So little Jan, Huzzah  
 So some did say - but others nay,  
 Trefry, Trefry, Huzzah.

Then with a desperate toss,  
 Will showed the flying hoss,  
 And Jan, he fell to the ground  
 And Jan ceased to move.  
 O little Jan - alack!  
 The Ladies say, O woe's the day  
 O little Jan - alack!

If killed he hadn't been  
 A wedding there'd have been  
 But Jan died aged eighteen  
 Leaving his love behind.  
 Oh little Jan - alas.  
 The Ladies went in mourning all  
 For little Jan - alas.

# Lamorna

Y canaf lemmyn dheugh Yn kever mowes tek,  
So now I'll sing to you, It's about a Maiden fair, I

Y'n plen y fetys gensy at Hag yth en vy hep ow gwrek; Deu -  
met the other evening at the corner\_ of the square; She'd a

lagas tewl dhe - dhy Ha\_ hudol\_ hy ow quandra, Dres  
dark and roving eye, and her hair was covered over, we

oll an nos Y whren ny Mos Alenna dhe Lamorna -  
rowed all night, through the pale moonlight, away down to Lamorna -

## Penpusorn:

Plen Albert o an le,  
Ankevy byth ny wraf  
Deulagas ow terlentrY  
Ha'n gorthewer glyp yn Haf, Haf, Haf  
Oll crullyes o hy blew  
Ha hudol hy ow quandra,  
Dres oll an nos  
Y whren ny mos  
Alenna dhe Lamorna.

Dervyn hy Hanow hy  
A Wruk pan eth y'n car,  
Pa'n ros hy dhymmo vy  
O dhe'm hanow 'th o an par;  
Trehevys vy hy vayl  
Hy thremyn kel re bya,  
Marth genef o,  
Ow gwrek ytho,  
A worren dhe Lamorna.

## Penusorn

Yn meth hy'My a wor'  
Dha aswon ny a wruk,  
Yn tewl my a'th aswonys,  
Mes avel prat my a'n gwruk;  
Raghenna ty a be,  
Rak don dhe ves dha dhona;  
An gober pe  
A wreth, re'm fay,  
Alenna dhe Lamorna.

## Chorus

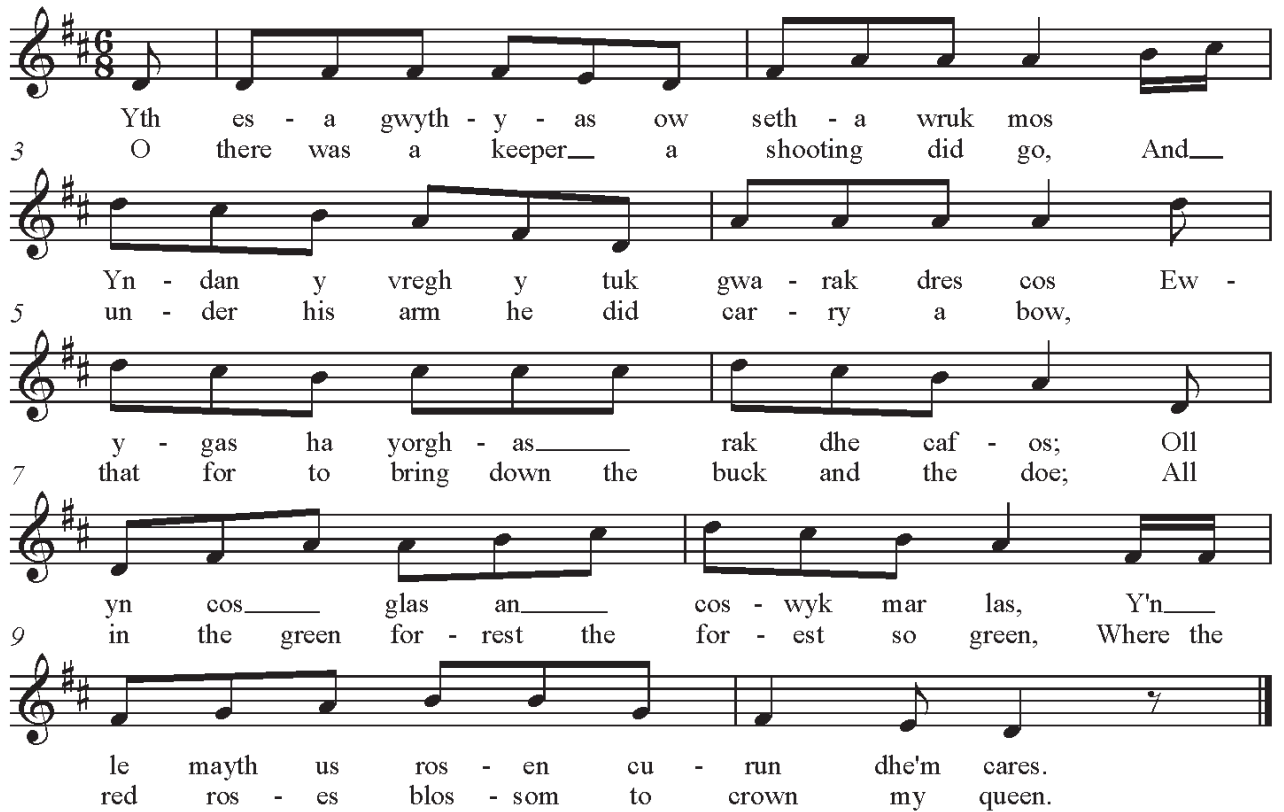
T'was down in Albert Square  
I never shall forget,  
Her eyes they shone like diamonds  
And the evening it was wet, wet, wet;  
And her hair hung down in curls  
Her face was covered over,  
We rowed all night  
In the pale moonlight  
Way down to Lamorna.

As we got in the cab  
I asked her for her name,  
And when she gave it me  
For with mine it was the same;  
So I lifted up her veil  
For her face was covered over;  
To my surprise  
It was my wife  
I took down to Lamorna.

## Chorus

She said I know you know  
I knew you all along,  
I knew you in the dark;  
For I did it for a lark;  
And for that lark you'll pay  
For the taking of your donna,  
You'll pay the fare  
I do declare  
Way down to Lamorna.

# An Gwythyas / The Keeper



Yth es - a gwyth - y - as ow seth - a wruk mos  
 3 O there was a keeper\_ a shooting did go, And\_

Yn - dan y vregh y tuk gwa - rak dres cos Ew -  
 5 un - der his arm he did car - ry a bow,

y - gas ha yorgh - as\_ rak dhe caf - os; Oll  
 7 that for to bring down the buck and the doe; All

yn cos\_ glas an\_ cos - wyk mar las, Y'n\_  
 9 in the green for - rest the for - est so green, Where the

le mayth us ros - en cu - run dhe'm cares.  
 red ros - es blos - som to crown my queen.

Yth esa gwythyas ow setha wruk mos,  
 Yn dan y vregh y tuk gwarak dres cos,  
 Ewygas ha yorghas rak dhe cafos.

*Penpusorn:*

Oll yn cos glas, an coswyk mar las,  
 Y'n le mayth us rosen, curun dhe 'm cares.

Orth ewyk kensa y sethas ha fyllys,  
 Gans les a'y dorn an nessa o gyllys  
 An tressa o yowynk y's synsys ha's ymmys.

Ow ewyk mar dek namoy ny ros tejy  
 Yn whyr alemma y tuth genef-vy,  
 Dhe dryga dyogel y'm penty-vy.

Ow gwarak a denewan a wraf-vy tewlel,  
 Y whortaf yn dre gans ow ewyk yn lel,  
 Godhys avel myghtern a'y welen ryal.

O there was a keeper a shooting did go,  
 And under his arm he did carry a bow,  
 And that for to bring down the buck and the doe.

*Chorus:*

All in the green forest, the forest so green,  
 Where the red roses blossom to crown my queen.

The very first doe that he shot at he missed,  
 The second escaped by the breadth of his fist,  
 The third doe was young, he caught her and kissed.

My pretty fair doe you no longer shall roam,  
 For certainly henceforward with me you shall come,  
 To tarry securely in my little home.

Aside I will cast now my billets and bow,  
 I'll tarry at home with my own pretty doe,  
 As proud as a king of his sceptre, I trow.

# Tally Ho Hark Away

The Sun had just peeped its head ov - er the hill, and the plough boy is whist-ling so  
 blythe in the field, The birds are singing so sweet on the sprays, Says the  
 hunts man to his dog Tall y ho Hark a way, Tall y ho! Hark a way'. Tall y  
 ho hark a way, Tall y ho, Tall y ho, Tall y ho hark a way

The Sun has just peeped its head over the hill,  
 And the ploughboy is whistling so blythe in the field,  
 The birds are singing so sweet on the sprays,  
 Says the huntsman to his dogs 'Tally ho! Hark away'.

Tally ho hark away, Tally ho hark away,  
 Tally ho, Tally ho, Tally ho hark away!

Come now my brave sportsmen and make no delay,  
 Quickly saddle your horses and let's brush away!  
 For the fox is in view and he's kindled with scorn,  
 Come along, my brave sportsmen and join the shrill horn!

Tally ho

He led us a chase, more than fifty long miles,  
 Over hedges, over ditches, over gates and over stiles;  
 Little David came up with his musical horn,  
 'We shall soon overtake him, for his tail drags along.'

Tally ho

He led us a chase six hours in full cry,  
 Tally ho! Tally ho! For now he must die,  
 We'll cut off his brush with a holloaing noise,  
 And we'll drink good health to the fox hunting boys.

## Terryans Syllan / Scilly Wreck

C G D<sup>7</sup> G  
 Deugh oll why marners mar jolyf, Ow aras mor donnek; Gwary  
 Come all you brisk young sailors bold That plough the raging main, A  
 5 G C G Bm Bm  
 — truan a dheryvyf, dre whethel tryst ha whek; A'm—  
 tragedy I will unfold, In story sad and plain; From  
 9 D<sup>7</sup> G D C D  
 cares wyr kemerys en, Dhe lewyas lester harth, Rak  
 my true love 'twas pressed I was The gallant ship to steer; To  
 13 G D G Bm C G  
 dhe vos dh' orlewen Gans fydhians ha wharth  
 Indies West, each heart beat high, With confidence and cheer.

Wosa gylls o un vledhen,  
 Dhe dre a trelsyn-ny,  
 Hag orth Syllan pan duthen,  
 Y teth awel drok dhyn-ny;  
 Yn ban eth an brennyas,  
 A wartha mar ughel,  
 Y tevys gans sor an mor vras'  
 Moy godrosek yn lel.

Yn vogh goheles a whylsyn  
 Carrygy Syllan;  
 An mor lanwes a glewsyn  
 Mar uthek an taran,  
 Ha dystough ena scruth a dheth,  
 Dh'y vrys pup y vew,  
 'War'n garrek esa'n lester harth,  
 Gans ton scubys hep lew.

A year was gone, and home at last,  
 We turned with swelling sail  
 When 'er the Scilly over passed,  
 There broke on us a gale;  
 The boatswain up aloft did go,  
 He went aloft so high,  
 More angry did the ocean grow,  
 More menacing the sky.

To make the stripe in vain we tried  
 The Scilly rocks to clear,  
 The thunder of the furious tide  
 Was filling every ear;  
 There came a sharp and sudden shock,  
 Each thought of wife and home,  
 The gallant ship was on a rock,  
 And swept with wave and foam.

## Teryans Syllan / Scilly Wreck

War'n gorhel peswar ugans tus,  
Anedha saw un a dyras;  
An lester harth o brewys,  
Pen arak hag aros;  
Dh'Aberplym yn scon a dheth,  
Oll an newedhow;  
Ha deryvyas dhe'n gwrageth,  
Mar bos an dagrennow.

Dh'Aberplym pan dhuth yn few,  
A vernans war'n mor;  
Dyslel ow hares o, re Dhew,  
Demedhys dhe dyr;  
Tus jentyl oll, a dryg war dyr,  
Tybeugh a lu kellys;  
Cappa yn luf of-vy yn sur,  
Alusen my a'th pys.

Of eighty seamen 'prised the crew,  
But one did reach the shore;  
The gallant vessel, good and true,  
Was shattered aft and fore;  
The news to Plymouth swift did fly,  
That our good ship was gone;  
And wet with tears was many an eye,  
And many a widow alone.

And when I came to Plymouth sound  
Alive of eighty men,  
My pretty love, then false I found,  
And to a landsman wed;  
O gentles all that live on land,  
Be-think the boys at sea,  
Lo! here I stand with cap in hand,  
And crave your charity.

# Deulagas Byghan / Little Eyes / Little Lize

G C D

Nans yu un nos, Y'm be hunros, An coynta vu a'y os; Yth  
The other night, I had a dream, The funniest dream of all; I

5 D D7 G C7 G D7 C C D

esa hy owth amma dhym, Enos adryf an fos! Yn meth - hy  
dreamt that I was kissing You. Behind the garden wall! And she said

9 G C G G C G

Deulagas byghan, (melder) Deulagas byghan, War  
Little eyes I love you (honey), Little eyes I love you, I

13 G G D D

oll an bys nyns us dha bar; (melder) (melder)  
love you in the springtime and the fall; (honey), (honey)

17 D G D D G D(honey)

Deulagas byghan, Deulagas byghan, Bys  
Little eyes I love you, Little eyes I love you, I

21 G C G D7 G

vyken my a'th car. (melder, melder, melder)  
love you the best of all (honey, honey, honey)



## Deulagas Byghan / Little Eyes / Little Lize

Nans yu un nos, Y'm be hunros,  
An coynta'vu a'y os;  
Yth esa-hy owth amma dhym,  
Enos adryf an fos!  
Yn meth-hy  
Deulagas byghan, (melder)  
Deulagas byghan,  
War oll an bys nyns us dha bar;  
(melder, melder)  
Deulagas byghan,  
Deulagas byghan  
Bys vyken my a'th car.  
(melder, melder, melder)

A lavar dhymmo, lavar gwyr,  
Pyu yu dha duren dek?  
A lavar dhymmo lavar gwyr, ,  
Pyu'n moyha dhys a blek!

Yn meth-hy.....

Nyhewer y's kemerys tre,  
Yndan an spernen wyn;  
Adro dh'y cres, gorrys bw bregh,  
Ha'y synsy strothys tyn.

Yn meth-hy .....

### **Variations:-**

I went around to her back door,  
To see my turtle dove;  
Oh tell me honey tell me do,  
What is this thing called love.  
(Newquay and St Keverne)

Oh kiss me honey kiss me do,  
You are my turtle dove;  
Oh kiss me honey kiss me do,  
You are the one I love.  
(North Cornwall)

I took my honey down a shady lane,  
Beneath the spreading pine;  
I placed my arms around her waist,  
And pressed her lips to mine.  
(St Stythyans)

I loved her in the summertime,  
I loved her in the fall;  
But my darling between these sheets,  
I love you the best of all.  
(Falmouth/Budock)

The other night, I had a dream,  
The funniest dream of all;  
I dreamt that I was kissing You.  
Behind the garden wall!  
And she said  
Little eyes I love you (honeY),  
Little eyes I love you,  
I love you in the springtime and the fall;  
(honey, honey)  
Little eyes I love you,  
Little eyes I love you,  
I love you best of all  
(honey, honey, honey)

Oh tell me honey tell me do,  
Who is your turtle dove?  
Oh tell me honey tell me do,  
Who is the one you love?

And she said.....

I took my honey home last night,  
Beneath the spreading pine;  
I placed my arms around her waist,  
And pressed her lips to mir e.

And she said.....

The other night I had a dream,  
The strangest dream of all;  
I dreamt I saw a great big man,  
Behind the garden wall.  
(Newquay and St Keverne)

It was not you that I did see,  
Behind the garden wall;  
It was my wife a looking at me,  
She looked so big and tall.  
(North Cornwall)

The other night I had a dream,  
Her bulldog flew at me;  
And bit me by the old back door,  
Right by the maple tree.  
(St Stythyans)

*When sung in English there is no real difference in the sound of 'Little Eyes' and 'Little Lize'. In Cornish of courr'this must be compensated for and an alternative to 'Deulagas Byghan' would be 'Ow wheg-oll byghan' but the former scans particularly well.*

*Trelyes gans Julyan Homes 1983*

# Ow Den Coth Da / My Good Old Man

G

Hy Pandra garses'ta dybry, ow den coth da,  
 5 She what will you have for supp - per my good old man,

D 3

Pandra garses'ta dybry, hy a'n henwys hy on.  
 9 What will you have for sup - per she call - ed him her lamb,

D 3 C D7 D7

Pandra garses'ta dybry, ow gour - vy ker - en - jedh - ek, den coth  
 13 What will you have for sup - per my lov - ing husband your the

C G D7 D7

whecc - a os - ta yn few yn few yn few, den coth  
 17 sweet - est old man thats alive alive alive

C G G

whecc - a os - ta yn a few  
 20 sweet - est old man thats a - live

G

Ef Try ug - ans oy ow har, fol de dol de dee  
 He Three score eggs my dear sing  
 24 D

Fol dol ded - dle dol de dee

G

Try ug - ans oy ow har fol de dol de dee  
 28 Three score eggs my dea sing  
 32 D G

Fol dol dedd - dle dol de dee

# Ow Den Coth Da / My Good Old Man

## 1/ Hy:

Pandra garses-ta dybry, ow den coth da ?  
Pandra garses-ta dybry? Hy a'n henwys hy on.  
Pandra garses-ta dybry? Ow gour-vy kerenjedhek.  
Den coth whecca os-ta yn-few, yn-few, yn-few,,  
Den coth whecca os-ta yn-few.

## Ef:

Try ugans oy ow har,  
Ha fol de dol de dee, Fol dol deddle dol de dee;  
Try ugans oy ow har,  
Fol de dol de dee, Fol dol deddle dol de dee.

## 2/ Hy:

Gans henna ty a vyth claf, ow den coth da  
Gans henna ty a vyth claf hy a'n henwys hy on  
Gans henna ty a vyth claf, ow gour-vy kerenjedhek  
Den coth whecca.....

## Ef:

Ytho y fydhaf marow  
ha fol de dol de dee.....

## 3/ Hy:

Ple fydyth bos encladhys, ow den coth da  
Ple fythyth bos encladhys .....

## Ef:

Yn sorn an chymbla ow har  
Ha fol de dol de dee.....

## 4/ Hy:

Prak encladhys ena? Ow den coth da.....

## Ef:

May'th wyllyf gwary dyslel.  
Ha fol de doll de dee.....

## 5/ Hy:

Nefra saw unwyth, ow den coth da.....  
Nefra saw Dywyth.....  
Nefra saw Tergwyth.....  
Den coth whecca .....

## Ef:

Gans pyu wrusta gwary?  
Ha fol de dol de dee.....

## 6/ Hy:

Unwyth gans an proner, ow den coth da.  
Dywyth gans an scryfyas, hy a'n hynwys hy on.  
Tergwyth gans an cloghwas, ow gourvy kerenjedhek  
Den coth whecca os-ta yn-few, yn-few, yn-few,  
Den coth whecca os-ta yn-few.

## 1/ She:

What will you have for supper my good old man ?  
What will you have for supper she called him her lamb,  
What will you have for supper my loving husband,  
You're the sweetest old man that's alive, alive, alive,  
You're the sweetest old man that's alive.

## He:

Three score eggs my dear  
And fol de dol de dee, Fol dol deddle dol de dee  
Three score eggs my dear and fol de dol de dee  
Fol dol deddle dol de dee.

## 2/ She:

That will make you sick my good old man.  
That will make you sick , she called him her lamb.  
That will make you sick , my loving husband.  
You're the sweetest old man .....

## He:

Then I shall be dead my dear  
And fol ded dol de dee.....

## 3/ She:

And where will you be buried, my good old man?  
And where will you be buried.....

## He:

In the chimney corner my dear  
Ha fol de dol de dee.....

## 4/ She:

What will you be buried there for.....

## He:

To see you play and flirt my dear  
Ha fol de dol de dee.....

## 5/ She:

I never did but once my good old man.....  
I never did but twice . . . .  
I never did but three times.....  
You're the sweetest.....

## He:

Then who was it with my dear  
And Fol de dol de dee

## 6/ She:

Once with the parson, my good old man  
Twice with the clerk ....  
Three times with the sexton.....  
You're the sweetest old man that's alive, alive, alive,  
You're the sweetest old man that's alive.

## An Awhesyth / The lark

Del en - vy ow kerdh-es un myt - tyn ynmys me, Y clew - ys mor - en yow - ynk neb  
As I was a walk ing one morn - ing in the month of May, I heard a young dam sel them

4 ger - yow yn - meth hy; A bup gal - was yn bys ke - kem - mys may vo a'n  
words did say; Of all the calling what - ev - er they may be no

7 ar - a - der - yor nys yu par yn mys me yrh - o.  
life is like the ploug - boy in the month of May.

Del en-vy ow kerdhes un myttyn yn mys me,  
Y clewys moren yowynk, neb geryow yn-meth hy;  
'A bup galwas yn bys kekemmys may vo,  
A'n araderor nys yu par yn mys me ytho.'

As I was a walking one morning in May,  
I heard a young damsel them words did say;  
'Of all the calling whatever they may be,  
No life is like the ploughboy's in the month of May.'

An awhesyth a dhyfun a'y nythva y'n myttyn,  
Y bron gans gluthennow war ayr gwyn del yskyn;  
An awhesyth ha'n maw aradar kescana 'yllons y,  
Dh'y nythva yn gorthewer mos wardhelergh a-wra hy.

The Lark in the morning awakes from her nest,  
And mounts the white air with the dew on her breast;  
O the lark and the ploughboy together can sing,  
And return to her nest in the evening.

Yth yskynnys un myttyn mar ughel, ogh mar ughel,  
Y vyrys orth an le adro hag orth an ebren tewl;  
Yth esa hy ow cana yn mSrttyn oll adro,  
Nys yu bewnans avel araderor un mys me ytho.

One morning she mounted so high oh so high,  
And looked around her, and at the dark sky;  
In the morning she was singing and thus was her lay,  
There's no life like the ploughboys in the month of  
May.

Pan yu dewedhys oll whel a'n jeth yma dhodho,  
Dhe fer po enclledhyans martesen yth ello;  
Y'n keth le y whra cana hag ena y whyban,  
Wosa henna dh'y gares whek a-dhre ef ryban.

When his day's work is over that he hath to do,  
O' then to a fair or a wake he will go,  
And there he will whistle and there he will sing,  
And then to his fair love a ribbon will bring.

Sowyn dhe maw aradar pypynak may vons-y '  
War'n glyn, neb mowes whek kemeres a whrons-y;  
Whybana a wrons ha cana, owth eva coref gell,  
Moy lowen yu'n tus ma es myghtern po'n gos ughel.

Good luck to the ploughboys wherever they be,  
They will take a sweet maid to sit on the knee;  
They'll drink the brown beer, they will whistle and sing,  
O the ploughboy's more happy than a noble or a king.

# Adam hag Eva

Oh A dam and Eve could not be-lieve that Pet-er the mil-ler was dead,  
 Ad-am hag Eva ny al-las crys - y bos Ped-er an mel-yn - or marow,  
 5 Lock ed in the tow - er for the steal - ing of flower and  
 Syn - sys y'n tour rak lad - ra bles Y  
 7 forced to lose his head, and forced to lose his head  
 kel-lys y ben yth - o, Y kel-lys y ben yth - o.

Adam hag Eva ny allas crysy'  
 Bos Peder an melynor marow;  
 Synsys y'n tour rak ladra bles,  
 Y kellys y ben ytho  
 Y kellys y ben ytho.

Adam and Eve could not believe,  
 That Peter the miller was dead;  
 Shut in the tower for the stealing of flour,  
 And forced to loose his head,  
 And forced to loose his head.

Y telsons toll yn tron Olyver,  
 Ha gorra corden ynno;  
 Ha'y denna oll adro an dre,  
 Rak Carla bos ledhys ganso  
 Rak Carla bos ledhys ganso.

They drilled a hole in Oliver's nose  
 And put therein a string;  
 And dragged him round and round the town  
 For murdering Charles the King  
 For murdering Charles the King.

## Present day chimes at Stratton Church

1st Quarter  
 3 2nd Quarter  
 6 3rd Quarter  
 10 4th Quarter  
 14 The Hour

# The Keenly Lode

C G C G F G C  
 Old Unc - le Pen-ger - ric a cap - tain\_ was and a dow - ser\_ shrewd was he, He  
 5 C G C G F G C C Am G  
 feath ered his nest from the keen - ly lode that ruined\_ you and me. The captain was tra - vers - ing  
 10 C G Am G F G C G C Am G  
 Brand - y Moor with haz - el twig in hand, the haz - el twist - ed and turned ar - ound and  
 15 F G C C C D C  
 brought un to a stand. Oh the keen - ly lode the keen - ly lode of bals the best me  
 20 G Em Am C F G C  
 boys, old UnclPen-ger - ric ver - y well know'd how to fea - ther his nest me boys.

Old Uncle Pengerric so brave did brag,  
 Of ore in Brandy bal;  
 'Come fork out your money, my Christian friends,  
 Your fortunes treble all'.  
 Now Uncle was reckoned a preacher stout  
 A burning shining light;  
 The people all said, 'What he has in head  
 Will surely turn out right.'

The company floated, the shares paid up,  
 The gold came rolling in;  
 They set up a swhim, and began for to sink,  
 To that keenly lode of tin;  
 They had not burrowed but five foot six,  
 When they come to a buried hoss;  
 Said Uncle Pengerric 'No fault of mine  
 Th't turn to someone's loss.'

## Chorus

Oh the keenly lode, the keenly lode,  
 Of bals the best me boys;  
 Old Uncle Pengerric very well know'd  
 How to feather his nest me boys.

## Chorus

The shaft descended, but nee'er a grain  
 Of ore was brought to ground;  
 And presently Uncle Pengerric too,  
 Was not in Cornwall found;  
 But wherever he goes, and whenever he speaks,  
 He says 'the rod told true,  
 It brought me luck, but it turn'd and struck  
 At nought but an old Horseshoe.'

## Chorus

1 ie mine captain - expression used in Cornwall for the mine manager.

2 Keenly lode - Cornish dialect for a good ore bearing lode.

3 Brave - in Cornish dialect usually means big.

4 Bal - Cornish for mine.

5 Whim - a windlass type of device for bringing up ore.

# Mowes A Vry / My Pretty Maid

G D7 G G D7 G

Pleth es - os - sy ow mos mow-es a vry? Pleth es - os - y ow mos mow-es a vry? Yth

5 G D7 G G C

af - vy dhe wo - dra yn meth-hy yn meth hy yn meth hy

9 G G D7 G

Yth af - vy dhe wo - dra yn meth hy.

1  
 Pleth esos-sy ow mos mowes a vry  
 Pleth esos-sy ow mos mowes a vry  
 Yth af-vy dhe wodra yn-meth-hy,  
 yn-meth-hy, yn-meth-hy  
 Yth af-vy dhe wodra yn-meth-hy.

2  
 A wraf-vy mos genes mowes a vry?  
 Gwra, mar mynnyth-sy yn-meth-hy.

3  
 Pandra wra dha dasyk mowes a wy?  
 Ow thas yu tyak yn-meth-hy.

4  
 Pyth us dhe dhos ragos mowes a vry?  
 Ow fas yu ow gwaytyans yn-meth-hy.

5  
 Nyns osta ragof-vy mowes a vry.  
 Ny wovyn nagonen orthys yn-meth-hy.

1  
 Where are you going to my pretty maid?  
 Where are you going to my pretty maid?  
 I'm going a milking Sir she said,  
 Sir she said, Sir she said,  
 I'm going a milking sir she said.

2  
 Shall I go with you my pretty maid?  
 Yes if you please Sir she said.

3  
 Then what is your father, my pretty maid?  
 My father's a farmer Sir she said.

4  
 Then what is your future my pretty maid?  
 My face is my future Sir she said.

5  
 Then I won't have you my pretty maid.  
 No-one asked you Sir she said.



# Wembalo

Fa - tel ver-wys ow thas ny\_\_ all - af - vy der-yvas, Wegh margh\_ dhe sew - ya an  
 My fath - er he died\_ and I can - not tell you how, He left me six hors - es to  
 ar - dar dhym - mo ef asas gans ow whim wham wem - ba lo  
 foll - low the plough\_\_\_\_\_ with my whim wham wem - ba - low,  
 Coweth hunek yn ben-ba lo, Mep py-gow yn ben-ba - lo yn ble-jen a dry-gons - y.  
 drowsy me boys in ben-ba - lo, Lit - tle boys in ben-ba- lo\_\_ liv - ing near the bloom.

1  
 Fatel verwys ow thas, ny allaf deryvas  
 Wegh margh dhe sewya an ardar dhymmo ef 'asas  
 Gans ow whim wham wembalo  
 Coweth hunek yn benbalo  
 Meppygow yn benbalo blejen a drygons-y.

1  
 My father he died and I cannot tell you how,  
 He left me, six horses to follow the plough,  
 With my whim wham wembalo  
 Drowsy me boys in benbalo  
 Little boys in Benbalo living near the bloom.

2  
 Y wherthys ow mergh ha bugh a brenys,  
 Y whraf vy gul lety lemmyn yth ombrederys,  
 Gans ow whim wham

2  
 I sold out my horses and I bought myself a cow,  
 I thought to myself I will make a dairy now,  
 With my whim wham

3  
 Y wherthys ow bugh ha lugh a brenys,  
 Re buf ow kelly hanter yth ombrederys,  
 Gans ow whim wham

3  
 I sold out my cow and I bought myself a calf,  
 I thought to myself 'I been losin one half'  
 With my whim wham

4  
 Y wherthys ow lugh ha cath a brenys,  
 Hag oll adro'n gegyn an gathyk ger esedhys.  
 Gans ow whim wham

4  
 I sold out my calf and bought myself a cat,  
 And around the kitchen the pretty pussy sat,  
 With my whim wham

5  
 Y wherthys ow hath ha logosen a brenys,  
 Y lost eth gans tan, dhe'n dor ow chy y loskas  
 Gans ow whim wham

5  
 I sold out my cat and I bought myself a mouse,  
 He caught his tail on the fire and he burn't down the  
 house.  
 With my whim wham



# Drowned Lover

C C C Am  
 As I was a walk - ing down by the sea shore where  
 5 F G G G  
 the winds whist - led high, and the wat - ers did roar, Where the  
 9 G G D C G Am Em  
 winds whist - led high and the waves raged a - round, I  
 13 C C F G  
 heard a fair maid make a pit - i ful sound. Cry - ing  
 17 C C C Am G  
 oh! my love is drowned, My love I must de - plore, and I  
 21 C F Am G C  
 nev - er, Oh ne - er shall see my love more.

I never a nobler, a truer did see,  
 A lion in courage, but gentle to me,  
 An eye like an eagle, a heart like a dove,  
 And the song that he sang me was ever of love.  
 Now I cry O! My love is drowned  
 My love I must deplore!  
 And I never, O, never  
 Shall see my love more'

He is sunk in waters, there lies he asleep,  
 I will plunge there as well, I will kiss his cold feet,  
 I will kiss the white lips, once more like red,  
 And die at his side for my true love is dead.  
 Now I cry, O! My love is drowned  
 My love I must deplore,  
 And I never, O, never,  
 Shall see my love more'

# Wassel Redruth

Gans Ar - luth ha' ves-tres y tal-leth-yn ny, Py - sy cum-yas a wren-ny dhe dhos a  
 The Mist-ress and mast-er our was-sail beg - in, Pray op-en the door, and let us come

8 jy. Gans agan was - sel, was - sel was - sel  
 in. With our wass - sail, was - sail was - sail

13 He bedh - eugh - why lowen gans ag - an was - sel  
 And joy come t our jol - ly was - sail.

Gans Arluth ha'vestres y tallethyn-ny  
 Pysy cumyas a wren-ny dhe dhos ajy.

The Mistress and Master our wassail begin,  
 Pray open the door and let us come in.

*Penpusorn:*

Gans agan wassel, wassel, wassel, wassel;  
 Ha bedheugh-why lowen gans agan wassel.

*Chorus:*

With our wassail, wassail, wassail, wassail;  
 And joy come to our jolly wassail

Agan Arluth ha'vestres ryp an tan a'ga eseth,  
 Ha'n wasselyer truan dres an lys a gerth.

The Mistress and Master sitting down by the fire,  
 While we poor wassailers are travelling in the mire.

Agan Arluth ha'vestres a'ga eseth yn es,  
 Y rons-y dhyn-ny an pyth y a bles.

The Mistress and Master sitting down at their ease,  
 Put their hands in their pockets and give what they please.

Y whaytyn y fyth sowyn pup avallen,  
 May fo cyder ragon dhe ben an vledhen.

I hope that your apple trees will prosper and bear,  
 That we may have cyder when we call next year.

Re bo yn le un balyer dek dhyso-jy,  
 May fo cyder rago pan dhewhelyn-ny.

And where you've one hogshead I hope you'll have ten.  
 So what we may have cyder when we call again.

My a wayt bos dha varlys sowyn ow tevy,  
 May fo dhyso lowr ha lowr dhe ry.

I hope that your barley will prosper and grow,  
 So that you may have some and enough to bestow.

Ow mos ha bos squyth yth eson yn ur-ma,  
 Geseugh-why tam arghans yn aga scala.

Now we poor wassail boys growing weary and cold,  
 Drop a small bit of silver into our bowl.

Re bo dhys benegys dhe vewa termyn hyr,  
 Awos agas bos ryth gans rohow yn sur.

I wish you a blessing and a long time to live,  
 Since you've been so free and willing to give.

## When Eyndek / Indian Weed

When Eyn-dek West yu to - ba - co yn myt-tyn-wyth glas, yn nos treg-hys may fo; Ag-an  
 To - ba - co is an Indian weed, Grows green at morn, is cut down at eve, It  
 5 pod-reth-es y tys-qua pup ke-her yu gor - a, Pre - der hen-na pan veg - yth to - ba - co  
 shows our de cay, all flesh is hay, Pray think on this when you smoke to - ba - co.

When Eyndek west yu tobacco,  
 Yn mytтынwyth glas, yn nos treghys may fo;  
 Agan podrethes y tysqua;  
 Pup keher yu gora,  
 Preder henna pan vegyth tobacco.

Tobacco is an Indian weed,  
 Grows green at morn, is cut down at eve;  
 It shows our decay,  
 All flesh is hay,  
 Pray think on this when you smoke tobacco.

Kepar lyly, an pyb mar wyn;  
 Ganso dydhan y kemeryn,  
 Gans tuch gylls,  
 Kepar bewnans tus,  
 Preder henna pan vegyth tobacco.

The pipe that is so lily white,  
 Wherein so many take delight,  
 Gone with a touch,  
 Man's life is such,  
 Pray think on this when you smoke tobacco.

Yma'n pyb, y gres mar vostys;  
 Ha'n enef gans pegh yu dyslywys,  
 Y tervyn yn sur,  
 Tan govyjyon mur,  
 Preder henna pan vegyth tobacco.

The pipe that is so foul within,  
 Shows how the soul is stained with sin;  
 It doth require  
 The purging fire,  
 Pray think on this when you smoke tobacco.

Lusow ytho warlergh gesys,  
 A wor aberth y'gan brys,  
 Bys yn pon yn fyn,  
 Dewheles res yu dhyn  
 Preder henna pan vegyth tobacco.

The ashes that are left behind,  
 Do serve to put us all in mind,  
 That unto dust,  
 Return we must,  
 Pray think on this when you smoke tobacco.

Ha mar ughel an mok yth yskyn;  
 Y tysqueth bos pup bewnans gans fyn,  
 An eth yu gylls,  
 Bewnans den yu gwrys,  
 Preder henna pan vegyth Tobacco.

The smoke that doth so high ascend,  
 Shows that our life must have an end,  
 The vapours gone,  
 Man's life is done  
 Pray think on this when you smoke tobacco.

## Tre Bosvenegh / Bodmin Town

Y tryg - a mow-es yn Bos-ven-egh, Ow hol - on glan re\_wrussa tu - la: Ny  
 In Bod-min town - there lived a maid, My innocent heart she had be trayed; I  
 5 vuf vy brew - ys nef - ra an keth, mes\_ moy ha moy y's\_ ca\_ vaf whath\_  
 ne'er was wound ed\_ so be- fore, And\_ yet I love her\_ more and\_ more.

Y tryga mowes yn Bosvenegh,  
 Ow holon glan re wrussa tulla;  
 Ny vuf-vy brewys nefra an keth,  
 Mes moy ha moy y's cavaf whath.

In Bodmin Town there lived a maid,  
 My innocent heart she had betrayed,  
 I ne'er was wounded so before,  
 And yet I love her more and more.

Yn Bosvenegh pan dremenys-vy,  
 Y'n gweder, ow hares welys-vy;  
 Oll yn snodys lowen gwyskys,  
 Moy tek es blejen yn Me hevellys.

In Bodmin Town when I did pass,  
 I saw my sweet love through the glass,  
 All dressed in ribbons bright and gay,  
 She looked more fair than flowers in May.

Yn Bosvenegh pan vetsyn-ny,  
 Gans amnow whek lufyow junsyn-ny;  
 Y kynyaf gans garm wherow,  
 Hefthy gwell wyth dhym bos marow.

In Bodmin Town when we did meet,  
 We joined hands with kisses sweet,  
 I wring my hands in bitter cry,  
 Without her love, rather I'd die.

Yn Bosvenegh, y whodhya hy thas,  
 Dre gerensa wyr y fen-ny kelmys;  
 Y's alwhedhas yn chambour ughel,  
 Agan kerensa may whrello fyllel.

In Bodmin Town her father knew,  
 That she loved so fast and true,  
 He locked her in a chamber high,  
 That I to her might not come nigh.

Dhe Vosvenegh y whruk-vy dos,  
 Dhe'n darras ow fystyna yn nos;  
 Deugh dhe'n dor ha'm geseugh yn,  
 Dhe'n den y honen a'th car yn fyn.

To Bodmin Town I came at night,  
 And to her door I hurried Straight,  
 Come down! Come down! Let me in,  
 Your own true love pulls at the pin.

Dywar'n gwely war nans y teth,  
 Ha ygery an darras ha dresto my eth;  
 'Da yu genef dha vos devedhys,  
 Ow thas yu marrow'hy a armas.

From bed she rose and down she came,  
 She opened the door and let me in,  
 I'm glad to see you love she cried,  
 Since you have gone my father died.

Yn Bosvenegh an clegh a sonas,  
 Awos agan bos ena demedhys;  
 Mar lowen nefra kens nyns en-vy,  
 Ha whath y's keryn moy ha moy.

In Bodmin Town the bells did ring,  
 For our wedding in the Spring,  
 I ne'er was so happy before,  
 And still I love her more and more.

# Ormond

Or - mand harth of vy yn sur, A ny wrust - a clew - es? A'm  
 I am Or - mon - the Brave, did ye nev - er hear of me? Who  
 3 fow a vuf vy pell - hys a dhew - edh es; Y'm  
 lately was dri - ven from my own coun - try; They  
 5 brus - sons yn lys ha pyll - lys ow fydh - ow, A - wos ow vos mar lel dhe'm  
 treid me, condemned me, Plun - dered my es - tate. for be - ing so loy - al to  
 8 rew - ler yth - o. Ogh Or - mand of vy, Hen - na a wodh - es sy  
 Queen Ann the great. Cry - ing Oh, I am Ormond you know

Ormond Harth of-vy yn-sur, A ny wrussta clewes?  
 A'm fow a vuf-vy pellhys, a dhewedhes;  
 Y'm brussons yn lys ha pylllys ow fythow,  
 Awos ow vos mar lel dhe'm rewler ytho.  
 Ogh Ormong Of-vy, Henna a wodhes-sy.

I am Ormond the Brave, did ye never hear of me.  
 Who lately was driven from my own country;  
 They tried me, condemned me, plundered my estate,  
 For being so loyal to Queen Ann the Great.  
 Crying Oh! I am Ormond you know.

Dhe'n tryghan a hembronkys, pup escar fethys,  
 Ormond ow hanow, neb a'm gelow Jamys;  
 Druth dhe'n vyghternes, melder a'gan pow,  
 Coweth dhe'n eglos, cleweugh oll ytho.  
 Ogh....

O to Vict'ry I led, and I vanquished every foe.  
 Some do call me James Butler, I am Ormond you know;  
 I am Queen Ann's darling, my country's delight,  
 A friend to the church, in fanatic's despite.  
 Crying oh.....

Tus Dewnans omseveugh, hag oll'n Gernewyon,  
 A'm sewyeugh yn un helghya'n Hanovaryon;  
 Y fyons a'n pow ma, gwythyn Se Breten Vur,  
 Ny gan byth Alman, Mars yu Myghtern Gwyr.  
 Ogh....

Then awake ye Devon Dogs, and arise ye Cornish cats,  
 And follow me a chasing the Hanoverian rats;  
 They shall fly from the country, we'll guard the British  
 throne,  
 Have no German Electors with a king sir of our own!  
 Crying oh.....

Ny wruk vy cam dhe'm pow, avel arludhy Alba,  
 Na tullys ow soudoryon a'n pyth yu dhedha;  
 An keth obereth oll re'm fe a gasaf,  
 Re gemmysen ow fythow dhe'm pow a garaf.  
 Ogh.....

..  
 O I wronged not my country as Scottish peers do,  
 Nor my soldiers defrauded of that which was their due;  
 All such deeds I abhor by the powers that are above,  
 I've bequeathed my fortune to the country I love!  
 Crying oh.....

## Ha My Ow Mos—A Three Men's Song

7 Ha my ow mos, ha my ow mos, ha my ow mos yn gun las, My a glow-as, a glow-as, a  
 10 glow - as a glow - as, an tros a' tros, a' tros, a' tros a'  
 13 tros, a' tros, a' tros, an bus - cas mun - ys mes my a  
 19 drouv-yas un pesk\_ bras naw y lost\_ ow Oll an bob-el yn porth-y - a  
 ha Mar'-as Jow - an nef - ra ny wor\_\_\_\_\_ dh'y gen - syn-jy. Ha my ow...

Literal English Translation:

*As I was going out..... On a blue / green downs  
 I heard the sound of little fishes  
 But I found one great fish with nine tails  
 All the people in St Ives and Marazion  
 Never could keep hold of it*

This song was given to Cornish Language scholar called Tonkin in 1698 by a Captain Noel Cater. It is a puzzle song, the blue / green downs are the sea but the fish with nine tails is a mystery.

## Helygen / Willow Tree

5 Hel - y - gen hel - y - gen hel - y - gen hel y - gen hel - y - gen hely - gen link - y long:  
 9 Hel - y - gan hel - y - gen hel - y - gen hel - y - gen hel - y - gen hely - gen Link - y long:  
 13 Link - y long had a ver - y good song and a ver - y good song\_ had link-y\_ long. I'll  
 wag - er a crown to an - y of you, this is the score of thirt - y two.

## An Ula / The Owl

A'n ydh - yn oll a wel - af y'n bys, An Ul - a yu'n tec-ca dhym - mo pup-prys, Yn  
 Of all the birds that ev - er I see, the owl is fair - est in her de - gree, For  
 5 jeth a'y eseth yn gweth-en at - tes, Ha pan dhe an nos y nyj - dhe ves. To  
 al the day long she sits in a tree, And when th night com - eth she flies - aw - ay, To  
 9 whyt to who yn meth hy to who, can - el ha jyn - jor gans  
 whit to who says she to who cinb - a - mon ging - er nut -  
 12 clov - ys druth, Ha dowr - tom Frynk a'm ros - tron ruth.  
 megs and cloves, and brand - y gave me m joll - y red nose.

A'n ydhyn oll a welaf y'n bys,  
 An ula yu'n tecca dhymmo pupprys:  
 Yn jeth a'y eseth yn gwedhen attes,  
 Ha pan dhe an nos y nyj dhe ves.

*Penpusorn:*

To whyt to who yn meth hy to who;  
 Canel ha jynjor gans clovys druth,  
 Ha dowr tom Frynk, a'm ros tron ruth.

Awhesyth y'n myttyn a yskyn yn ban  
 Ow casa an ula owth ola hep can;  
 Dres oll an jeth yn cusk yma-hy,  
 Ha'n ydhnygow ow cana ymons-y.

*Penpusorn*

Yma lyes dhen a vost nep pols,  
 A'y honen a pref mur ha nefra fals;  
 Mars us nans ha bre gans ergh wyn cudhys,  
 Y cren an ula, gans ullyans cryghyllys.

*Penpusorn*

Of all the birds that ever I see,  
 The owl is the fairest in her degree;  
 For all the day long she sits in a tree,  
 And when the night cometh she flies away.

*Chorus:*

To whit to who says she to who  
 Cinnamon ginger nutmegs and cloves  
 And brandy gave me my jolly red nose.

The lark in the morning ascendeth on high,  
 And leaves the poor owl to sob and to sigh;  
 And all the day long the owl is asleep,  
 While little birds are blithely singing cheep cheep.

*Chorus*

There's many a brave bird a boasteth awhile,  
 And proves himself great, let providence smile;  
 Be hills and valleys all covered in snow,  
 The poor owl will shiver and mock with ho, ho.

*Chorus*



# An Rosen Wyn / The White Rose

G G G D7  
 My a gar an ros - en wyn Mar  
 I love the white rose in it's splen - dour. I  
 I

Variant words:  
 5 C D7 G G  
 whek del dyf - hy An  
 love the white rose in its bloom, I  
 love the white rose in the fall,

9 G C G D7 G  
 ros - en wyn mar splan mar vryn - tyn a  
 love the white rose, so fair as she grows, It's the

13 D7 D7 G G  
 dha gof om - ma dhe - vy! Ken -  
 rose that re - minds me of you! The

17 G G D7 D7 D7  
 sa pan whel - ys ow whek oll Yth  
 first time I met you my darl - ing, Your  
 Your

21 D7 D7 G G  
 est - ta mar dek av - el ros, Mes  
 face was as red as the rose, And  
 face was as pale as the rose,

25 G G C C D7 D7  
 lemmyr mar dhys lyw dha ve - jeth, Mar  
 now your face has grown pal - er, As

29 D7 C G D7 G G  
 wyn av - el ros - en mayth os.  
 pale as the lil - y white rose.





# Daswryans – Reconstructions

The following songs have all been reconstructed to a greater or lesser extent by the editor. In some cases this was necessary as the original manuscripts did not contain the complete article and in three I have exercised a certain degree of artistic licence with the melody.

In the previous section I have commented on the freedom that the traditional singer had/has in his or her style of singing. This freedom could be quite marked in the way that certain musical intervals were sharpened or flattened, particularly the 5th and 7th. The effect was to dramatically alter the mood of the song, sometimes making it haunting, sometimes harsh and barely acceptable to those accustomed to more orthodox music. It is quite possible that, in the process of recording, some of these characteristics were ironed out or ignored, especially during the earlier days of folk song collection. Certainly when Baring Gould noted '*An Culyek Hos*' ('The Mallard') from the itinerant singer Masters, the 7th was flattened in the first part of the tune and natural in the second. He felt that it had to be either one or the other.

It is with these points in mind that I have experimented with the modality of '*Estren*', '*An Whelyow Garoryon*' and '*When Ha Blejennow*'.

**Naw Map Harth (Nine Brave Boys)** - Also known as Flowers of the valley.

I have reconstructed this song from the fragments sent to Cecil Sharp by William Gilbert who noted it from Thomas Williams of St Mawgan in Pydar.<sup>1</sup> Baring Gould also noted this song from a Mr Old of St Mawgan and a Mary Gilbert who had apparently learned it from Thomas Williams before he died in 1881.<sup>2</sup>

**De Hala Me (May Feast)**

Ralph Dunstan learned this song from his wife's mother and grandmother who were from the Treloar family of Helston.<sup>3</sup> Baring Gould published a version in "Songs of The West",<sup>4</sup> where he comments that it continued to be popular at that time (1890s) in Cornwall. Both Dunstan and Baring Gould refer to, and draw upon, the words in Hones every day book<sup>5</sup>. The tune I use here is that provided by Baring Gould.

**Hungan (Lullaby)**

The tune, refrain and six lines only were collected by Baring Gould from James Olver of Launceston,<sup>6</sup> I have reconstructed the rest.

**Whelyow an Garoryon (The Lovers Tasks)**

Also known as '*The Tasks*' and the '*Cornish Puzzle song*'. Two melodies for this song were noted. By Baring Gould from singers from St Mawgan in Pydar, one from Joseph Dyer in 1891, the other from an S Lobb in 1893.<sup>7</sup> I have used the tune given in the latter case. A further version from St Mawgan was sent to Cecil Sharp in 1904 by a Mr Gilbert. Although the melody is different most people will recognise the ubiquitous Scarborough Fair in the words. Bronson<sup>8</sup> describes it as belonging to '*The Elfin Knight*' family of songs with 55 tunes and variants. The tunes from Cornwall he classes as a separate type together with four other variants coming from Ireland, British Columbia and Michigan. A version was also noted by Davies Gilbert in 1822, "*Jenefer, Gentle and Rosemary*".<sup>9</sup>

**When Ha Blejennow (Flowers and Weeds)**

The words and music I have given here were collected by Baring Gould from Joseph Dyer of St Mawgan in Pydar in 1891.<sup>10</sup> He noted variants from James Parsons and J Hext of Postbridge. Henry Jenner sent this song to Graves for inclusion in his "*National Songs of the Celtic Countries*".<sup>11</sup> There are many variants of the words and tune to this song and Child<sup>12</sup> gave this family of songs the name "Sprig of Thyme".

---

<sup>1</sup> Cecil Sharp Manuscript Collection, Vaughan Williams Memorial Library, Cecil Sharp House, Regents Park Road London. Song No 2L7

<sup>2</sup> Baring Gould Heritage Project/Wren Trust, Fair copy manuscript Page 440 song 191

<sup>3</sup> Dunstan, Ralph Lyver Canow Kernewek: *The Cornish Song Book*, (London, Reid Bros, 1929) p45.

<sup>4</sup> Baring-Gould, Rev. Sabine., and Rev. H. Fleetwood Shepherd. *Songs and Ballads of the West: A Collection Made from the Mouths of the People* (London: Methuen & Co, 1891) p xxvii and p 98.

<sup>5</sup> Hone, William. *The Every-Day Book : Or, Everlasting Calendar of Popular Amusements,.....*. (London: Hunt and Clarke, 1826.) Vols 1&2

<sup>6</sup> Baring Gould Heritage Project/Wren Trust, fair copy manuscript page 123 song 49

<sup>7</sup> Baring Gould Heritage Project/Wren Trust, fair copy, manuscript page 321 p.128.

<sup>8</sup> Bronson, Bertrand H. *The Traditional Tunes of the Child Ballads: With Their Texts, According to the Extant Records of Great Britain and America.* ( Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1959).

<sup>9</sup> Gilbert, Davies. *Some Ancient Christmas Carols, with the Tunes to Which They Were Formerly Sung* (London: Nichols, 1822) 2nd ed., p. 65.

<sup>10</sup> Baring Gould Heritage Project/Wren Trust, fair copy manuscript, p. 24 , song 7

<sup>11</sup> Graves, Alfred P. *The Celtic Song Book: Being Representative Folk Songs of the Six Celtic Nations.* (London: E. Benn, 1928).

<sup>12</sup> Francis James Child was an American Professor of Folksongs / literature . In the 1850s/60s he published five volumes of ballad lyrics and grouped them taxonomically in "Song families" according to similarities in the text: Child, Francis J. *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads: Volume I - V.* ( New York: Dover Publications, Inc.)

### **Tansys Golowan (Midsummer Bonfire)**

The words for this song were published by Bell in "Ancient Poems and Ballads" as the *Cornish Midsummer Bonfire Song* with the notes:

*"The very ancient custom of lighting fires on Midsummer-eve, being the vigil of St. John the Baptist, is still kept up in several parts of Cornwall. On these occasions the fishermen and others dance about the fires, and sing appropriate songs. The following has been sung for a long series of years at Penzance and the neighbourhood, and is taken down from the recitation of the leader of a West-country choir. It is communicated to our pages by Mr. Sandys."*<sup>13</sup>

I have introduced them here to the tune of the "Marigold" which was published in the Celtic Song Book<sup>14</sup>. "The Marigold" was recorded by Davies Gilbert from an 86 year old man from St Erme in 1830. The tune has clearly travelled quite widely and materialised in Northern Ireland as "The Star of the County Down" in the twentieth century.

### **Estren (The Stranger)**

Also known as "The Emigrants song". This was communicated to Baring Gould from a Mrs Mary Treese aged 88 of Menheniot in 1891.<sup>15</sup> The song enjoyed much popularity amongst the broadsides and three versions were noted. by Cecil Sharp.<sup>16</sup> Both the tune and the words differ in Cornwall. In the Broadside the emigrant has returned to his own country somewhat disillusioned, this has been modified in Cornwall and the stranger has returned to find a wife who will sail away with him. This twist in the story does not resonate particularly well with Cornish social history. Migrant workers from Cornwall fiercely retained their identity and family links and became known in Cornish dialect as cousin Jacks.

### **Damon**

Noted by Miss Lucy Broadwood from a Mrs Fletcher of Lifton, who had learned it from her mother a Mrs Williams of Egloskerry in 1830.<sup>17</sup> The words and tune are very fragmentary and I have re-written the song weaving these fragments into the legend of the two ghostly lovers of Porthgarra.

### **Jowan Bunt**

As Mr John Bunt, this song was published in the Old Cornwall society journal in 1943.<sup>18</sup> It had been sent in by a Mr de Castro Glubb as heard by him fifty years earlier in Liskeard. The idea of the story has had a widespread currency in Europe and turned up in a collection of Breton Folk tales called 'Eur Zac' had Marvailhou' (A Sackfull of Stories). Bronson discusses this song as part of his analysis of the "Child Ballads" and comments: *'It seems odd that this ballad has acquired no traditional currency in England. It has been popular in Scotland and is known in various forms, fabliau or folk tale, in many parts of Europe and the near East. From Scotland it has been brought to the United States ...'*<sup>19</sup>

---

<sup>13</sup> Bell, Robert, and James H. Dixon. *Ancient Poems, Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England: Taken Down from Oral Recitation and Transcribed from Private Manuscripts, Rare Broadside and Scarce Publications.* (London: J.W. Parker and Son, 1857) p169. Version also printed for the Percy Society by T. Richards, in 1845.

<sup>14</sup> Graves, Alfred Percival *The Celtic song book, being representative folk songs of the six Celtic nations, chosen by Alfred Perceval Graves.* (London, E Benn, 1928) page 276

<sup>15</sup> Baring Gould Heritage Project/Wren Trust, fair copy manuscript, p. 435, song 186

<sup>16</sup> Sharp, Cecil J, and Maud Karpeles. *Cecil Sharp's Collection of English Folk Songs.* (London: Oxford University Press, 1974) Vol II, p. 576).

<sup>17</sup> Broadwood Manuscript Collection, Vaughan Williams Memorial Library, Cecil Sharp House, Regents Park Road London. p 157/159).

<sup>18</sup> *Old Cornwall Vol. 4 (St Ives, Federation of Old Cornwall Societies, 1943) p. 22*

<sup>19</sup> Bronson, Bertrand H. *The Traditional Tunes of the Child Ballads: With Their Texts, According to the Extant Records of Great Britain and America.* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1959). Vol. 4. Song no 275.

# Naw Map Harth / Nine Brave Boys

Drone in D or D+A

4 Gwrek wedh-ow es - a war y on - en ges - ys: Naw Map goll-enn-ek war y  
There was a wid-ow all for - lorn; Nine brave boys - from her

8 horf o genys; Yn nans - ow yth es - a'n blejenn - ow, Tel - yn gytt-ern cym  
bod-y were born; Flowers that were in the val - ley, The Harp, the lute, the

11 bal toll-corn ha whybon - el; Mar whek ha pur an  
fife and the cym - bal; Sweet goes the

ken - sa crowd a sen, yn nans - ow yth es - a'n blejenn - ow.  
tre - ble vio - lin; Flowers that were in the val - ley

Gwrek wedhow esa war y onen gesys;  
Naw map gollennek a y horf o denys.

There was a widow all forlorn,  
Nine brave boys from her body were born.

*Penpusorn:*

Yn nansow yth esa'n blejennow,  
Telyn, gytttern, cymbal, tollcorn  
Ha whybonel;  
Mar whek ha pur, an kensa crowd a sen,  
Yn nansow yth esa'n blejennow.

*Chorus:*

Flowers that were in the valley  
The harp, the lute, the fife, the flute  
And the cymbal  
Sweet goes the treble violin  
Flowers that were in the valley.

Try anedha o morwesyon harth;  
Kellys yn casvor, encedhys yn mordarth.

Three of them were seamen so brave,  
Lost in battle, given a watery grave.

Try anedha o casoryon len;  
Rak sols serjont ledhys yn tyr estren.

Three of them were soldiers bold,  
For the sergeants shilling their lives they sold.

Try anedha o stennoryon yn whel;  
Y kemeryns cleves skevens hag y whrussons y mer-  
wel.

Three of them were tinnners fine,  
Taken with consumption and dead before their time.

An naw map harth yndella o merwys;  
Ha'n wrekk wedhow esa war y onen gesys.

And that was the end of the nine brave boys,  
Leaving the widow all forlorn.

# De Hala Me / May Feast

Dy - fyn - ough dy - fyn - ough why mow - ys - y tek, Dy -  
 A - wake, ye pret - ty maids a - wake, Re  
 3 Em D D Bm Em  
 worth an hun - ros pos de - segh - ys, Ha kem - er - eugh dhe'n lai - ty,  
 fresh - ed from drows - y dream, And haste to the  
 6 D Bm Em Em  
 rag - gon - ny, Pad - el - yk gans de - hen mol - ys.  
 dair - y house and take, For us a dish of cream.

Dyfunough, dyfunough hy, mowysy tek  
 Dyworth an hunros pos deseghys;  
 Ha kemereugh dhe'n lety, ragon-ny,  
 Padelyk gans dehen molys.

Awake ye pretty maids awake  
 Refreshed from drowsy dream,  
 And haste to the dairy house and take  
 For us a dish of cream.

Mar ny yllough why cafos agas dehen yn fyn,  
 Reugh dhymmo agas ammas tergwyth;  
 Yn delyowek a gefyn, blejyow Bwyn,  
 Ha maylys glas yu oll an gwyth.

If not for us a dish of yellow cream,  
 Then give us kisses three;  
 The woodland bower, is white with flower,  
 And green is every tree.

Spernen gwyn, spernen gwyn, yu genen degys,  
 Arak oll an darrajow a saf;  
 Ha skyllen oll yn gwynvys egunys,  
 May whellough why devedhyans an haf.

A branch of may we bear about,  
 Before the door it stands;  
 There's not a sprout unbudded out,  
 The work of Gods own hands.

Dyfunough, dyfunough, why mowysy tek,  
 Oll agas prysken kemereugh wyth;  
 Ma na ve gyllys tosow, avorow,  
 Yndella vya dheugh why trawyth.

Awake, awake ye pretty maids,  
 And take the may bush in;  
 Or twill be gone ere tomorrow morn,  
 And you'll have none within.

Dres an nos ha,kens dos an golow gans an jeth,  
 Y codhys glaw po gluth elvennek;  
 'War'n spernen gwyn a dhewyn, oll yn fyn,  
 Gwelys ytho war on mar venedhek.

Throughout the night before the light,  
 There fell rain or dew;  
 It twinkles bright upon may bush bright,  
 It sparkles on the plain.

Deugh genen, deugh genen, why mowysy tek,  
 Dhe'n lowender de hala me;  
 Leweugh an margh du, dres an plu,  
 Ha bedheugh why lowen haf a dhe.

Come with us, come with us my fair pretty maids,  
 For to celebrate the feast of May Day;  
 See you the dark horse, follow its course -  
 With joy for summer's here today.

## Hungan / Lullaby

A A E<sup>7</sup> A D A A E<sup>7</sup>  
 Cusk flegh-yk cusk, Ny wra tas-yk dos, Tew-lys yn mysk, hun - gan nos, Lor  
 Sleep bab - y sleep\_ Dad is not nigh, tossed in the deep, lul\_ la by\_\_\_\_  
 9 A E<sup>7</sup> E<sup>7</sup> A A D  
 gan a dher - len - ter war ew - on fyn. Gol - ow porth gwer,  
 Moon shin - ing bright\_ on danc - ing foam, Green har - bour light,  
 15 E<sup>7</sup> A A D E<sup>7</sup> A  
 Dor - o tas - ek dhyn, Gol - ow porth gwer, dor - o tas - ek dhyn.  
 bring dad - dy home, Green har - bour light bring dad - dy home.

Cusk, fleghyk cusk,  
 Ny wra Tasek dos;  
 Tewlys yn mysk,  
 Hungan nos,  
 Lorgan a dherlenter,  
 War ewon fyn;  
 Golow porth gwer,  
 Doro Tasek dhyn.

Cusk fleghyk cusk,  
 Dhe ves Tasek eth;  
 Tewlys yn mysk,  
 Bys an jeth;  
 Pyskessa yn hans,  
 Ow nyja hep fyn,  
 Collanow dha whans,  
 Doro tasek dhyn.

Cusk, fleghyk cusk,  
 'ma tasek a bell,  
 Tewlys y'n mysk,  
 Steren, y whel;  
 An ardar gwra sewya,  
 Wortu an lyn,  
 Dha vynnas gwra,  
 Doro Tasek dhyn.

Sleep baby sleep,  
 Dad is not nigh,  
 Tossed in the deep,  
 Lullaby;  
 Moon shining bright,  
 On dancing foam,  
 Green harbour light,  
 Bring daddy home.

Sleep baby sleep,  
 Dad is away,  
 Tossed on the deep,  
 Looking for day;  
 Catching the fish,  
 That ever roam,  
 Fulfill your wish,  
 Bring daddy home.

Sleep baby sleep,  
 Dad is afar,  
 Tossed on the deep,  
 Watching a star;  
 Follow the plough,  
 To anchor stone,  
 Make a wish now,  
 Bring daddy home.



# Whelyow Garyoryon / Lovers Tasks

F#m A E  
 A pren dhym Ar - lodh - es crys sen dal pur gan, Pan  
 Oh buy me my lad - y a cam - bric shirt, Whilst  
 3 F#m C#m E F#m  
 dhas - son dy - guth pup kell - y a - wyth, Ha'y  
 ev - ry grove - rings with a merr - ry an - tine, And  
 5 A E A E A D C#m F#m  
 wry-as hep or-ra an nas-wyeth y'n pan, Ha dhymm-mo-vy car-es wyr ty a vyth.  
 stitch it with-out an - y need - le work, And thou shalt be a true lov - er of mine.

Ef:  
 A pren dhy-, Arlodhes, crys sendal pur gan'  
*Pan dhasson dyguth pup kelly a wyth,*  
 Ha'y wryas hep gorra an nasweth y'n pan,  
*Ha dhymm-mo-vy cares wyr ty a vyth.*

Y wolghy yu res dhys y'n fenten enos,  
*Pan.....*  
 Ma na godha dagren a dhowr a'y os.  
*Ha.....*

War'n wels-na y'n cannyth mar wyn avel ergh,  
 Le na vedha bythqueth nag olow na lerg.

Y gregy war dhrenen yn-hons yu res dhys,  
 Re bu hep blejennow a dhalleth an bys.

Ha pan vo gorfennys an whelyow yn-cowl,  
 Y'th cafaf 'vel pryas yn'dan an howl.

Hy:  
 Ow Arluth mar jentyl, dhym prena a wreth,  
*Pan.....*  
 Un erow a dyr ynter hyly ha treth,  
*Ha .....*

Y aras gans corn dyworth margh yu res dhys,  
 Ha puber yu da avel has, my a gry.

Gans grommen a groghen y vyiy a wreth,  
 Gans pluyen a bayon y gelmy ynweth.

Y worra yn tygen dhywoles res yu'  
 Ha'y dhegy dhe'n velyn war geyn tykky Dew'

Ha pan vo gorfennys an whelyow yn-cowl,  
 Y'th cafaf 'vel pryas yn'dan an howl.

He:  
 Oh buy me my lady, a cambric shirt,  
*Whilst every grove rings, with a merry antine;*  
 And stitch it without any needle work,  
*And thou shalt be a true lover of mine.*

O thou must wash it in yonder dry well,  
*Whilst.....*  
 Where never a drop of water fell;  
*And .....*

And thou must bleach it on yonder grass  
 Where never a hoof or foot did pass,

And thou must hang it on yonder thorn,  
 That never blossomed since Adam was born,

And when these works are finished and done,  
 I'll take and marry thee under the sun,

She:  
 Thou must buy for me an acre of land,  
*Whilst .....*  
 Between the salt water and the yellow sand,  
*And .....*

Thou must plough it o'er with a horses horn,  
 And sow it o'er with a peppercorn,

Thou must reap it too with a sickle of leather,  
 And bind it up with a peacocks feather,

Thou must take it up in a bottomless sack,  
 And bear it to the mill on a butterfly's back

And when these works are finished and done,  
 I'll take and marry thee under the sun,

## When Ha Blejennow / Flowers And Weeds

Ow\_ low-arth o gans tym len - wys, A\_\_ las - sa y'n jeth hag yn nos; Dres an  
In my gar - den grew plen - ty of thyme, It would flour-ish by night and by day; O'er the

5 fos maw a dheth gans\_\_ pup - tra yth eth. Ha\_\_  
wall came a lad, He took all that I had, and he

7 lad - ra ow thym pup\_ tos, Ha\_\_ lad - ra ow thym pup\_ tos.  
stole my\_ thyme a - way, He\_\_ stole\_ my thyme\_ a - way.

Ow lowarth o gans tym lenwYs,  
A lassa y'n jeth hag Y'n nos;  
Dres an fos maw a dheth,  
Gans puptra yth eth,  
Ha ladra ow thym pup tos'  
Ha ladra ow thym pup tos.

Gans esholon ow lowarth o splan,  
Blejow mar vryth pup seson;  
Dres an yet y slynkyas'  
Fel tenkys ellas,  
Y tuk a ves ow esholon,  
Y tuk a ves ow esholon.

Gwenynles hag onsawya 'th esa dhym'  
Losow glas un owr gwelys;  
Kens blejowa arta,  
Ow fayn pos ova'  
A bup blejen 'th of-vy predhys,  
A bup blejen'th of'vy predhys'

Losow'sul a dyf yn ow lowarth,  
Whroweth yn gos kerensa;  
Saworles ha myr,  
Crybellyk yn sur'  
Yn le an blejennow tecca,  
Yn le an blejennow tecca.

Helygen ha'y scoren ola,  
Spernen ha gwedhen felsys;  
Prak yth esa hasen,  
Ankensy pup whennen,  
Yndella genes scullys,  
Yndella genes scullys.

In my garden grew plenty of thyme,  
It would flourish by day and by night;  
O'er the wall came a lad,  
He took all that I had,  
And he stole my thyme away,  
And he stole my thyme away.

My garden with heartsease was bright'  
The pansy so Pied and so gay;  
One slipped through the gate'  
And alas, cruel fate,  
My heartsease took away,  
My heartsease took away.

My garden grew self heal and balm,  
And speed well that's blue for an hour; Then blos-  
soms again,  
O grievous my Pain,  
I'm plundered of each flower,  
I'm plundered of each flower.

There grows in my garden the rue,  
And love lies a bleeding there;  
The hyssop and myrrh,  
The teasle and burr,  
In place of blossoms fair,  
In place of blossoms fair.

The willow with branches that weep'  
The thorn and cypress tree;  
O why were the seeds,  
O dolorous weeds  
Thus scattered there by thee,  
Thus scattered there by thee.

# Tansys Golowan / Midsummer Feast

Verse

Em G C Em D Em

V.1 Dhe'n gwer yn hans del kerth - ys vy, Ha'n gor - thew - er tek dhe'm brys; Y'n  
 As I walked out to yon - der green, One ev - en - ing so clear; All

5 Em G C Em D Em Chorus

le may whel - yr mow - ys - y, ow qua - ry 'dro tans - sys. Cu -  
 where the fair maids may be seen, Play - ing at the bon - fire. The

9 G D G Em D

run - ys yu mys meth - ev - en, Mar gough gans y vry luen;  
 bon - ny month of June is crowned, With her sweet scarl - et rose; The

13 Em G C D Em D Em

Dres an pras ha blej - ew - en, Gans whek - ter a dhen - ew.  
 flowers and mea - dow all ar - ound, With love - ly pleas ure flows.

Dhe'n gwer yn hans kerthys'vy,  
 Ha'n gorthewer tek dhe'm brys;  
 Yn le may whelyr mowysy,  
 Ow quarry dro tansys.

As I walked out to yonder green,  
 One evening so clear,  
 All where the fair maids may be seen,  
 Playing at the bonfire.

*Penpusorn:*

Curunys yu mys metheven,  
 Mar gough gans y wyluen;  
 Dres pup pras ha blejyewen'  
 Gans whekter a dhenew.

*Chorus:*

The Bonny month of June is crowned,  
 With her sweet scarlet rose,  
 The fliowers and meadow all around,  
 With lovely pleasure flows.

Na vedheugh methek mowysy'  
 A 'gas hys hep let omreugh,  
 May fo kerensa ragon ny,  
 Gans dywvregth cupyd yn few.

Hail lovely maids be nob too coy,  
 But freely yield your charms,  
 Let love inspire with mirth and joy,  
 In cupid's lovely arms.

*Penpusorn*

Dysplewys yu golow an lor  
 May whello'n lowender;  
 Dres an Tan adrus an dor,  
 Ow lamma yma'n wer.

*Chorus*

Bright luna spreads its light around,  
 The scene for to admire,  
 As they jump sporting o'er the flames,  
 About the keen bonfire.

*Penpusorn*

Yn boreles war'n glaston-ma,  
 Aga hus a ransons y,  
 Erbyn dos dewyn kensa,  
 Ha'n jeth ow colowy.

*Chorus*

All on the pleasant daisy mead,  
 They shared each others charms,  
 Till Sols's first beams began to play,  
 And coming day alarms.

## Estren / Stranger



G                      C                      G                      F                      G

Est-ren of vy y'n pow ma, Den A-mer-ic-a of vy,  
I'm a strang-er in this coun-try From A-mer-ic-a I come, There's

5                      G                      C                      G                      F                      G

Ny' m as-won den vyth y'n ta, Ow han-ow ny wodh-ons-y;  
No-one here does know me, They do not know my name;

9                      G                      G                      C                      G                      G                      F                      G

Est-ren of vy y'n pow ma, saw un pols omm-a yn sur;  
I'm a strang-er in this coun-try, I'll tar-ry here a while,

13                      G                      C                      G                      G                      F                      G

Hag en-a y whan draf al-emm-a, dres ly-es myl-dyr-yow hyr.  
And then I'll ram-ble fur-ther For man-y a long while.

Re a lever ow bos atla,  
Nepprys gwyls my yu gelwys;  
Re a lever ow bos atla,  
Ha lyes moren dullys;  
Rak dhe brewy ow bos lel yn sur,  
Cares whek, dus genef-vy,  
Y'th kemeraf dh'Ameryca,  
Ow melder a vydhyth-sy.

Ro dhe Jowna ow herensa,  
An voren a worthyaf-vy;  
Ro dhe Gayna ow herensa,  
Mar voghosek kyn fo-hy;  
Ha ro dhe Nonna ow herensa,  
Huthter yu-hy dhymm-mo-vy;  
Ynweth dhe Wenna ow herensa,  
Y hunrosaf 'dro dhedhy.

An lor a wra sedhy yn tewlder,  
Sterennow ny re golow;  
Mars of-vy prevys hep cuf ter,  
Dhe whans ow holon wyr ytho;  
Tewy cref a wra an myrtwyth,  
Yn mysk an mor mar vras,  
Mar prevyf tullor dhedhy byth-  
Dhe'n voves genef-vy a as.

Some say that I am rakish,  
And some do call me wild;  
Some say that I am rakish,  
And many maids beguiled;  
But to prove that I am loyal,  
Come on sweet love with me;  
I'll take you to America,  
My darling you shall be.

O'give my love to Polly  
The maiden I adore,  
And give my love to Sally,  
Although she is so poor;  
And give my love to Betty,  
My love and my delight;  
My love likewise to Hetty,  
I dream of her at night.

The moon shall set in darkness,  
The stars shall give no light;  
If ever I deceitful prove,  
To my dear hearts delight,  
All in the midst of ocean,  
Shall spring they myrtle tree,  
If ever I unfaithful prove,  
To her that goes with me.

# Damon

D D D A<sup>7</sup> D  
 Pan en - vy saw seytek bloth, Y teth Dam - on mar lel;  
 My seventeen yeasr scarce o - ver, Dam - on a woo - ing came; A  
 5 D Bm F#m F#m  
 Car - er whек ha jen - tyl kynth o - va gwas\_ huv - el; Tas  
 gent - le car - ing lov - er though\_ but a humb - le swain; My  
 9 G D D G D  
 ny gar - a 'gan ker - en - sa ha den a vrys ef o,\_\_\_ Dyv  
 fath - er,\_\_\_ a man of note, the math would not a - gree,\_\_\_ And  
 13 D G A<sup>7</sup> D  
 roys yu\_\_\_ Dam - on ker dhe dyr - yoe pell yth - o.  
 ban - ished my Dam - o\_\_\_ to lands be - yond th sea.

Pan en-vy saw seytek bloth, y teth Damon mar lel,  
 Carer whек ha jentyl, kynth ova gwas huvel;  
 Tas ny gara'gan kerensa ha den a vrys ef o,  
 Dyvroys yu Damon ker dhe dyrwow pell ytho.'

My seventeen years scarce over, Damon a wooing came'  
 A gentle caring lover, though but a humble swain;  
 My father, a man of note, the match would not agree,  
 And banished my Damon to lands beyond the sea.'

Kens mos ow Damon, y fu genen dedhewys,  
 May omgaffен y'n porth'ma arta nepprys;  
 Ha del dhyberthsyn'ny dagrow a scullyas war'n treth,  
 Nefra ny vetsen-ny arta mernans erna dheth.'

Before my Damon journeyed we promised us a tryst,  
 To meet again in yonder cove where oft before we'd kissed;  
 As we parted company my tears they stained the sand,  
 Never we'd meet again till death played its hand.'

Mar lent tyr bledhen a bassyas negys kens bos lewys,  
 War'n gaslan yn tyr estren a'y wroweth hy maw  
 / ledhys;  
 Nyns o dyslwys fas a'n vowes' erna fyas a'n chy,  
 Nefra gwelys yn few arta, dres 'n als y kerdhas'hy

Three years passed but slowly ere news of Damon came,  
 In foreign parts in a battlefield her lover he laid slain;  
 Not a tear did mar the young maids face till from the house she'd  
 / flown,  
 Never seen alive again she walked the cliffs alone.

Whythrys 'vu an arvor, ny vu'hy kefys, sur,  
 Rak dhe gewera dydhewy, re vudhys hy yn whyr;  
 Pup bledhen a'n jeth-ma lemm5rn, gwelys yu  
 / menough,  
 Deu garer spyrysek ow nyja dres'n morlewgh.

The coastlands searched all over no trace of her was found,  
 To keep the tryst with young Damon, the maid had surely drowned;  
 Now tis oft reported seen each year to that same day,  
 Two ghostly lovers arm in arm floating o'er the spray.

# Jowan Bunt

Em D Em D D Em

Jow - an Bunt a lam - mas yn gwel - y kep - ar del wre - kens Hen - na,  
 Mister John Bunt jumped in - to bed, as oft he'd done be - fore oh, But

5 G D D Em D D Em

Mes un dra ef a an - kev - y yth - o an dar - ras dhe bren - na.  
 one thing he for - got to do it was to bar the door oh.

9 G D G C Em D

Rey fol - ar - a te - dy fol - ar - a rey fol - ar - a le - do,

13 G D<sup>7</sup> Em D Em

rey fol - ar - a te - dy fol - ar - a rey fol - ar - a le - do.

Jowan Bunt a lammias yn gwely,  
 Kepar del wre kens henna;  
 Mes un dra ef a ankevys,  
 -Yth o an darras dhe brenna.  
*Rey folara, tedy folara, rey folara ledro,*  
*Rey folara, tedy folara, rey folara ledro.*

Coth of-vy yeyn an gwyns,  
 A wheth dres oll an mene'; (meneth)  
 'meth mestres Bunt dhe Jowan Bunt,  
 Ke yn mes an darras dhe brenna.'  
*Rey folara .*

'meth Jowan Bunt dhe Vestres Bunt,  
 'Genes y whraf bargenya,  
 Nep a lavarro an kensa ger  
 A wra mos an darras dhe brenna.'  
*Rey folara*

Y teth try tremenyas drok,  
 Dres an Hallow ow tremena;  
 Ha chy y'n bys ny welsons-y,  
 Bys yn darras ena.  
*Rey folara .*

Y kemersons y dhewasr y vos ynweth,  
 Ha'y goth wreck rak gorfena;  
 Mes ger-vyth ny leverys-hy,  
 Rag own an darras dhe brenna.  
*Rey folara....*

'Why re gafas ow dewas, ow bos ynweth,  
 Ha'm coth wreth rak gorfena.'  
 'meth mestres Bunt Re gewssys ger,  
 Ke-dhejy an darras dhe brenna!'  
*Rey folara*

Mister John Bunt jumped into bed,  
 As oft he'd done before - o;  
 But one thing he forgot to do,  
 It was to bar the door - o.  
*Rey folara tedy folara, rey folara ledro,*  
*Rey folara, tedy folara, rey folara ledro.*

'The wind is cold and I am old,  
 It bloweth across the floor - o;'  
 Says Mister John Bunt to Mrs John Bunt  
 'Get out and bar the door - o.'  
*Rey folara*

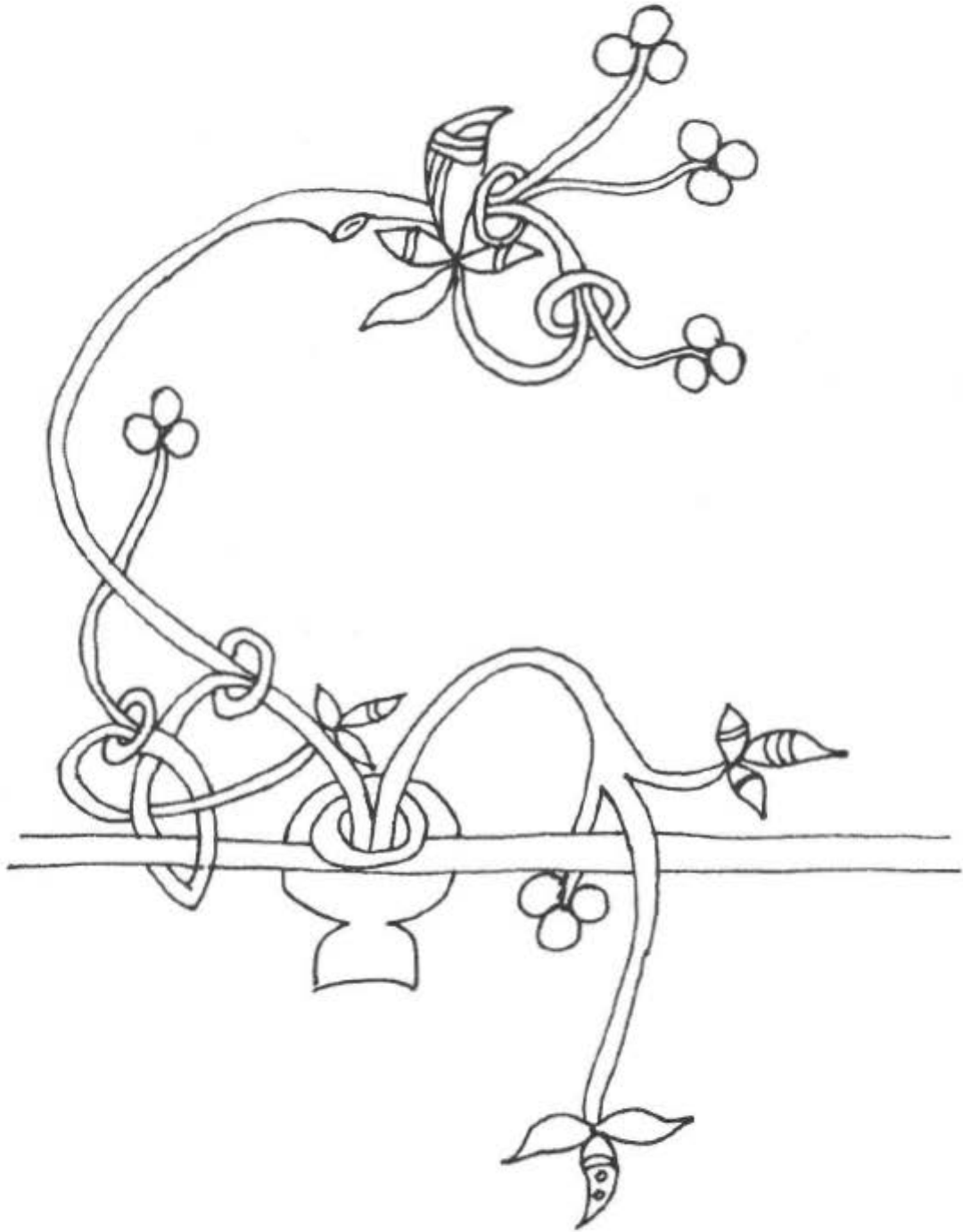
Says Mrs John Bunt to Mister John Bunt,  
 'A bargain I'll make with you - o;  
 That the one who speaks the very first word  
 Shall get out and bar the door - o.'  
*Rey folara*

There came three travellers travelling by,  
 They travelled o'er the moor - o;  
 But ne'er a house they did light ori,  
 Till they came to John Bunt's door - o.  
*Rey folara*

They pulled his old wife out of bed,  
 They rolled her on the floor - o;  
 But never a word did the old soul speak,  
 For fear of baring the door - o.  
*Rey folara*

'You've eaten my victuals you've drunk up drink,  
 You've rolled my wife on the floor - o;'  
 Says Mrs Bunt 'John you spoke the first word  
 Get up and bar the door - o.'  
*Re folara*





# Ylow Dons - Dance Music

Some traditional dances in Cornwall are strongly associated with specific tunes; others provide the opportunity to draw upon and arrange music from a variety of other sources.

## **Plethen Newlyn**

This dance is also known as the Newlyn Reel or Fisherman's reel. It was noted by Mrs Esme Francis (The Harpist for the Cornish Gorsedh) in the mid-seventies from John Williams of Boscregan. As a boy he used to go to Newlyn on a horse and cart and can remember the fishermen there performing this dance.

## **Plethen Peswar Luf (Four Hand Reel)**

This tune was recorded by Richard Dimpleby for the BBC at the Wellington Hotel Boscastle on October 9th 1943 from the fiddle player William Hocken. The tune was also played for us in Perranporth by Arthur Biddick in December 1982. He originally came from Boscastle and could remember the recording being made. He commented that they did not start to record the musicians until well after closing time and as they had been plied with drinks all evening there was some doubt about the performers accuracy!

## **Jyg : Porthlystry (Harbour for small boats)**

A tune associated with the Scoot Dance 'Lattapuch' performed at Troyls in Newquay as late as the nineteen twenties, known to my Grandfather Edward Veale and communicated to me by my Aunt Mrs Millis of Crantock.

## **Jyg : Try Scoler (Three Scholars)**

This tune was sent to George Gardiner by C.S. Parsonson in 1905. He had noted this tune from a Thomas Bennet of School Hill, South Petherwin.<sup>1</sup> It was known to Playford and is a variation on the '*The Irish Washerwoman*'.

## **Bishop's Jig**

From the Carey MSS (CI SSO), notebook IV p 28 noted from Alfred Bishop of Thaxted in 1911 and said to be a favourite in Cornwall.

## **Polka : Arlodhes Eversham (Lady Eversham's : Jig)**

This tune was recorded by the BBC at Tintagel 26th January 1944, it was played by two fiddlers - George Walker and Harvey Dangar. Little is apparently known about the tune, it is presumably a dance tune and presents more as a polka than a jig and is a variant of the "*Jenny Linn Polka*".

## **Polka: Mary Kelynak's**

A fragment of this tune can be found in a miscellaneous Box of Music MSS in the Courtney Library of the Royal Institution of Cornwall. It was evidently either arranged or written by a Harry Goodbone and probably had words to go with it but I have been unable to find any further information. The tune has been largely reconstructed by myself. Mary Kelynak or Callinack was born in Paul near Penzance on Christmas day 1776. In 1850 aged 84, she walked to London to see the Great Exhibition wearing her traditional Fishwives costume. The story goes that she wanted the Queen to see her costume as she was one of the last people to wear it.

## **Polka : Myghtern Sweden (The King of Sweden)**

Also known as '*Marriage may become a curse*' and "*Plethen Mestre Martin*" (Mr Martin's reel). This tune was collected by R Morton Nance for use with his Cleddy Plays but was never actually published.<sup>2</sup>

## **Pybcorn : Boscastle Breakdown**

The version of the Boscastle Breakdown provided here was noted by Jon Mills from a pianist called Beatrice Beer in the Cobweb Inn Boscastle 1974. It was also communicated to me by Arthur Biddick at Perranporth in December 1982. Boscastle Breakdown is a form of \*Scoot Dancing characterised by heavy footwear. Charlie Jose was the last surviving exponent of his generation but fortunately ensured that the dance was passed on before he died in Easter 1982.<sup>3</sup>

## **Pybcorn : Can Scoswas (Squires Song)**

This is one of Morton Nance's Cleddy Play Tunes incorporated into what he described as a Guise Dance Droll.<sup>4</sup>

## **Mowes Yseldyrow (Dutch Girl)**

---

<sup>1</sup> *Gardiner Manuscript Collection, Vaughan Williams Memorial Library, Cecil Sharp House, Regents Park Road London.ref ms number 6.*

<sup>2</sup> *Robert Morton Nance, Ms. box 4, Courtney Library, Royal Institute of Cornwall, River Street Truro.*

<sup>3</sup> *See: Davey, Jowdy. Catch up Your Heels : Step Dancing from Cornwall. Kernow: (Withiel, An Daras project, 2005), for video footage of Charlie Jose recorded in 1982.*

<sup>4</sup> *Morton Nance, Robert, The Cleddy Plays (St Ives, Federation of Old Cornwall Societies, 1956) , p. 17*

Alternative title “*My Dilding My Dolding*” . This tune was collected by R Morton Nance for use with his Cledry Plays but was never actually published.<sup>5</sup> I was sung a fuller version of the tune by a Mrs Rogers in 1980 who had known it as a child in Penzance.

### **Tavol Turkey (Turkey Rhubarb)**

This tune and dance was taught to me to me by Mrs Bowden ne Jenkin of Madron who had learned it from her grandfather, Edwin Jenkin. The dance was the final part in \*geese dancing celebration involving a kind of \*droll or mummings play'. The tune itself is a mazurka, and similar tunes are found throughout Europe. A version found in Ireland called '*Patsy Heeny's*' or '*Father Murphy's Topcoat*' has distinctive Irish steps but is very similar to the Cornish version.

### **An Culyek Hos (The Mallard)**

This tune was recorded by Baring Gould from a J Masters in 1889.<sup>6</sup> He felt that the words were too coarse and in '*Songs and Ballads of the West*' he gives the tune as a 'Country Dance' with his own words - '*When lambkins skip* . etc. Dunstan also recorded a version from Thomas Collett of Perrancoombe in 1931 but with a different tune.<sup>7</sup> Both Cecil Sharp<sup>8</sup> and later Peter Kennedy collected similar words but again with different tunes. Baring Gould provides the following note in "*Songs and Ballads of the West*" :

*"This also is a song, ..... common to the Cornish and the peasants of Brittany. The Breton version is " Dispennais ar Voualc'h " (Depecer le merle), given in " Chants Populaires de la Basse Bretagne," par Luzel, p. 80. "*<sup>9</sup>

### **Fer Lyskerys (Liskeard Fair)**

Noted by Baring Gould from Nichol May, 1981'.<sup>10</sup> It is not known to which Liskeard Fair this tune was connected. Allens '*History of Liskeard*'<sup>11</sup> notes that fair days for the town were granted by Richard Earl of Poitou and Cornwall in 1266. This was for three days at the Assumption of Mary, three days at the feasts of St Matthew and Ascension day. The Whitsuntide games in Liskeard survived until 1810.

### **Pencarrow (Deer's Head or Camp's end)**

Baring Gould heard this tune from John Bennet of Menheniot.<sup>12</sup> It was given for the words to the 'Pencarrow Hunt' or 'Lord Arcott of Tetcott' but is different from the melodies associated with this song elsewhere. In *Songs And Ballads of the West* Baring Gould provides the following notes:

*"The same tune is found in Wales to the words " Difurwch gwyr Dyfl " (E. Jones' Musical Relicks of the Welsh Bards, 1794, I., p. 129). It—or rather half of the tune—was introduced by D'Urfey into his " Pills to purge Malancholy," to the words " Dear Catholic Brother " (Ed. 1719-20, Vol. VI., p. 277). From D'Urfey it passed into the "Musical Miscellany" (1731, Vol. VI., p. 171), to the words " Come, take up your Burden, ye Dogs, and away." D'Urfey was a Devonshire Man, and he probably picked up the tune when a boy in the West, and used as much of it as he wanted to set to his song. The air is much older than the age of D'Urfey ; it probably belongs to an early stock common to the Celts of Wales and Cornwall. A very fine variant from J. Benney, Menheniot. "*<sup>13</sup>

---

<sup>5</sup> Robert Morton Nance, Ms. box 4, Courtney Library, Royal Institute of Cornwall, River Street Truro.

<sup>6</sup> Baring Gould Heritage Project/Wren Trust, Fair Copy Manuscript, page 204, song 79

<sup>7</sup> Dunstan, Ralph. *Cornish Dialect and Folk Songs*. (Truro, Cornwall: Jordan's Bookshop, 1932). P5.

<sup>8</sup> Sharp, Cecil, '*Folk Song Journal*' no 20 p 286-9

<sup>9</sup> Baring-Gould, Rev. Sabine., and Rev. H. Fleetwood Shepherd. *Songs and Ballads of the West: A Collection Made from the Mouths of the People* (London: Methuen & Co, 1891) p xxvii

<sup>10</sup> Baring Gould Heritage Project/Wren Trust, rough copy manuscript , Vol 2, page 28.

<sup>11</sup> Allen, John, and William H. Paynter. *The History of the Borough of Liskeard*. (Marazion, m Wordens, 1967).

<sup>12</sup> Baring Gould Heritage Project/Wren Trust, Fair copy manuscript , Page 6 Song no 2.

<sup>13</sup> Baring-Gould, Rev. Sabine., and Rev. H. Fleetwood Shepherd. *Songs and Ballads of the West: A Collection Made from the Mouths of the People* (London: Methuen & Co, 1891) p xiii.

## Plethen Lulynn / Newlyn Reel



Musical score for Plethen Lulynn / Newlyn Reel, 4/4 time signature. The score consists of four staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style. The second staff starts at measure 5, the third at measure 9, and the fourth at measure 13. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

## Plethen A Beswar / Four Hand Reel



Musical score for Plethen A Beswar / Four Hand Reel, 4/4 time signature. The score consists of four staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps (D major). The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style. The second staff starts at measure 5, the third at measure 9, and the fourth at measure 13. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

## Jyg: Porthlystry



Musical score for Jyg: Porthlystry, consisting of four staves of music in treble clef, key of D major (one sharp), and 6/8 time signature. The score is divided into measures 1-4, 5-8, 9-12, and 13-16. The melody is characterized by eighth and sixteenth notes, with a final measure ending in a double bar line.

## Jyg: Try Scoler



Musical score for Jyg: Try Scoler, consisting of two staves of music in treble clef, key of D major (one sharp), and 6/8 time signature. The score is divided into measures 1-4 and 5-8. The melody is characterized by eighth and sixteenth notes, with a final measure ending in a double bar line.

## Bishop's Jig



Musical score for Bishop's Jig, consisting of four staves of music in treble clef, key of D major (one sharp), and 6/8 time signature. The score is divided into measures 1-4, 5-8, 9-13, and 14-17. The melody is characterized by eighth and sixteenth notes, with a final measure ending in a double bar line. The score includes first and second endings for the final section.

## Polka: Arlodhes Eversham

Musical score for Polka: Arlodhes Eversham, written in treble clef, key of D major (one sharp), and 2/4 time. The score consists of three staves. The first staff begins with a repeat sign and contains four measures. The second staff is marked with a '5' and contains four measures. The third staff is marked with a '9' and contains four measures. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

## Polka: Mary Kelynak

Musical score for Polka: Mary Kelynak, written in treble clef, key of D major (one sharp), and 2/4 time. The score consists of three staves. The first staff contains six measures. The second staff is marked with a '7' and contains five measures. The third staff is marked with a '12' and contains five measures. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

## Polka: Myghtern Sweden

Musical score for Polka: Myghtern Sweden, written in treble clef, key of D major (one sharp), and 2/4 time. The score consists of two staves. The first staff contains four measures. The second staff is marked with a '5' and contains four measures. The piece concludes with a double bar line.



## Boscastle Breakdown



## Can Scoswas



## Mowes Yseldryow / Dutch Girl

Musical score for "Mowes Yseldryow / Dutch Girl" in 3/4 time, key of D major. The score consists of four staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. It starts with a repeat sign. The second staff is marked with a measure rest of 5 and contains a first ending bracket labeled "1.". The third staff is marked with a measure rest of 9 and contains a second ending bracket labeled "2.". The fourth staff is marked with a measure rest of 14 and concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

## Tavol Turkey / Turkey Rhubarb

Musical score for "Tavol Turkey / Turkey Rhubarb" in 3/4 time, key of D major. The score consists of five staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. It starts with a repeat sign. The second staff is marked with a measure rest of 5 and contains a first ending bracket labeled "1.". The third staff is marked with a measure rest of 9 and contains a second ending bracket labeled "2.". The fourth staff is marked with a measure rest of 13 and contains a first ending bracket labeled "1.". The fifth staff is marked with a measure rest of 17 and contains a second ending bracket labeled "2.". The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

## An Culyek Hos / The Mallard

Musical score for 'An Culyek Hos / The Mallard' in 6/8 time, key of D major. The score consists of five staves of music. The first staff begins with a repeat sign and a first ending bracket. The second staff has a second ending bracket. Measure numbers 5, 10, 14, and 18 are indicated at the start of their respective staves.

## Fer Lyskerrys

Musical score for 'Fer Lyskerrys' in 4/4 time, key of D major. The score consists of three staves of music. Measure numbers 5 and 9 are indicated at the start of their respective staves.

## Pencarrow

Musical score for 'Pencarrow' in 3/4 time, key of D major. The score consists of six staves of music. Measure numbers 5, 9, 13, 17, and 21 are indicated at the start of their respective staves.

# Folennow Ledan – Broadside Ballads

The broadside ballads had a special relationship with traditional music, in that they often provided the raw material from which the latter was formed. Indeed the relationship was often reversed in that a publisher would 'steal' traditional material and produce it in broadsheet form. Music was rarely attached to a broadside but indication was often given as to which popular tune the words should be sung to. The ballads in this section date from the late seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

It is an interesting discussion as to whether 'Cornish Kitchen', which has some traditional currency, really belongs in section I of this publication. Conversely one might argue that 'Little Eyes' was the 1950's equivalent, as far as traditional music was concerned, of the nineteenth century broadside and therefore belongs here!

## Can an Plu (Song of the Parish)

This song is noted in the Gwavas manuscript.<sup>1</sup> It was written by John Tonkin of St Just circa 1690 - 1700 in the manner of a broadside to the tune of the 'Modest Maid of Kent'. Here I give the unified spelling and translation provided by R Morton Nance.<sup>2</sup> I have not been able to locate 'The Modest Maid of Kent' and the melody I have provided here is 'Jack's Song' from Morton Nance's 'Cledry Plays'.<sup>3</sup>

## A Mynsa Tus Kernewek Goslowes (If Cornish Folk would harken)

A further song penned by John Tonkin in the style of a Broadside Ballad, to be found in the Gwavas MSS. This song was reputedly written in the Autumn of 1693 and is largely in praise of William of Orange. I have here given the unified spelling and translation published by Morton Nance. Again we do not have Tonkin's tune and I have suggested a tune called 'Kerthyans Atla' - 'The Rogues March', popular in the middle of the last century and noted by Dibden<sup>4</sup> and apparently popular in Cornwall.<sup>5</sup>

## Lapyor Tom's Song<sup>6</sup>

Also known as the 'Cornish Cantata'. This was an attempt by Davies Gilbert to preserve the sound of Cornish by stringing together place names in the form of a song which would give the sound of Cornish. Whether he was successful or not you must judge for yourself, it is certainly interesting to see early nineteenth century spellings of some place names. It was originally published in 'The Cornish Magazine', Falmouth 1828. Gilbert does not suggest a tune and I have provided here a polka given to me by a Mr Hedly Martin of Morval near Looe called 'Blue Bonnets' or 'Pengughow glas'. Polkas were very much in vogue in Cornwall when Gilbert penned this song and this particular one seemed to fit the words comfortably.

There are some three hundred broadsheets in the Royal Institution of Cornwall Museum in Truro, many of which are of Cornish Origin, and all of which make interesting reading with an insight into the life of the last century:-

Twenty lives lost by awful shipwrecks (Royal Institution of Cornwall. 33/71110)  
The Schiller (R.I.C. 33171117)  
An account of the melancholy shipwreck (R.I.C. 331711201)  
A true tale of merciful deliverance (R.I.C. 3317117411)  
Wheal do'em in Breage (R.L.C. 33171.11521)  
A desprgatte attempt to raise the dead (R.I.C. 33171181)  
A desperate attempt to rob the poor (R.L.C. 3317L171)  
Eight young women lost their lives (R.I.C. 3317711421)  
French Polish drinking at Goonhavron (R.I.C. 3B1711]5fl)  
Murder of a Cornishman in London (R.I.C. 33/7111b8)

<sup>1</sup> Gwavas manuscript, 1698, (British Museum MSS 28554)

<sup>2</sup> Old Cornwall Vol. I, no. 11 (St Ives, Federation of Old Cornwall Societies, 1930) p.26

<sup>3</sup> Robert Morton Nance, *The Cledry plays; drolls of old Cornwall for village acting and home reading.* (Marazion, Federation of Old Cornwall Societies 1956). p.40

<sup>4</sup> 'Cornish Magazine and Devon Miscellany' Vol. I, p.774

<sup>5</sup> Gundry, Inglis, *Canow Kernow : Songs and Dances from Cornwall.* (St. Ives, Federation of Old Cornwall Societies, 1966). p.32.

<sup>6</sup> Lapyor is the Cornish and Cornish Dialect for a Step Dancer

### **Cornish Kitchen**

Cornish Kitchen was popularised in 1960s and 70s folk club and north Cornwall pub scene by Mervyn Vincent. It is likely that he learned it directly or indirectly from the singing of Jack Collings of Port Isaac. Jack Collings was a Cornish Bard and took the Bardic name *Pyscador An Gan* (Fisherman of Song). He was a pioneer of wireless performance from Cornwall and recorded on 78 rpm records for Decca between 1926 and 1936. His repertoire included Cornish Kitchen along with numbers like Tavistock Goosey Fair and Camelford Fair.<sup>7</sup>

Cornish Kitchen was apparently written by Frederick Dale in 1912 and published by Larway and co. The present owners of the firm were contacted in order to clarify copyright issues but had no record of the song and no objection to a version being published here.

---

<sup>7</sup> *Information provided by Eileen Spry, Folk Song Recorder for the Federation of Old Cornwall Societies who was given a cassette copy of some of Jack Collings' recording by his nephew Michael.*

# Can An Plu

G C D G C  
 1 Ogh ny a vyn - sa pe an ar - ghans sur, Es  
 5 G G D Em  
 9 G C G C  
 13 G D<sup>7</sup> Em Em  
 a vya\_\_\_ ple - sy - es my a wor gwyr.

## *Literal English Translation*

Ogh ny a vynsa pe an arghans sur,  
 Es bos whylas yn kerth adhyworth an tyr;  
 Ha kyn fya an vledhen vyth mar hyr,  
 Ny a vya plesyes, my a wor gwyr.

We should like to pay the money surely,  
 That is to be brought away from the land,  
 Though the year be ever so long,  
 We should be pleased, I know truly.

Yma lyes ow ppsy ef dhe dhurya pell,  
 Mes a pya deweth y fya gwell;  
 Ny a gan bya prys da rag an sten,  
 Ha rag an hern adhyworth Wella Men.

There are many praying for it to last long,  
 But if there should be an end it would be better,  
 We should have a good price for the tin,  
 And for the Pilchards from William Mayne.

Mes lemmyn prys yu rag gul deweth,  
 Ha clappya furra whath, rag trueth;  
 Rag lyes muscogneth yma leverys,  
 Hag an gwella yn sur yu ankevys.

But now it is time to make an end,  
 And speak yet more wisely for pity,  
 For many follies there are spoken,  
 And the best is forgotten.

Dew re wrello sawy a agan eglosyow ny,  
 Ha'n bronteryon da es ynna y;  
 Ha gul dhedha y oll servya Dew,  
 Ha'n bobel yn Kenyfer plu.

May God save our churches,  
 And the good parsons that are in them  
 And cause them all to serve God,  
 And the people in every parish.



## Can An Plu.....

Agan pronter ny es yn plu Ust,  
Gwren ef bos kepar hag apostel Cryst;  
Maga pell es del yl ef y hedhes,  
Hag ena Dew a vyn y weres.

Ha ny, an bobel oll, a dal gul.  
An pyth usy ow leverel de sul;  
Ha ry agan gwella scovarn dhodho,  
Ny dal dhen ny gasa oll dhe godha.

Lemmyn Dew re wrello agan sawya oll.  
Ena nys usy den vyth dhe goll;  
Gwlas Nef dh'agan enef ny a gan byth a hes,  
Mar tun ny ha gul da war oll an bys.

Our Parson who is in St Just parish,  
Let him be like an apostle to Christ,  
As far as he can attain it,  
And then God will help him.

And we, all the people must do  
What he tells us on Sunday,  
And give our best ear to him,  
We must not allow all to fall.

Now may God save us all,  
Then no man would be lost,  
The kingdom of Heaven for our souls we shall have  
at length,  
If we come to do well on the earth.

## A Mynsa Tus Kernewek Goslowes

G Bm Em G Bm

A myn-sa tus ker-newek gos - low - es, Dhe'm can yth yll-ons - y clew - es, Rak

5 G Bm Em Am Bm G D

fur ha mus-cok yth yu a gwres omm - a y'n tal gol - es an bys, Rak

9 G Em Bm G Bm Em Bm

my a vyn - sa kew-sel neb-byth, Yn - dell - a na vya den-vyth dhe weth; Rak

13 G Bm Em Bm G D

ke - par del us yn pen, Ha py - sy gans - a ma a vyn

### *Literal English Translation:*

A mynsa tus Kernewek goslowes  
 Dhe'm can yth yllons y clewes;  
 Rak fur ha muscock yth yu a gwres  
 Omma yn tal goles an bys:  
 Rak my a vynsa kewsel nebbyth  
 Yndella na vya denyth dhe weth;  
 Rak kepar del us yn pen  
 Ha pyses gansa my a vyn.

Yma dhen ny Myghtern da,  
 Ha Myghternes maga ta;  
 Bysqueth a wruk don rowl y'n wlas,  
 Mes nys yu an bobel'vas;  
 Ef a wruk dos a'y bow y honen,  
 Ha tus gans lyes onen;  
 Lystry da a'n dros ef war dowr,  
 Y vewnans sawyes avel owr.

Pan wruk ef gorra tros war dyr,  
 Y fe welcomes, my a wor gwyr;  
 Ha devedhes o dhe Geresk,  
 Maga saw byth a ve pesk;  
 Ena ny wruk ef tryga pell,  
 Mes eth dhe whylas an pyth o gwell  
 An degen rak gorra war y ben,  
 Ha'y gwytha ef a vyn.

If Cornish Folk would but harken  
 To my song, they can hear it  
 For wise and foolish it is made  
 Here in the end of the bottom of the world  
 For I would say something  
 So that no man should be the worse  
 For the same that is at the head  
 And plead with them I will

We have a good king  
 And a Queen as good  
 As ever did bear rule in the country  
 But the people are not good  
 He did come from his own land  
 Good folk with him many a one  
 Good ships brought him upon the water  
 His life saved dearer than gold

When he did set foot on land  
 He was welcomed I know truly  
 And arrived at Exeter  
 As sound as ever was a fish  
 There he did not stay long  
 But went to seek that which was better  
 The 'Jewel' to set upon his head  
 And he will keep it

## A Mynsa Tus Kernewek Goslowes.....

Myghtern Jamys a waytya y stopya,  
Ny alsa ef, yth eth dhe glopya;  
Y waytya mos dhe'n gwella tenewen,  
Mes y codhas, ny allas nahen:  
Hag oll an bobel a bonyas dhe gudha,  
Hem o prag aga ruler nyns ova;  
Hag ef dh'Ywerdhon eth y honen,  
Rak cows gans y gar Tyrconnel.

Ena y whruk whel lowr dhe wul,  
Bewnans kellys lyes myl;  
Mes Myghtern Wella a wruk an whel,  
Yn kerth aga fesya a'n gwel:  
Ena ef eth yn kerth rak Frynk,  
Rak dybry an taclow yu pur drenk;  
Whath yma-va, my a wor gwyr,  
Ha plotya gans an hagar vyr.

Hag ena, ny a vyn y asa,  
Yn mysk an bobel y gara;  
Ha mos dhe weles an pyth us gwres,  
Y'n pow Flemen, yn mysk an dus';  
Ena 'ma lyes onen kellys,  
Cans ugans dhe vos gweles;  
Whath moy a dal mos dhe'n gledha,  
An lacca aberth an gwella.

Y te agan Myghtern dhe dre erbyn gwaf,  
Ha mos yn kerth arta, pan dhe an haf;  
Dew re-s-sawyo, tre hag a les,  
Rak gul y vewans mur a hes;  
A vynsa ef mes gul dewedha,  
A'n stryf genef, ha'n cres a tothya;  
Myghtern Frynk yth esof-vy ow styrya,  
Agan serrys moy, ef ny vynsa.

King James did not expect to stop him  
But he could not he went limp  
He did expect to go to the best side  
But the ? fell to the contrary  
And all his people ran to hiding "  
That was the reason why he was not over you  
And he to Ireland went himself  
To speak with his friend Tyrconnel

There he made plenty of work to do  
Life lost of many thousands  
But King William did the work  
And drove them away out of the field  
Then he went away for France  
To eat the things that are very bitter  
He is there yet, he, I know truly  
And plots with the ugly look

And there we will leave him  
Among the people that like him  
And go to see what is done  
In the land of the Flemings, among the folk  
There, there is many a one lost  
A hundred score to be seen  
And more must go to the sword still  
The worst among the best

Our King is coming home by winter  
And going away again when the summer comes  
May God save him at home and abroad  
And makes his life great of length  
If he would but make an end  
Of the strife between us, and if peace would come  
The King of France I am meaning  
That one would not trouble us again.

# Lapyor Tom's Song

G G D D<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G  
 Vel - an Druk - ya Crack - a Cud - na Truze-men - hall, Chun, Crows An Wra;  
 5 G G D D<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G  
 Banns Burn - u - hal, Brane, Bos-franc - an, Treeve Tre - whid - den, Try, Trem-bah.  
 9 G D D<sup>7</sup> G  
 Carn Kan - idg - iac, Cast - le Skud - iac, Beag - le Tub - en, Am - al - vear,  
 13 G D D<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G  
 Am - a - lib - ria Am - el Whid - den Skil - li - whid - den, Trink Pol-peor.

'As Lapyeor Tom from Balancon did hie, He saw shallal a shackets passing by;  
 With Jallow Clathing Lapyeor's lems were graced, Shallal a petticoat had round his waist;  
 Tom ded rejoice, and as he walked along, Sweet as a Jaypie sung a Cornish song:-'

Vel an drukya, Cracka Cudna  
 Truzemenhall, Chun, Crows an Wra  
 Banns Burnihal Brane Bosfrancan  
 Treeve Trewhidden Try Trembah

Luggans Vellane-vrane Treglisson  
 Gear Noon-gumpus Helan-gove  
 Carnequidden Brea Bojouean  
 Dryn Chykembra Dowran Trove

Carn Kanidgiac Castle Skudiac  
 Beagle Tuben Amalvear  
 Amalibria Amel whidden  
 Skilliwaden Trink Polpeor

Menagwithers Castle-cotha  
 Carnon-greeze Trevespan-vean  
 Praze-an-Beeble Men Trebarva  
 Bone Trengwainten Lethargwean

Pellalith Pellalla-wortha  
 Buzza vean Chyponds Boswase  
 Ventongimps Roskestal Raftra  
 Hendra Grancan Treen Bostraze

Stable-hobba Bal-as whidden  
 Tringy Trannack Try Trenear  
 Fraddam Crowles Gwallan Crankan  
 Drift Bojedna Cayle Trebear

Treghnebris Embla Bridgia  
 Menadarva Treveneage  
 Tregaminion Fouge Trevidgia  
 Gwarnick Trewey Reskajeage

Haltergantac Carnaliezy  
 Gumford Brunion Nancekeage  
 Reen Trevasken Mevagizzy  
 Killow Carbus Carn Tretheage



UPWARDS OF  
**TWENTY LIVES LOST**  
BY AWFUL  
**SHIPWRECKS,**  
IN CORNWALL.

"Set thine house in order: for thou shalt die, and not live."  
Isaiah, xxxviii. 1.

"Because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go  
about the streets." Ecclesiastes, xii. 6.

Hark! the wind is loudly roaring;  
See the billows running high,  
And the rain is also pouring,  
And nine men are doom'd to die.

From Porthleven o'er the Ocean,  
See a vessel heave in sight;  
But the sea is all commotion,  
They are in a dreadful plight.

Boat and rocket, were prepared  
To rescue their fellow men,  
Many, many, greatly feared,  
That all efforts would be vain.

In their boat they got,—were driven,  
Rowing hard, towards the shore,  
Pulling on toward Porthleven,  
But they sunk to rise no more.

The vessel got into Gunwalloe,  
Dash'd and driven upon the rock;  
Now I'll tell you what did follow,  
The wheat was lost, the vessel broke.

They shot the rocket,—but not heeded,  
All had left her as I said,  
Lifeboat nor rocket were not needed,  
Alas! alas! they all were dead.

Her name it was "Lochleven's Flower,"  
And Donald was the Captain's name;  
The greedy gulph did her devour,  
The vessel was of Scottish fame.

The twenty-third, on Saturday,  
At Lamorna, eight were found;  
They were sailing in the bay,  
But alas! they all were drowned.

A vessel from Penzance departed,  
Hoping to sail unto Port Par,  
But the crew they were affrighted,  
Before she had proceeded far.

The storm was raging fearfully,  
Just opposite the coast of Looe;  
For high and mountainous was the sea,  
And every soul was filled with woe.

The owner's name it was Napper,  
Was going home to take a bride,  
He never reached his home and Par,  
This privilege he was denied.

The "Albion" was to splinters brokea,  
And three poor fellows were no more;  
Phillips the Mate, Standing the Captain,  
Half dead were thrown upon the shore.

Our hearts be filled with sympathy,  
For the bereaved ones all around,  
We who are living,—we must die,  
On sea, or land, or underground.

The Pestilence carrieth away,  
The old and young in bloom,  
They may see the opening day,  
But die before it's noon.

At Dolcoath celebrated mine,  
One man and two boys were smashed,  
Cut down by death, quite in their prime,  
They were to pieces dashed.

Death shoots his darts, both fast and flying,  
On the sea, and on the land,  
Very many now are dying,  
Everywhere on either hand.

O sinner! turn from thy transgression,  
Ere God smite thee with his rod;  
Pray to him with deep contrition,  
Bow submissive to thy God.

The revenger is behind thee,  
To the arms of mercy flee,  
Come to Jesus, and be pardoned,  
He'll receive thee,—mercy's free.

Haste, O haste unto the fountain,  
Wash in the Redeemer's blood;  
Though thy sins rise as a mountain,  
Jesus Christ will do thee good.

We who are sailing unto glory,  
Struggling through storms with tempest driven,  
We have often heard the pleasing story,  
Hold on to Christ, we are sure of Heaven.

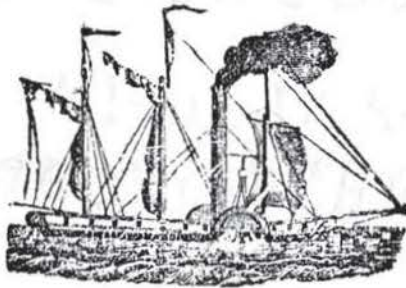
We shall soon reach the blest haven,  
And be ever with the Lord;  
Eternal life to us be given,  
And enjoy our great reward.

Composed by THOMAS MORRIS, BREAGE.



Printed at R. Woolcock's, Helston, Cornwall. Sunday  
School and Band of Hope Dialogues and Pieces in en-  
dless variety, sent to all parts of the United Kingdom.  
A Catalogue may be had on receipt of a Stamp for Postage.  
Anniversary Hymns, Sunday-School Tickets, BILLS of all sizes,  
Executed, and sent FREE by Post.—Terms on application.





LOSS OF THE STEAMER  
“SCHILLER,”  
at Scilly,  
With 312 Lives!  
On Friday Night, May 7th, 1875.

**L**OST! lost when nearly home, how sad!  
Where anxious friends are waiting;  
Upon the rocks to meet a doom,  
From which there's no retreating.

But so it was on board the “Schiller,”  
From Quebec to Hamburg sailing,  
That struck upon the rocks of Scilly,  
A dreadful scene revealing.

Amid the foggy darkness and the waves,  
No danger there appearing,  
A cry was heard—“breakers ahead!”  
The stoutest heart there scaring.

Although within the Lighthouse near  
The friendly lamp was burning,  
The light they saw not till too late,  
And there was no returning.

The fog-bell too upon the rock,  
Rang loud its notes of warning;  
But mid the roaring of the waves,  
They heard no sound alarming.

But in a moment, sad to tell,  
She struck the rock “Keterier;”  
An awful place—on every side  
There struck a rocky barrier.

The Captain nobly at his post  
To duty there attending,  
While passengers on every side  
With cries the air were rending.

Some in their berths in calm repose,  
Not e'en of danger dreaming,  
Were in a moment hurried out,  
While round the sea was streaming.

And many perish'd in their sleep,  
Or just when first awaking;  
Amidst the fright they scarcely knew  
The way that they were taking.

Three hundred and fifty-five on board,  
In that dread scene of horror;  
While only forty-three were saved,  
To tell the tale of sorrow.

Three hundred and twelve were drown'd,  
'Twas dreadful thus to perish!  
Men, women, children—rich and poor—  
Who thoughts of home did cherish.

Among the many women there,  
Were sisters, wives, and mothers;  
But only one escaped to tell  
The sad fate of the others.

A little child, the last one seen,  
From cabin window peeping,  
Screaming aloud for help in vain—  
God took her to his keeping.

'Twas scarce ten days since from New York  
They sailed, and home were nearing,  
And Plymouth hoped to reach next day,  
And this each heart was cheering.

But how uncertain is this life,  
Each day brings tales of sorrow!  
The man who is in health to-day,  
May be a corpse to-morrow.

How many Cornish were on board,  
Or names we cannot gather,  
But Richard Williams has been saved,  
His home is at Chacewater.

The cries of passengers for help,  
Alas! were quite distressing,  
And many heard them from the Isles,  
And to their aid were pressing.

And fishing-boats from Scennen too,  
Regardless of the danger,  
Amid the breakers made their way,  
To save some hapless stranger.

Alas! the Life-boat was too late,  
Not one they could recover;  
The angry waves had seiz'd their prey,  
And would not yield another.

But may we hope in that Great Day,  
When the last trump is sounding,  
They all may reach that Home above,  
In Jesus' love abounding.





# AN ACCOUNT OF THE MELANCHOLY SHIPWRECK AND LOSS OF MANY LIVES.

"Because I will do this, prepare to meet thy God."  
"For in such an hour as ye think not, the SON OF MAN cometh."

**A**LL hearts that's touched with sympathy,  
I think you can but weep,  
Hundreds that liv'd not long ago,  
Are plunged into the deep.

For of a vessel strong and brave,  
From Liverpool she came,  
This massive ship swam on the wave,  
The "ATLANTIC" was her name.

It was on March the twentieth day,  
Her cable was unmoored.  
Towards New York she made her way,  
One Thousand souls on board.

Their dear lov'd ones they left behind  
To weep,—and see no more;  
Not thinking they so soon should find,  
Death—on a distant shore.

For Eleven days she ploughed the  
main,  
No doubt all were in glee,  
They hoped America to gain,  
That distant land to see.

It was supposed she wanted coal,  
She bore for Halifax;  
This was not true, no not at all,  
It proved these were not facts.

James Argrew Williams did command  
A noble gallant crew,  
He wished to bring his charge to land,  
But this he failed to do.

She sailed too far unto the west,  
His reckoning it was wrong,  
He thought he did it for the best,  
Soon rocks she got upon.

He thought he saw Sambro great  
light,  
But made a great mistake,  
The light it should be Peggy's Point,  
Alas! it was too late.

April, First Day at two o'clock,  
Before the dawn of day;  
She struck upon the Meager Rock,  
Mar's Island far away.

Oh what an awful crash was there,  
She broke from stem to stern,  
What wistful agonizing fear,  
All faces pale did turn.

Hundreds were drowned whil'st in  
their birth,  
And females not a few,  
Hundreds immersed beneath the  
wave,  
Alas! what could they do.

Hundreds they got upon the rock,  
Half-dead with fear and cold,  
Many to the rigging flocked,  
Not half can 'ere be told.

Two parents and two children dear,  
Their cries aloud were heard;  
But in the mid'st the mother there,  
Delivered of the third.

Five Hundred souls and Ninety-Six,  
They had to lose their breath,  
Women and children nine were sav'd,  
They did succumb to death.

Oh what bitter groans and cries!  
What horrible dismay!  
For brothers, sisters, husbands, wives,  
Scarce had they time to pray.

Many were deluged in the deep,  
No more will they be found;  
No more will they awake from sleep  
Until the trump shall sound.

Thousands of friends are left behind,  
And all their days will mourn;  
They little comfort here will find,  
Their lost will not return.

Perhaps some on board they were  
prepared,  
Happy it is for them,  
They are now before the throne,  
The New Jerusalem.

Many we fear were in their sins,  
How awful then to be,—  
To sink in darkness, fire, and pain,  
To all Eternity.

When the Archangel's trump shall  
sound,  
All must that sound obey,  
For all shall rise that's in the ground,  
And all that's in the sea.

Now may we make our calling sure,  
Be clothed with righteousness,  
That when the Lord shall call for us,  
We shall be found in peace.

Composed by Thomas Morris, Breage  
(I.O.G.T.)

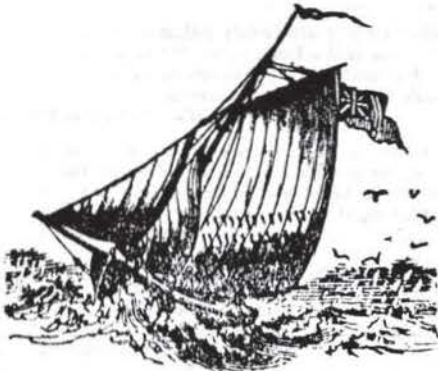


Printed by R. WOOLCOCK, Helston, Cornwall, where orders for Printing, &c., are executed, and despatched by Post to any part  
of the United Kingdom.



# A TRUE TALE

On the Merciful Deliverance of Charles Toy and William T. Floyd, two Volunteers of Hayle, who were out on an Excursion, May 1st, 1865. Composed by Mark Watts, Hayle.



TWO young men left the Port of Hayle,  
Upon the first of May,  
To have some pleasure in a boat—  
A cruising through the bay.  
Then off they sail'd before the wind,  
Going they knew not where;  
The sea arose with swelling waves,  
They could not row nor steer.  
A tub, their life-preserver was,  
To bale the water out,  
Or no one knows where they might be,  
And that without a doubt,  
Swiftly she ran from cove to cove,  
Th' excursion boat to see;  
Near Bassett's-bay they had arriv'd,—  
Where could the "Warrior" be?  
A fearful night was hastening on,  
Ten miles from any shore,—  
Their far-off homes they could not see,  
Nor might not see them more.  
What thoughts engag'd their anxious  
mind,  
So leaky was the boat,  
They labour'd hard, with fear and dread,  
To keep her still afloat.  
"Be of good cheer," one did reply,  
"Nor let our spirits fail,  
For if we do, we may depend  
We never shall see Hayle."  
On, on she went to cut the waves,  
Upon the ocean wide,  
The rolling waves alone in view,  
And no support beside.  
The Eye that never slumbers, saw  
Them in their deep distress,—

A vessel to their rescue sent,—  
That Friend they ought to bless.  
When first the vessel they espied,  
How great indeed their joy;  
But when she seem'd to pass them by,  
They scream'd—"Ahoy! Ahoy!"  
The captain brought the ship about,  
And took them both on deck,  
Their little boat he tried to save,  
But she became a wreck.  
The captain had compassion to,  
And supper to them gave;  
And for his kindness they gave thanks  
Who sav'd them from the wave.  
As soon as they were landed safe,  
A letter home they wrote,  
That anxious friends might quickly know  
That death was not their lot.  
The load of grief was soon remov'd,  
And sorrow too was gone,  
And joy sprang up in every heart  
Of friends and neighbours home.  
The news, the joyful news soon spread,  
That both the lads were found,  
Their lives preserv'd—tho' many fear'd  
Alas! that they were drown'd,  
With cheerful steps they travelled on,  
Through towns from place to place;  
No harm these two young men had done  
Nor it was no disgrace.  
A pass, and money given them,  
To Bristol by the rail,  
Then safe conveyed by the "Queen,"  
From Bristol unto Hayle.  
Now may they ever bear in mind,  
Th' eventful first of May,  
When Providence preserved their lives  
Upon the open sea  
And now a caution I must give,  
Young men a warning take,  
On such a day of pleasuring,  
There's many meet their fate.  
And now my friends remember me,  
A copy you can have,  
And write it off upon your book,  
Or in your chest to save.

J. O. HARRIS, PRINTER, HAYLE.



# WHEAL DO'EM, IN BREAGE.

IN the midst of a Bal, by the side of a road,  
There were Quarrymen rising of stones by the load,  
That contained sprigs of Mundic with copper and Tin;  
"Oh, its surely a Bal," so the cry did begin.  
Oh, it's a wonderful Bal! Oh, it's a wonderful Bal.

The news spread like wildfire, and soon came to town,  
And sounded the ears of two men of renown,  
Who owned the Set, and its treasures within,  
Of Quarries and Quagmires, of Copper and Tin.  
Oh, it's a wonderful Bal! &c.

These Bal-jobbing Jockeys were soon on the ground,  
Inspecting the place where the Mineral was found;  
At once they reported a rich load was near,  
And then began dowsing, to make it appear.  
Oh, it's a wonderful Bal! &c.

They walked over the ground with majestic conceit,  
Whilst boys stood a-gazing to see the great feat,  
Of finding the Lode, by the virtue of twigs;  
Poor boys, they were ignorant of it as pigs.  
Oh, it's a wonderful Bal! &c.

They waddled 'round the quarry till the rods they did shake,  
Now mind your eye comrade, don't make a mistake;  
'Twixt shaking and twisting the Hazels were bent,  
Attraction seemed stronger, till down the rods went.  
Oh, it's a wonderful Bal! &c.

They marked out a Shaft, and then put men to dig,  
To find out the riches that drew down the twig;  
They digged for some days, but no Lode did appear,  
Then they filled up the Shaft, and started from there.  
Oh, it's a wonderful Bal! &c.

A great lushing Lode, in a certain great field,  
Was next to be tried, to see what it would yield;  
There they dows'd and they digg'd, but no Lode could they find,  
Then a new dodge suggested itself to their mind.  
Oh, it's a wonderful Bal! &c.

We will try to get 'Venturers, to pay up the cost,  
Else our dowsing and digging will all prove a loss;  
Some Stones from the Quarry will do for a show,  
We must have in Adventurers whether or no.  
Oh, it's a wonderful Bal! &c.

Now what may be said of her working of yore?  
Oh, they gained in Pounds One Hundred Thousand or more;  
But in her last working, what's said about that?  
Why they lost Seventy Thousand, and the Adventurers scat.  
Oh, it's a wonderful Bal! &c.

Erase the last line that stated the loss,  
Say the Mineral sold low, she could hardly pay cost:  
For men may not ever so honest and right,  
But to put on a Bal, show the side that is bright.  
Oh, it's a wonderful Bal! &c.

They furnish'd themselves with some choice heavy stuff,  
And went off in search of Adventurers sure enough;  
But could not succeed, till an Agent from Hayle  
Came out and advised them, or so goes the tale.  
Oh, it's a wonderful Bal! &c.

To open an old Adit Shaft, by the road,  
Go up an old Cross-cut, and look at the Lode;  
They did as advised, and a bonder they found,  
A great branch of Tin, standing all in whole ground.  
Oh, it's a wonderful Bal! &c.

With a Shaft underneath twenty fathoms I'm told,  
On the course of the Lode, by the workers of old:  
Don't speak of that Shaft, but report on the tin,  
And while *heu va* is up, get Adventurers in.  
Oh, it's a wonderful Bal! &c.

At a short distance West, there's a Cross-cut drove in,  
On the course of a Lode to the same Lode of Tin,  
At the 20-fathom Level, and when there it was found,  
It produced eight grains, so reports have gone 'round.  
Oh, it's a wonderful Bal! &c.

Still further north-west, through Wheal *Suey* I trow,  
The same Lode for Mineral was proved to be low;  
Still further north-west, when in *West go Fish*,  
It was found that its produce would not pay the dish.  
Oh, it's a wonderful Bal! &c.

It was said some respectable Agents came 'round,  
But they were not permitted to go underground,  
But to trust to reports, or Shares they might lack,  
Why something like buying a pig in the sack.  
Oh, it's a wonderful Bal! &c.

Reports soon got high from relations and cousins,  
And Mook-Robin Adventurers came in by the dozens;  
A meeting they had at the *Eagle* so bright,  
Then I came away and wished them good night.  
Oh, it's a wonderful Bal! &c.

They have drove through the branch, and some samplings had,  
And sold Five-score Pounds' worth of Tin it is said;  
What length have they driven, for what they have sold,  
On this fine course of Tin?—Fifty fathoms I'm told.  
Oh, it's a wonderful Bal! &c.

It has been reported repeatedly o'er,  
That their ends were worth Ten Pounds a fathom or more;  
But surely when proof do bring truth to the light,  
It will show the reporters were seeking to bite.  
Oh, it's a wonderful Bal! &c.

And a bite they have had, if the papers state true,  
About Two Hundred Pounds that were voted to two:  
In what papers or where have such statements been?  
Had you read the "*West Briton*," perhaps you'd have seen.  
Oh, it's a wonderful Bal! &c.

You'd have seen something more too, about a fine branch,  
That grew up from something underneath in the trench;  
Ah, I saw that report, and I thought it a topper,  
Of an almost infallible indication of Copper.  
Oh, it's a wonderful Bal! &c.

I have also been told, but not by the friends  
Of those who told Fibs to gain their own ends.  
That the Nine-fathom level robbed the branch of its roots,  
And the both ends and bottom are now poor as coots.  
Oh, it's a wonderful Bal! &c.

And when that the ends for Tin became slack,  
Of course they began to work in the back;  
How far through the back have they got up to pass?  
I hear that eight fathoms will bring them to grass.  
Oh, it's a wonderful Bal! &c.

ROUND, BAR, PLATEN, & CO., PRINTERS.



# A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO RAISE THE DEAD.

**I**N Seventy-two St. Agnes men did  
A glorious work perform,  
They buried up the five-weeks month,  
No mourners stood forlorn.

But every one with cheerful look,  
Around his grave they stood;  
While Bill and Ben beat down the earth,  
They cheered and cried its good.

He'a there cried Bill, that sure enough,  
No more to rise again,  
No fifty dynamites won't heave  
Him up on earth cried Ben.

The women wet his clay with tea,  
And thought that they were blest,  
To think that they were rid of  
Such robber and a pest.

Captain Bassett boldly helped the poor  
To sink him deep below the turf,  
There's none but Clerks and Counterfeits  
Would have him back on earth.

Why don't the Tailors use their goose,  
And jobbers sell their calf;  
Then let the five-weeks month alone;  
No wonder men should laugh.

The Engineer has done his best  
To rise the Miners' foe;  
But though he burnt the Tailor's board,  
His engine scarcely go.

Now if he burned the Tailors' scrips,  
His steam might rise so high—  
To lift the five-weeks from his grave,  
Triumphant to the sky.

A Hawke was seen fly from St. Agnes,  
By one live at Butt Lane,  
With five-weeks Month fast in his claw,  
Direct into Wheel Jane.

This fearful ghost drove off the men,  
They'll do no more they said,  
Unless they did the sexton fetch,  
And bury up the dead.

But listen like a flock of hounds,  
Just coming in from hunt;  
In a few days they did come back,  
And ask'd to go to work.

If these are men, I'll change my name,  
From men into woman,

Ask Government to let me wear  
The Bustle and Chignon.

Wheal Uny men and South Carn Brea  
Deserve a champion name,—  
They've drove the King of terror back,—  
Direct from whence he came.

There's Thirty Thousand of such men  
In Cornwall to be found;  
Then how much Tailors will it take,  
To beat them off their ground.

They will not suffer such a screw,  
Laid on them by those men;  
A bolt of rubbish that they are,  
Once more I'll say again.

Wat Tyler tells them plain enough,  
They'll search a empty hearse;  
Then how much fonder would they play,  
With Gladstone and his purse.

The County Court could tell the tale,  
Look in the Grocer's book,  
And when you come to five-weeks Month,  
Stop there and have a look.

Those five-weeks debts cannot be paid,  
If debtors here should stay,  
And yet they'll ask the question, why  
So many men go away.

They'd like to see you going in rags,  
Yes, starve you like an hound,  
They'd like to use the huntsman's whip,  
To keep your spirits down.

But tell them that you're living in  
The Nineteenth century,  
The freedom that the poor man got,  
They cannot take away.

Tell them that they cannot stop  
Large ships from going to sea;  
Neither can they keep the young  
And old from going away.

Tell them put their Engineers,  
And Tailors underground,  
Those jobbers, and the brokers,  
There is plenty to be found.

They have drove the best of men away,  
And hundreds more will go;  
So when you want your Carpet Bag,  
Men go to CLARKE & Co.

Printed by R. Woolcock, Helston, Cornwall; where orders for Printing, &c., are executed, and despatched by Post.



## *A DESPERATE ATTEMPT*

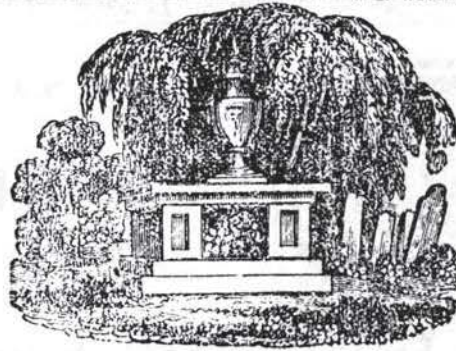
# TO ROB THE POOR!

**C**OME all you Cornish miners bold,  
 And listen to my song,  
 It's on the five weeks question,  
 I'll not detain you long.  
 The five weeks was first started,  
 In a mine you all know well;  
 When Captain B—— came under ground,  
 Fine stories he did tell.  
 He said that he should lose by it,  
 Out of pocket by a pound,  
 And wanted for the men to take  
 Their pitches under ground.  
 They had a private survey there,  
 But not a man then took;  
 Captain B—— was like one fishing,  
 With no bait to his hook.  
 He threw his line out many times,  
 But they seem'd rather shy;  
 Says he I'll set a net this time,  
 And have them by and by.  
 They stood out for a week or more,  
 When one they call'd, Cloth,  
 Came there from one of the other mines,  
 And spoil'd all the broth.  
 For when they saw one man take,  
 They soon came flocking round,  
 They rushed into the count house,  
 And had their names put down.  
 And now they've tak'n for five weeks,  
 Some are looking rather green,  
 Others have left the country,  
 They are ashamed to be seen.  
 If all Old England soldiers,  
 Were like these volunteers,  
 She'd be ruled by other nations,  
 And great would be our fears.  
 The adventurer that wanted this,  
 He should be bound in fetters,  
 And have it written on his back,  
 The five weeks in big letters.  
 Now all you brother miners,  
 Who may chance to hear my song,  
 You must not be offended,  
 If I have said anything wrong.  
 He knew that he should gain his ends,  
 When he had soap'd them well,  
 And all this noble party,  
 For two pounds a month did sell.

There were some of cousin Betty's men,  
 Of these shadow were afraid;  
 While other men were standing out,  
 In the engine house they stayed.  
 They went to all the other mines,  
 Around the neighbourhood,  
 Who promised for to help them,  
 If to their trig they stood.  
 Some were afraid to stand out,  
 These were the Captain's men;  
 Instead of working five weeks,  
 They should be working ten.  
 They march'd up to the mine,  
 But there's not much damage done,  
 Some were afraid to fire once  
 The stocking-needle gun.  
 They were the first men in the field,  
 They should have been in the rear,  
 For when they saw the enemy,  
 They almost quack'd with fear.  
 King Koffee almost frightened them,  
 Though his army were but small;  
 Most of them have retreated,  
 They could not stand at all.  
 There were other armies waiting,  
 Should it come to their lot;  
 This King be taken prisoner,  
 And all his army shot.  
 This battle did not last long  
 Before peace was sounded;  
 Although there are no lives lost,  
 Scores we fear are wounded.  
 The war it soon was over,  
 They did not try to hinder,  
 Some went up to the Captain,  
 And to him did surrender.  
 And now the war is ended,  
 The cost is summing up,  
 While all the Cornish miners,  
 Will taste the bitter cup.  
 Now once the five weeks is begun,  
 It will be all around,  
 Poor miners working five weeks  
 In poor air under ground.

Printed at R. Woolcock's, Helston, Cornwall. Sunday  
 School and Band of Hope Dialogues and Pieces in en-  
 dless variety, sent to all parts of the United Kingdom.





# LINES ON THE ACCIDENT

Which occurred at TUCKINGMILL,  
By which Eight Young Women Lost their Lives.

*Ellen Goldsworthy, Emily Clemo, Elizabeth Ann Marks, Annie James, Emily Carah,  
Martha Towan, Ellen Sims, Louisa Ann Sims, (sisters).*

“For I know that Thou wilt bring me to death, and to the house appointed for all living.”—Job, xxx, 23.

Composed by David Cook, Tuckingmill

WHAT melancholy news we hear,  
Almost from day to day;  
Our neighbours and our comrades too  
By death are borne away.

Sometimes it happens underground,  
Some-times upon the sea,  
And often now by sudden death,  
Or sad calamity.

How oft a single one is struck  
By the keen shaft of death:  
And then in numbers—two or more—  
Men are deprived of breath.

One Saturday, at Tuckingmill,  
None dreamt of danger near,  
But eight young women lost their lives  
Within the factory there.

In making safety-fuse employ'd,  
With caution each was seen,  
And not a single accident  
Within that place had been.

All those that in the factory work'd,  
And those that owned it too,  
Deserve great praise for carefulness  
In what they had to do.

But on this sad and fatal day,  
Within a moment's space,  
The safety-fuse took fire, and then  
Death stared them in the face.

It is supposed that one let fall  
A spanner she did use,  
Which caus'd a spark that did ignite  
The fatal safety-fuse.

There's Ellen and Louisa Sims,  
Two sisters known full well,  
Ellen Goldsworthy, Annie James,  
Amongst the girls who fell.

Emily Clemo, Martha Towan,  
Elizabeth Ann Marks too,  
Emily Carah—these are the names  
Of those whose fate we know.

Some frightened comrades did escape,  
And climb'd a wall so high,  
While mid the smoke the others fell,  
And on the floor did lie.



Soon was the dread news spread about  
And friends and neighbours came,  
Five doctors too were on the spot,  
Of wondrous skill and fame.

But skill and fame could nought avail  
Death his sad work had done;  
Just as they fell so they were found—  
Their earthly course had run.

But one poor girl was injured,  
And God her life did spare,  
And then the gentlemen were kind,  
For whom she worked there.

On Sunday they were taken home,  
To weeping parents dear,  
It was a very mournful scene,  
To witness such despair.

And soon within the silent tomb  
They laid their bodies down,  
To rest until the judgment day,  
When the last trump shall sound.

But let us not in sorrow mourn,  
As if no hope were left,  
We know of those who Jesus loved,  
Ere of their lives bereft.

And every one, we need not doubt,  
Knew of a Saviour's love,  
And He who saved the dying thief,  
Had room for them above.

One look, one heartfelt dying groan,  
Would reach the Saviour's ear;  
For she who but His garment touched  
Was saved while standing there.

Then mourn not mothers, but in faith  
Look forward to the time,  
When you shall with them meet again  
In yonder brighter clime.

Young men and girls a warning take  
From this most sad event,  
And give your hearts at once to God,  
Of every sin repent.

And may you meet the dear ones gone  
In that bright world above,  
And join in joyous songs of praise,  
Of our Redeemer's love. D. C.

Harris, Priater, Hayle,





# FRENCH-POLISH DRINKING, at Goonhavron, Perranzabuloe.

**Y**E men from Goonhavron,  
Just listen you will hear:  
'Twas at the "New Inn"  
Where they went to drink beer.

Mug after mug,  
Was quickly brought in,  
Then about killing pigs —  
Cousen Will did begin.

From two score to fifty,  
All sizes I kill.  
Lor if they wor here  
This house they would fill.

While Lijah and Bill  
Was hark'ing to Will,  
The landlord was waiting  
Their mug for to fill.

The time passed away  
With glorious delight,  
While he showed Lish and Will,  
How they Prussians did fight.

"He shall drill us" cried Lige,  
Shaent a boy Bill,  
Lor his, so he shall,  
Come, rise uncle Will.

Sooner spoke than 'twas done,  
The drilling begun,  
With poker and shoul,  
I can tell ee 'twas fun.

Then Lige 'spied a cupboard,  
Like the lodging-house cat,  
Then to see what was in un,  
He went pittee pat.

"Here's a bottle champagne,"  
Then touched up his hat,  
He took to the door  
Like a lodging-house cat.

The cork was soon drawn,  
And he took a long draft;  
Then runned back to Bill,  
Saying "drink Shanty Gaff."

"You fool, why 'tis brandy,"  
Half frightened cried Bill,  
Then tunning about  
Saying "drink cudden Will."

Will's breath being so short,  
And the Naptha so strong,  
The draht that he took,  
It twornt very long.

Will gasped like a sparrow,  
Then fetching his breath,  
"Too strong to drink clean boys,  
We will mix what is left."

This new patent brandy,  
They ent in the mug,  
Then to their surprise,  
It all turned into cruds.

And that in their stomach  
Was to-sing about,  
Like a cat in the river,  
That could'nt get out.

Then cudden Will 'spied a ticket,  
Fixed up to the jar.  
We read un "French-Polish,"  
We are poisoned, we are.

Aw! less be gone home,  
Then stamping about,  
With their pulse beating ninety,  
They all staggered out.

As they all waalked along,  
Their sickness begin,  
Their eyes runned with water,  
And backs arched in.

In the ditch there they lied,  
All manners of ways,  
I suppose 'twas poor fellows  
Their stomachs to aise.

For mercy they cried,  
And mercy soon come,  
'Cause women was running  
From every home.

Run get Doctor Dick,  
Then ringing their hands,  
He could not be got,  
Then off to St. Anns.

Now Lijah and Will,  
Their polish threw up,  
They gave them some wormwood,  
Drink out of a cup.

Bill lied as if dead,  
But at last he throw'd up,  
And they gov him to drink  
From the same bitter cup.

After throwing up Naptha,  
Shelac and Dragon's blood;  
They declared to the people,  
That honey was good.

Now the Doctor soon come,  
When the patients were free,  
So the pump from the Doctor,  
Warn't wanted you see.

Though he would have his fees,  
Then he galloped away,  
And that was an end  
To a troublesome day.

Now the smell of the Naptha,  
Their breath still do give,  
And I suppose that a will,  
As long as they live.

ROUNCE, BAR, PLATTEN, & CO., PRINTERS.



# Murder of a Cornishman

## IN LONDON.

JOHN COLLINS was a Cornishman,  
Who left his native town  
Some years ago, but very soon  
In London made his home.

And there he prosperous did become,  
And property he gained,  
Respected in the neighbourhood,—  
Integrity maintain'd.

He settled down in Stanley street,  
In Picnic we hear,  
And with his wife contented liv'd,  
But had no family there.

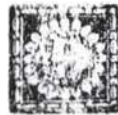
At length acquaintance they did make,  
With Frederick Treadaway,  
But did not think that murderous  
thoughts  
Within his bosom lay.

One day he came in friendly mood,  
And took a glass of wine,  
But must have plan'd an awful deed,  
To execute in time.

And then another day he came,  
The last poor Collins saw,  
When Mrs. Collins standing near,  
Received a heavy blow.

It was a pistol shot she felt,  
That struck her in the head,  
From which the blood stream'd o'er her  
Just then the villain fled. (dress,

But not before his horrid work  
He'd finish'd all complete,  
And shot her husband through the heart  
Who fell close to her feet.



Then Sergeant White was soon at hand,  
The murderer was gone—  
He found the aged couple there,  
Shocking to gaze upon.

John Collins lay upon the floor,  
But he, alas! was dead,  
His wife was leaning over him,  
Blood flowing from her head,

Doctor Folwell was called in  
To see the wounded wife,  
A bullet from her neck he took,  
And thus preserv'd her life.

Some time the murderer escaped,  
The law's detecting hand,  
But the police on the alert  
Soon did him apprehend.

At Westminster, on Monday last,  
In the police court there,  
Before the bench of magistrates  
The prisoner did appear.

And after hearing the sad case,  
He was for trial sent  
Unto the Central Criminal Court,  
To await the dread event.

But what induc'd him thus to act,  
It is not plainly known,  
But it is thought he coveted  
That what was not his own.

In prison now he is confin'd  
His trial to await,  
And from the Judge his sentence hear  
That shall decide his fate.



# Cornish Kitchen

F C<sup>7</sup> F C<sup>7</sup> F C<sup>7</sup> F

Why bless' ee you knows all a - bout\_ it, A - vore I do tell'-ee a word. Tis a

5 F C<sup>7</sup> F C<sup>7</sup> Dm C

boy and a maid and a count - ry glade, A stor - y you've oft - en heard. How the

9 C G<sup>7</sup> C G<sup>7</sup> C G C

boy lost his heart to the maid\_ well\_ the how of it's al-ways the same;\_\_\_ Tis

13 G F G F C G<sup>7</sup> C G Bflat F C

where I met Nell-ie that I wants to tell-ee. She was tend-ing the but-ter and craime. In a

C C F F Bflat Bflat F F

Corn - ish kitch en\_\_\_\_\_ with the log fire glow on the wall\_\_\_\_\_ and the

24 C C Dm Dm G F F F

nick-et - y nock o' the grand-fath-er clock, The blue and white chin-a and all;\_\_\_ The\_

32 C C F F C<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> Bflat Bflat

floor clean sand-ed\_\_\_\_\_ the\_ table\_ for sup-per was laid,\_\_\_ Her

40 F G<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C F C F F

moth-er said stay\_ well what could I say, So I sat bes-de Jan's little\_ maid.\_\_\_\_



A CORNISH KITCHEN

Old Jan farmed about forty acres,  
 And I was his better most man;  
 So twas easy for me, to be see'in of she,  
 And that's how the courtin' began:  
 On Easter Day just a year after,  
 We marched off to church prinky dressed;  
 I gived her the ring and all that sort of thing,  
 And the parson chap he did the rest.

We've a Cornish Kitchen, with the log fire glow on the wall;  
 And the nickety nock o' the grandfather clock,  
 The blue and white china and all:  
 There's the squab pie steamin', the table for two neatly laid;  
 A chair for me and another for she,  
 What was once farmer Jan's little maid.

I've seen chaps look wish't as a awinnard,  
 What you call scared out of their life;  
 P'raps starved as a baby or poor lived maybe,  
 But tis most times a troublesome wife:  
 Of course all the maids ain't like my maid,  
 What a joy of the world it would be,  
 If such maids could be found, to have one each all round,  
 An' all be as happy as we.

In a Cornish Kitchen, with the log fire glow on the wall;  
 And the nickety nock o' the grandfather clock,  
 The blue and white china and all:  
 We've a brave fire burning, the table for three is laid,  
 That's Nellie and me and the other you see,  
 Is our own dear little maid.

*1 There is a type of blue striped china often called 'Cornish China' or 'Cornish Kitchen'.*

*2 'Prinky dressed' - all 'dressed up'.*

*3 'Squab pie' - pigeon pie.*

*4 'Wish't as a winnard'. A winnard is a redwing, they stop off in Cornwall for a rest on their way through. (They come from quite a distance and usually look pretty 'wished' when they arrive. Note the placename 'Winnards Perch'.)*



# Gerlyfryn

A selection of Cornish and dialect words associated with traditions of music and dance.

**Can** Cornish - song. **Cana** - to sing.

**Carol** Cornish - round dance to sung music.

**Chewidden** Dialect - White Thursday from Cornish De Yow Wyn.

**Corol** Cornish - a dance. Corolly verb to dance.

**Crowd, crowth** Cornish - fiddle. Crowder - fiddler.<sup>1</sup>

**Crowdy crawn** Dialect - Skin stretched over a circular frame to make a simple drum – doubles up as a receptacle for odds and ends. The term derives from the Cornish Croder Croghen.

**De Gol**, Cornish - feast.<sup>1</sup>

**Duggle** Dialect - feast, derived from above.

**Droll** Cornish and Dialect - story or play with a folk tale plot sometimes involving music or singing. Jago<sup>1</sup> describes a droll teller as an itinerant story teller, news monger and fiddler. Two such were known in Cornwall as late as 1829.

**Faddy** Dialect - Old term for Furry – processional dance.<sup>2</sup>

**Fer** Cornish - fair, root from which stems the dialect word Furry thus Furry Dance is a fair dance.<sup>1</sup>

**Geysor** Cornish- Fool / Jester possible antecedent for Guizer In Nance's dictionary<sup>3</sup> Ges and Gesyor are jest and jester, Gys is fashion, custom ..... guise See "Guizer" below.

**Golowan** Cornish - midsummer's eve, St John's Eve.

**Guise Dancing, Goosey Dance** Dialect - what has latterly become a procession in bizarre costume and disguise. Polwhele calls it the guise or disguise dance and suggests the word comes from the celtic Ges - mockery or jest.<sup>1</sup>

**Gullize** Dialect - Harvest Home, from Cornish Gol Dys.

**Gwary Myr** Cornish - dramatic show or spectacle which traditionally took place in the round. Normally associated with the Cornish Miracle plays.

**Kescan** Cornish - chorus (as in choir). Kescana - verb - to sing together.

**Kesseny** Cornish - harmonise.

**Kerdhesyas** Cornish - swinging step.

**Kerrayjes** Dialect stemming from above.

**Lappyor** Cornish and Dialect - Step Dancer in dialect, Lappior and Lappiores appear with the Latin gloss Saltator and Saltatrix respectively in the Vocabularium Cornicum.<sup>4</sup>

**Lattapouch** Dialect - A specific step dance recalled by Edward Veale as danced in 1895<sup>5</sup>. Known to Courtney as "an old Cornish dance" and spelt as Letterpooch<sup>6</sup>

**Lowender** Cornish - Festival<sup>7</sup> e.g. Lowender Peran

**Penpusorn** Cornish - refrain.

**Plethen** Cornish - reel.

**Pycorn** Cornish - hornpipe. Chaucer's 'Romaunt of the Rose' mentions the 'Hornpipes of Cornwailes'. Carew also notes their use in his 'Survey of Cornwall'.

**Racca** Cornish - mealtime entertainment given by minstrels.

**Scoots** Metal plates worn on shoes, the kind of step dancing utilising these plates was known as

**Scoot Dancing**. Term particularly used in North Cornwall.

**Shallal** Dialect - Band of infernal music played on pots and pans etc.

**Skimmington Ride Dialect** - music as above used to serenade people suspected of immorality or adultery.

**Tea Treat** Dialect - Party / feast held during summer months, organised by village, local chapel or church

**Three Hand Reels** Dialect - expression for a kind of step dance rather than a specific dance, not always requiring three people.

**Toe Plates** Dialect - West Cornwall equivalent to 'Scoots' as above.

**Tremedheves** Cornish - Circular dance.

**Troyl** Cornish and Dialect - An informal folk dance, barn dance or literally a fish cellar dance in late Victorian and Edwardian Newquay.<sup>8</sup> Term is rooted in the Cornish for a reel, a turn or a spiral.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Fred W. P. Jago, "Glossary" *The Ancient Language and the Dialect of Cornwall* (Truro, Netherton and Worth, 1882).

<sup>2</sup> Polwhele, Richard. *The History of Cornwall*. (London, Cadell and Davies, 1803), p. 138, also Jago's Glossary.

<sup>3</sup> Robert Morton Nance, *Cornish-English Dictionary*.

<sup>4</sup> Jago's Glossary, *The Ancient Language* *ibid*, also *Vocabularium Cornicum*.

<sup>5</sup> Edward Veale, *The Notebook Of Edward Veale, Newquay Old Cornwall Society Museum, Councils Offices, Marcus Hill, Newquay*.

<sup>6</sup> Margaret Courtney *Glossary of Words in Use in Cornwall; Also in Jago's Glossary*.

<sup>7</sup> Robert Morton Nance, *Cornish-English Dictionary*.

<sup>8</sup> Teague - Husband, S. *Old Newquay*. (Newquay, F E Williams, 1923), p. 20;

M Haigh, M and D Woolgrove, (Newquay, G.J. Publications, 1974), p. 15; Edward Veale, *The Notebook. Newquay Old Cornwall Society Museum*

<sup>9</sup> William Borlase, *Antiquities, Historical and Monumental of Cornwall*, (Oxford W. Jackson, 1758 - second enlarged edition 1769), p. 459. "Troill a turning reel; Ar [Armorican i.e. Breton]. A term in Hunting"; Robert Williams *Lexicon Cornu-Britannicum: A Dictionary of the Ancient Celtic Language of Cornwall*, (Llandoverly, Roderic, 1865) p. 346 "TROILLIA, v. a. To turn, to whirl. Pollan troillia, a whirlpool. Lhytd, 61. W. troelli. Arm. troidella: Jago' Glossary, "A Tinner's Feast; Margaret A. Courtney 'Cornish Feasts and Feasts', *The Folk-Lore Journal*, Vol. 4, No. 3, Taylor & Francis, 1886, p 272-273, "A Tinner's Feast".

# Other publications by An Daras: The Cornish Folk Arts Project

**As Is The Manner and the custom: *Folk tradition and identity in Cornwall.*** Merv Davey - PhD thesis- University of Exeter. In CD rom format, also available to download in pdf format from University of Exeter Website: <http://hdl.handle.net/10036/3377>

**Song Books**     **Kanow Tavern: *Cornish Pub Songs.*** Handy sized A5 book of 12 popular pub songs in Cornish and English with music

**Sengen Fiddee: *Songs In Cornish Dialect.*** Words and music for 30 Dialect Songs

**Tunes**            **Pris Ton: *44 Cornish Session Tunes:*** Handy sized A5 book with 44 tunes popular at Cornish sessions.

**Pibrekk: *Cornish Tunes for Cornish Pipers:*** Booklet and CD with music arranged and played by Pyba using a variety of bagpipes including the Cornish Double Chanter set.

**Dances**            **Scoot Dances, Troyls, Furrys and Tea Treats: *The Cornish Dance Tradition*** by Merv, Alison and Jowdy Davey. Includes dance notation and music for 45 dances. Paperback with 17 black and white photographs. A history of dance in Cornwall from the earliest references in Cornish literature to the dances of the folk revival.

**Catch Up Your Heels: *Step Dances from Cornwall.*** A4 book/Music CD / Archive DVD/ instructional DVD. This dance pack has been designed primarily as a teaching guide for Cornish step dancing. The DVDs and CD, in conjunction with the dance instructions and music manuscript, should give you the basis to either start Cornish step dancing yourself, or to aid you in teaching it to others

**Shallal: *Cornish Dance for 3 to 7 years olds:*** An introduction to the ideas behind traditional Cornish dance. The pack contains a DVD, CD and dance notation booklet with a very simple warm up exercise for both children and teachers to follow.

**Tam Kernewek: *Cornish Dance Taster.*** A5 Booklet with accompanying CD containing dances for an adult workshop sampling the range and variety of Cornish dances.

**Dancing Above Par: *The Dances of John Old.*** John Old was a musician and dancing master working for the 'well to do' in the Par area in the early part of the nineteenth century. A selection of dances with instructions and music from his manuscript notes

**Snail Creeps and Tea Treats: *Clay Country Customs*** Pack with A5 book plus CD of music including 9 dances associated with traditional customs from the Cornish Clay Country

**Kanow Dons: *Lyrics and mouth music for Cornish Dances.*** Handy sized A5 book with 14 Songs in Cornish and English for accompanying dances.

**Dons Bew: *Cornish Dance Innovations.*** CD pack providing a cross section of contemporary Cornish Dance activity and some of the groups involved.

Available from :     An Daras: Cornish Folk Arts Project,  
Meneghyjy, Withiel, Bodmin, Kernow, PL30 5NN, UK  
Tel (0) 1208 831 642  
Email [info@an-daras.com](mailto:info@an-daras.com)  
Website [www.an-daras.com](http://www.an-daras.com)





Traditional music of Cornwall including songs from the 17th century through to such latter day favourites as Lamorna, and Rosen Wyn —The White Rose and many others carried all over the world by Cornish emigrants and still sung today whenever Cornish people gather together.

Merv Davey has compiled this volume and is responsible for many of the arrangements. He needs no introduction as a musician and musical researcher. This collection will meet the demand for a popular Cornish song book.

ISBN 0 907566 71 5



**TRURAN**

**1983**