



# Brenda Yn Kernewek

with the songs of  
Richard Gendall

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A Songbook of recordings by Brenda Wootton with 33 songs in the Cornish language, using the lyrics and music of Cornish Bard Richard Gendall, with Guest Artists Gwenno and Hilary Coleman with Neil Davey

Compiled by Sue Ellery-Hill

# BRENDA YN KERNEWEK

Brenda in Cornish

with the songs  
and the story of  
Richard Gendall

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## Beforewords

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A songbook published by a non-musician, with songs in the Cornish language presented by a non-Cornish-speaker... and I am neither a linguist nor an academic, so, yes, I'm a fraud. But thank goodness for those with the invaluable knowledge to help me in creating this project: Mic McCreadie and Richard Prest (for help with the recordings), Mark Trevethan (Cornish Language Lead at Cornwall Council), Deborah Came (for the musical scores), Richard's son Phil Gendall, and Merv Davey (for their support), and Pol Hodge and Will Coleman (for the translations into SWF), not forgetting Hilary Coleman and Neil Davey, and Gwenno, for their welcome contributions to the collection. Thanks also to Mike O'Connor for valuable advice, to Brenda's biggest fan, Theo Rodriguez in Connecticut, for his endless encouragement, and to Richard's nephews, Geoff March and Tim Pearson, for photos and biographical details; finally, thanks to my long-suffering husband and proof-reader, Chris Ellery-Hill, and of course, to all the musicians and engineers involved in the original recordings. You're all lovely.

As the daughter of Cornwall's 'first lady of song', Brenda Wootton, who in the 1970s and 80s took her love of Cornwall and its culture around the world to great acclaim, my aims in publishing this collection of songs of 'Brenda Yn Kernewek' are manifold: I am proud of what Brenda achieved in her lifetime, in making the Cornish language so much more widely known and internationally respected, especially in the Cornish diaspora; I, like her, love my country, and despite my own failings in linguistics, am eager to encourage others to learn and use the language which is our heritage; and by providing the recorded music and the lyrics of the wonderful songs composed by Richard Gendall and given to Brenda to perform, I hope to ensure that his talent is also not forgotten, and is made as widely available as possible, for those who might want to perform the songs, or purely for the pleasure of listening to the music.

Following their initial meeting in 1972, and from his correspondence with Brenda, it was always clear that Richard's fondest dream was that his music should be 'out there'... being heard and appreciated by anyone who loved Cornwall and its culture. His liaison with Brenda enabled him to see that dream unfold, and he was sufficiently encouraged over the dozen or so years of their active partnership, to write more than 460 songs for her to sing – over 140 of them in the Cornish language.

It is now 27 years since Brenda died, and the mountain of her memorabilia which I inherited has carried its own weight of responsibility. I could not bear to think that all of that creative effort should sink into my own personal swamp without trace, and have felt compelled ever since to somehow ensure that this important legacy should be made widely available. Sadly, in the intervening years, some of the paperwork and music associated with those songs is now missing or no longer available, which makes the task of preserving what we do have even more urgent. A full list is in the Appendix.

I have written a great deal more about Richard Gendall than about Brenda in this songbook – for those that want more information, Brenda's full life story is more than adequately covered in her biography, *'For the Love of Cornwall – The Life and Times of Brenda Wootton, Cornwall's First Lady of Song'*, which I published in 2018... whereas much less is known about the talented yet reclusive Richard.

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## Beginnings – Brenda Wootton (1928-1994)

Brenda Wootton's successful singing career surprised her as much as it did many others. She described herself as 'a fat, middle-aged Cornish housewife, who dearly loved to sing'... and never envisaged the overwhelming reaction she would get from the Cornish – at home, or exiled abroad – and from others, worldwide, in her later life. It was certainly never a planned venture originally.

A Cornish maid from a Newlyn family, with a Cornish ancestry going back for generations, Brenda struggled with the fact that her parent's brief six-month spell in London in a hunt for work in the late 1920s had denied her a Cornish birth – though it made no difference to how she felt about her country.

Encouraged by her family, she sang throughout her childhood, at family gatherings, in small local concerts and in chapel choirs. Her first 'professional' performance would have been in 1964 at the Count House at Botallack, near St Just in West Cornwall – an old mining building on the cliffs, associated with the iconic Crowns Mines below, precariously sited just a few feet above the crashing waves at the foot of the cliff. The subterranean tunnels stretched out beneath the seabed for up to half a mile – a terrifying prospect for the miners, though it was successfully worked for at least a couple of hundred years, barring a few horrific accidents, closing in 1895 due to falling tin prices, and after a brief and unsuccessful attempt at reworking, finally ceasing operations by 1914.

In the early 1960s, the Count House was bought by John Ian Todd, his wife Judi and John Wood, who had originally planned to run the large workshop room attached to the Count House as a cabaret club. It was soon re-styled as the Count House Folk Music Club, performers of that genre being more readily available, and having been 'adopted' by a party of folk enthusiasts from the Turk's Head in Penzance. Brenda first attended with her family soon after it was launched (to see if it was a suitable venue for her then 14-year-old daughter – me), and we returned regularly. Soon, Brenda's unusually clear tones and harmonies were heard soaring above the rest of the audience in the choruses, and she was invited onto the stage to sing.



*Brenda and John the Fish on stage at the Count House, late 1960s. The Pipers logo is just visible in the background.*

After some initial resistance, she agreed; John the Fish, as he was known, a popular performer at the club, stepped in as her first accompanist. Her initial repertoire included local favourites well known to many at that time, such as the 'White Rose', 'The Old Grey Duck', 'Camborne Hill', 'Little Eyes' and the song for which she perhaps became most famous: 'Lamorna'. Eventually, with Fish's help, she learned a more eclectic range of material, including blues, spirituals, calypsos, ballads and traditional folk songs – for example: 'Two Brothers', 'Old Time Religion', and Ewan McColl's 'The First Time Ever' and 'Dirty Old Town'. Local musicians Mike Sagar-Fenton and Steve Hall wrote a couple of songs for her (including 'Stars' and 'To the Sea'), and Mike added music to



Rudyard Kipling's 'Harp Song of the Dane Women'; several of these songs were recorded on the first LP albums to appear from the club: 'More Singing at the Count House', 'Pipers Folk' and 'Pasties and Cream'.

By this time, 1968, the original Count House Folk Music Club had folded, and with just three weeks' notice, Brenda opened her own club, Pipers, in the village hall at St Buryan, with rising star Ralph McTell as resident artist at £3 per night. It was a huge success, and after about a year, she was able to return to the Count House, as Ian Todd's latest venture, a disco with walls painted bright orange in true sixties psychedelic fashion, and very oddly named 'NUA' (No Urging Action), had **not** proved to be a success. Pipers, relocated to the Count House, continued to attract ever larger audiences, with a succession of top folk acts from around the country, eventually operating up to six nights a week in the summer, with occasional all-nighters, and bigger concerts staged in St John's Hall in Penzance.

One of the regular and most popular guests at Pipers was Scottish performer Alex Atterson from Norfolk. He became a close family friend, and soon invited Brenda and Fish to sing at his own folk club in Norwich, arranging bookings at other clubs en route to save on costs, and it wasn't long before the duo was performing their widening repertoire throughout the UK. Their programme was certainly eclectic, but for Brenda, the Cornish language was unknown, until at the age of 44, she was introduced to Richard Gendall.

## Beginnings – Richard Gendall (1924-2017)

Known as Dick to all friends and associates (although Brenda always insisted on calling him Richard), he was the third of four children. Richard Roscow Morris Gendall was born in the Turks & Caicos Islands in 1924, into a well-established Penzance family – his father, a Vicar, whose ministry took him to many places around the world, had been sent there as Parish Priest. When Richard was two, the family moved back to Cornwall, to St Blazey, and, when Philip had the living there, on to St Winnow; the family still has fond memories of that beautiful part of Cornwall. They settled there for many years, and eventually moved to St Stephens by Launceston.

Richard's association with the Cornish language started at an early age. He was only five years old when his enlightened mother taught him his first words in the language – the days of the week, from a calendar of Cornish phrases hanging behind the bathroom door. At the age of 8 he was sent to a boarding school in Dorset. *'One of my teachers was keen on traditional songs, and when he announced we were learning one in Cornish, I began to realise that Cornwall was different – and therefore I was different'* he has commented. Richard is known today as an industrious and learned Cornish academic and song-writer, but his absorption in everything about Cornish culture sprang from this early influence. Then while he was a teenager studying languages at Leeds University, his parents presented him with Morton Nance's Cornish-English Dictionary for Christmas – which he devoured.

*'Richard's love of Cornwall and her language deepened when he was sent away to boarding school, but it was not until after the war, the latter part of which he spent in the Navy, that he began to play an active part in the Cornish Language Revival. "Studying languages and music in Leeds, I found I had no contact with the world of Cornish, so I boldly went to the experts of the day, R Morton Nance and A S D Smith (Caradar) who were generous in their help, but I found that the live, spoken Cornish I had imagined to be in existence was yet hardly more than a dream. Cornwall and the Cornish language are one and the same to me, and I longed to see*

*them both on their feet; so with more hardihood than knowledge, I started a sort of campaign to encourage the use of Cornish as a spoken language. I hope it may have had some effect.”<sup>1</sup>*

I think we can now agree that it most certainly did.

In the years following the 2<sup>nd</sup> World War, as reported in the Western Morning News in 2010<sup>2</sup>, he was ‘almost single-handedly responsible for reintroducing St Piran’s flag. It was he and fellow cultural activist Helena Charles who discovered a reference to the white cross on a black background in a book from the 1700s’. In 1949, aged just 25, he was created a Bard of the Cornish Gorsedh, choosing the name Gelvynak (Curlew). In 1951, ‘feeling the need to express his Cornishness’, he was instrumental in setting up Mebyon Kernow with Helena Charles and others. Helena was to become Mebyon Kernow’s very first elected councillor, and led the organisation from the early days, while Richard edited its magazine, ‘One Cornwall’, using the recently re-discovered flag on its cover. In the evenings, he was often seen slapping stickers bearing the black and white flag all over Launceston, where he was then working. ‘I put them everywhere, though they were soon torn down. Today, St Piran’s flags are put on pasties and cakes and flown from Town Halls, but then it was considered to be a revolutionary symbol and very dangerous. In the 1950s you couldn’t use it or wear it without being branded a terrorist’ he added.

He was to publish many books on the Cornish language – for the first, on which he started work while at University, he revised and reversed Morton Nance’s 1938 Cornish-English Dictionary for him, producing a new English-Cornish dictionary in 1952. In 1955 he launched the magazine Hedhyu, and in 1966 initiated and named the Cornish Language Board. Whether or not you approve of his views of the different variations of the language, you cannot deny his massive impact and influence on all things Cornish from that day to this.

Richard’s career, following his time in the Navy, was as an Assistant Teacher of Modern Languages, including Cornish, in Helston School, which was interrupted by a trip to New Zealand in 1960. When he and Brenda met, Richard was married but separated, with three sons, and living in the loft of a barn on his land at Gwinear where he had created a woodland sanctuary. It was her introduction to Richard in preparation for the Pan-Celtic Festival in Killarney which was the main stimulus for Brenda’s interest in promoting the Cornish language, and led ultimately to her turning professional as a singer; hence, by 1973, the scope of Brenda’s programme was expanding considerably. As a direct result of this fateful meeting, in 1977, Brenda too was made a Bard at the



*Richard and Brenda recording for a Radio 4 programme in St Ives (Courtesy of Toni Carver, St Ives Times and Echo)*

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<sup>1</sup> Sleeve notes, ‘Crowdy Crawn’ LP, Sentinel Records SENS 1016, 1973

<sup>2</sup> Western Morning News, ‘Language Champion...’ June 1<sup>st</sup>, 2010

Gorsedh Kernow for her services to music in Cornwall, taking the name Gwylan Gwavas (Seagull of Newlyn).

In 1982, Richard married Jan Fennell, and moved to Menheniot in North Cornwall. Following his song-writing years, at some point in later life Richard was appointed as an Honorary Research Fellow in the Institute of Cornish Studies at Exeter University, which focused his interests more sharply on researching the Cornish language. By this time, he had become ever more devoted to academic study, and the phenomenal outpouring of his music and songs had slowed significantly. However – he had already given Brenda more of his music than she could possibly perform in her lifetime, and she was herself showing signs of the ill health that was to curtail her own activities. In 1984 he turned to the study of ‘Modern’, or Late, Cornish in earnest, and created a small publishing house, Teere ha Tavaz, which published several books on the Cornish language in the 1980s and 90s, including ‘A Practical Dictionary of Modern Cornish’ in 1997, (described in the Independent as ‘historically pure Cornish’<sup>3</sup>) based on the large amount of new material that had recently come to light.

He was interviewed for Cornwall Live in 2010, seven years before his death in 2017; some minor details are incorrect, but this is what he had to say about their relationship...

*‘Music, along with languages and history, were his chosen subjects at Leeds University, where Richard taught himself composition and harmony after immersing himself in Scottish and Irish traditional songs. But it wasn’t until he met Brenda Wootton in the Irish town of Killarney that his song-writing career really took off. Cornwall’s “first woman of song” [Brenda Wootton] was performing there and she and Richard immediately saw the potential for a productive working partnership. In all, Richard wrote some 90 [sic] songs for Brenda, which she sang live and recorded for a string of albums.*

*“Brenda was a very good performer and very good at putting it across and I was able to provide the language “handle” to her Cornish repertoire,” he says.*

*In 1973 they released Crowdy Crawn, the first recording of songs in the Cornish language. But while Brenda enjoyed the limelight, Richard eschewed self-promotion, and this may explain why his contribution to Cornish music is sometimes overlooked.*

*“I was extremely aware that we in Cornwall were missing a body of songs in Cornish about Cornwall and I wanted to help redress that,” he says. “So I would tell Brenda not to bother saying they were my songs, but to just get on and sing them.*

*“In many ways Brenda changed the course of my life. I had always been writing songs but she was the catalyst for that period. If it hadn’t been for Brenda I wouldn’t have written nearly so much. With Brenda it was a supply and demand situation — she would come to me all the time, asking if I had a song about a particular subject. And if I didn’t have one, I’d write one.”*

*Richard Gendall is a man of many parts: a Cornish language champion, author, poet, teacher, folklorist, dialectician, songwriter and composer. His contribution to Cornwall’s cultural integrity is immense and perhaps without the efforts of him and others during those early days, Cornwall’s distinct culture and language may have been subsumed still further into a homogenous uniformity.<sup>4</sup>*

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<sup>3</sup><https://www.independent.co.uk/news/lexicon-brings-ancient-words-back-to-life-1244437.html>

<sup>4</sup> Cornwall Live interview, 2010

Richard died in November 2017 aged 93 – the longest-living person to have spoken Cornish since it's revival.

## Introduction to Kernewek

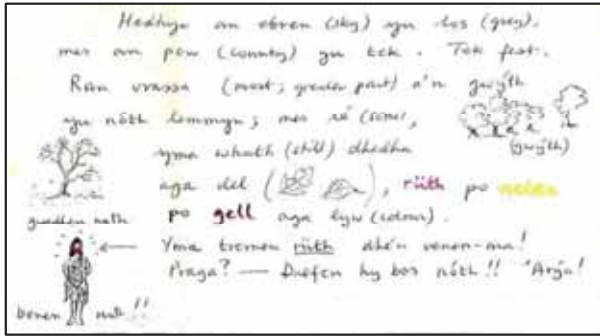
In 1972, Brenda was asked to perform a song in Cornish at the Pan Celtic Festival in Killarney, but she had no idea what that involved, and knew nothing about the language. She was introduced to Cornish Bard, Richard Gendall, a multi-linguist and song-writer, to write her a song especially for the occasion – most probably Mordonnow. Dik Cadbury (guitarist with the Cheltenham group Decameron) was the accompanist at that event, and later supported Brenda in the Kertalg Festival in Brittany in 1973 with two new songs of Richard's: Mordonnow and A Wennol Wyn, as well as Cornwall's only known traditional song in Cornish: Delyo Syvy.



*Brenda on stage at Kertalg Festival in Brittany in 1973. Dik Cadbury seated in blue t-shirt*

The news that Cornwall had its own language was a revelation to Brenda, and she loved the sound of it. Of all the songs she had heard growing up in a naturally musical family, not one had been in the Cornish language; dialect had featured frequently, but never Cornish. The idea that she could learn to sing and perform songs in the language of her own country excited her, and the musical relationship with Richard blossomed.

Discovering the close links between Cornish and the languages of the other Celtic countries, particularly Brittany, thrilled her even more. She had a vague notion that Cornwall was supposedly Celtic, but little more than that. Now she was realising what that actually meant – Cornwall was part of a family of nations, whose original native speech bore many resemblances and shared experiences. Cornish or Kernewek, Welsh and Breton are part of the Brythonic family of Celtic languages; Scots and Irish Gaelic, or Erse, and Manx are of the Goidelic Celtic branch. Richard was fluent enough to be to hold a sensible conversation with a Breton speaker using only Cornish. But despite Richard's best efforts, although Brenda learned the songs initially by rote, and then, in order to express herself more genuinely, the sense of the words she was actually singing, she never did become a fluent Cornish speaker. Some of the first few letters Richard wrote to Brenda were written as teaching exercises, charmingly illustrated with little cartoons.



An extract from a 'teaching letter' to Brenda from Richard;  
 November 1973

For Brenda, it was the start of a love affair with Brittany as Cornwall's closest sister nation that lasted throughout her life. Richard, it seemed, was equally excited, to have found a singer very willing and more than able to get the music that bubbled inside him out to the general public. In fact, in one letter he referred to Brenda as Breage, the nursemaid to King Germoe, saying that he saw Brenda as the midwife to his melodies. Although he did play the guitar, in a rudimentary fashion, and sang, sometimes falteringly, he was realistic enough to accept that he had neither the time nor the charisma to become a serious performer, and he needed a vessel to contain and broadcast his music. Attempts to interest his pupils at Helston School in performing his songs publicly came to nothing. But Brenda was inordinately proud of her native tongue, and vowed to sing at least one song in Cornish at every performance – a pledge she always upheld.

One factor that triggered Brenda's interest in the language further around that time was a musical partnership she was establishing with Norfolk guitarist Robert Bartlett, met on her trips to Norwich. John the Fish was finding the travelling and commitment a bit too much, and Robert was able to step in and take advantage of this exciting new music emanating from Richard Gendall – and the new duo, calling themselves 'Crowdy Crawn', eagerly took it on. (A 'croder croghan' was a skin sieve, usually hung by the fire, and used to hold an assortment of precious objects.) They met up with Richard regularly, who by then, realising he had made significant converts to his music, was creating fresh new material at a rate of knots. Rehearsals and discussions took place both at Brenda's house in Penzance and at Richard's barn in Wall in Gwinear, and soon Brenda took the huge step and changed careers in her mid-forties. By 1973, the duo were set to launch 'Crowdy Crawn', performing many of Richard's songs within an extensive repertoire, onto the international Celtic stage.



Robert Bartlett & Richard Gendall in Richard's barn  
 home in Gwinear

## Kernewek, 'Cornoak' and SWF

As with so many other things, I am no expert on the history of the Cornish language, which has been extensively studied and reported on elsewhere – this is simply a personal memory of Brenda and Richard's interactions with the language.

Unfortunately, it seems one of the problems for those wishing to learn or speak Cornish in the late 20<sup>th</sup> century, and indeed earlier, was the number of different yet firmly-held opinions amongst the learned as to which was the correct spelling, pronunciation, meaning – even to whether certain more 'modern' words could be used at all. Richard himself was one of the key protagonists in these debates – for their first few years of their musical partnership, he wrote, and taught Brenda, in the traditional Cornish, 'Kernewek' – then after about 10 years, completely

changed his viewpoint, and wrote all his later material in ‘Cornoak’ (as far as I’m aware, a term only ever used by him, but probably his name for ‘Modern Cornish’) even to re-writing some of his earlier songs with new spellings and phrasing, which Brenda then had to re-learn. Hilary Coleman and Sally Burley have a useful explanation of this transitional period in their songbook, ‘Shout Kernow’:

*‘In the early 1980s, Richard Gendall began exploring the Cornish of the Late period, and the form of Cornish now known as ‘Modern Cornish’ grew out of this work... In 2003, the European Charter for Regional or Minority Languages was ratified by the government in respect of Cornish. This led to a standardized spelling known as Single Written Form (SWF) that was introduced in 2008. It draws from all of the systems used by speakers. This is now in use in formal education and public life, and has already resulted in a greater use of the language in these areas of work, with new resources for schools and a new-found enthusiasm for Cornish among public bodies.’<sup>5</sup>*

Richard was not afraid to court controversy, and was definitely not in favour of the newly accepted SWF Cornish, scathingly describing in 2010 it as ‘Celtic Esperanto’. Due to his developing and distinct beliefs in the “correct” forms of Cornish over time, together with our incomplete archive of his handwritten source material, Richard’s “original” Cornish printed throughout this book is inconsistent, and could appear as Kernewek, Cornoak, or an amalgamation. We have attempted to print the words as sung by Brenda, in whatever version is available, together with a newly translated version in SWF – thanks to Pol Hodge and Will Coleman – which hopefully should scan with Richard’s original music. Hence each of the songs in the book have three written versions: 1. the Cornish as sung by Brenda in the recording (which could be in any version), 2. SWF, recently translated by Pol Hodge, and 3. an English translation, usually taken from Richard’s original lyrics. Musicians interested in performing the songs can then make their own choices as to their preferred version.

Separate explanations of the creation or development of a particular song, where available, are printed individually. The date of original composing, of recording, and/or the date of any amendments or re-writing of the lyrics, are included where we have them. The songs as listed appear in the same order as on the CDs.

## A symbiotic partnership

The vast majority of the material Richard wrote for Brenda was unsolicited... in his letters to her he frequently complained that his inventive brain would not let him sleep for the music or the words that almost continuously sprang up in his head each night. In the early years he sent sheafs of songs to Brenda sometimes almost in desperation, as he needed her to vocalise and interpret them, to perform them to a live audience and hence validate them. Once he had passed on a song to her, he could then dismiss it from his head, and listen to the next poem or tune that was already welling up to replace it. In December 1975 he wrote her a letter, which clarifies this position somewhat:

*“To wish you a happy and a merry Christmas, 1975, and may it prove a memorable one. I presume to give you herewith the collected songs of one Gendall, all complete and to date, to replace and also to add to those gone astray...”*

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<sup>5</sup> ‘Shout Kernow’, Hilary Coleman & Sally Burley, Francis Boutle Publishers, 2015; p. 34



Brenda and Richard rehearsing at Gwinear, mid-1970s. Note Richard's 'larder' on the shelf.

*At the risk of sounding a trifle mad (which could be true), I'd like to reiterate and also extend what I've already in the past said about these songs... I am, as it were, a woman who has given birth to them, motley and inconsistent batch of bastards though they may be... and if their 'fathers' have been several... the mid-wife, without whom they would certainly all have been still-born... has been, and is, yourself, Brenda. While it is not meant to be an insult that you have not yourself exactly 'fathered' [inspired] many of the songs, it is meant as a complement – and almost inexpressible thanks – that you were responsible for their safe birth. It is no small thing to be a midwife, incidentally, for Kings'*

*sisters are numbered amongst them – 'Germogh o myghtern, Breyg o gwelyvedhes' says the old Cornish proverb – 'Germoe was a King, Breague a midwife'. Shall I rename you Breague?*

He did, in fact, continue to address her as Breage over the course of the next few letters. In 1975 he wrote that he was *'so delighted you are able to make use of my songs...'*, and following her break up with Robert later that year, added:

*'Of course, and of course, and naturally, I shall be only too glad to help you get re-started, in any way possible, and am still surprised that you find my songs worth working on. I shall never get used to that.'*

Brenda had not long before gifted Richard a piano, which he was thrilled with, but commented it was guiding him towards more complex melodies. Also in 1975, Richard was working on compiling a book for Cornish historian Donald Rawe, titled '40 Songs', it being a long-held dream of his to get his songs published, and made available for others to sing and to enjoy – although it seems never to have happened. There were a few musical outlets for Richard's material in those early days – the group Bucca did sing a couple of his songs, and Cornish teacher and linguist Tony Snell also transcribed some of Richard's Cornish songs in 1976, later used by Hilary Coleman. Years later in 1998 Richard gave Hilary a tape of some of his songs and some scores – from which her group Dalla chose 'St Ives Fer Moh' for their first CD, 'A Richer Vein', in 2001. However, for many years, Brenda was to remain Richard's principal musical outlet.

In an interview with [artcornwall.org](http://artcornwall.org), Richard recalled their first meeting in 1972:

*'There weren't any songs in the Cornish language then. She had to have a genuine folk song, so I supplied her with Tryphena Trenerry, and with one of my own which passes as folk music... She didn't really know what was Cornish, and what wasn't. So I sent her stuff from Baring-Gould and other sources... I gave her lots of stuff that she hadn't heard of. We used to spend evenings going through them, at Leskinnick, her place in Penzance near the harbour, and she*

*used to come to my place near Camborne, and we would spend hours together with a guitarist going through them, learning them by rote.*

*She prided herself on not being a trained musician. She tended to make mistakes, to misinterpret things and mislearn things. Once she'd learnt a mistake it was hopeless and hard to get it right again! But she was a really great performer and she took masses of my stuff. Eventually she was interested in seeing the music that I composed, and I started writing music for her on a range of themes that she was interested in. Her interest spurred me on, so I wrote more and more and more. As long as she was able to take them I was able to compose them!*<sup>6</sup>

Brenda did often request songs on local topics, legends or characters from Richard, if she was visiting a particular place or for a special event, and Richard comments that he welcomed these ideas, which often gave his music focus. In the 1980s, she did several tours of Cornish schools, with the assistance and at the encouragement of the Cornwall County Music Department. For every school she visited, she did an enormous amount of research on the local history and legends, and asked Richard to create songs for such varied subjects as the Mermaid of Zennor, Charlie Bate, Dando, and many others. She asked for a lullaby in Cornish for each of her grandsons, Davy and Jan, and a song of greeting when she performed in sister Celtic country, Galicia – which Richard wrote in Spanish.

## Copyright

There has long been confusion over the copyright issues with Richard's material. Brenda and Richard's relationship was based on friendship and shared interests, and was not a business partnership as such, and no money ever changed hands (unless a song was commissioned, as with the music written by Richard for the showpiece Lorient performance of 'Anne Jeffery ha Bobel Vean', for which he was paid by Lorient InterCeltic Festival). The usual arrangement was that Richard would present Brenda with his latest creation: hand-written lyrics, notes and music to a song, together with a cassette recording of him performing the basic tune, singing and playing on the guitar or



*Richard Gendall*

piano. Assuming it was a song she was interested in performing, Brenda would then spend many hours working up an arrangement with her guitarist, and recording her own re-worked version as a practice tape (we have been able to use a few of these on the CDs). Richard gave her the material, to do with what she wished – she performed and recorded the songs, and as a result, Richard's songs became better known, and he collected the copyright – that was the theory.

Richard's vast musical output of songs for Brenda was principally in the first 8-10 years of their association (as was most of his correspondence), but following his marriage to Jan in 1982 and his Professorship, his focus moved more onto the language rather than the music, resulting in fewer

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<sup>6</sup> [http://www.artcornwall.org/interviews/Richard\\_Gendall.htm](http://www.artcornwall.org/interviews/Richard_Gendall.htm)



and fewer songs. This was not necessarily a bad thing, as Brenda already had plenty to work on – but the Winwallow cycle and the China Clay cycle were some of his later 1980s works, and his final creation, Song of Seleven, was written for her in 1990; so their partnership, resulting in well over 460 songs, lasted around 18 years.

When the first Sentinel recordings of Richard’s music came out in 1973, Richard was signed up to Job Morris’s Sentinel Music as copyright-holder. However, over the next few years, from reading his correspondence, this obviously caused him no end of problems, and he struggled to rid himself of this noose. He also set up a copyright under the name of Cornwall Music, which, from memory, was between him and Brenda, but this was short-lived. Ultimately, following a court case, he logged all of his songs as copyright Richard Gendall – or R R M Gendall – and was finally able to declare himself free from any Sentinel ties in a letter to Brenda dated 23<sup>rd</sup> October 1986:

*“Whatever arrangement is made of any work of mine, small or great, no copyright can exist other than my own. So, yes – Sentinel no longer have any of my copyrights. Just enter that Richard Gendall wrote the words and music, and has the copyright, in whatever terms fit the occasion. It will all go through PRS/MCPS.”*

Sadly, Richard is no longer with us, but for the purposes of this songbook, I have listed every song in which Richard has an involvement as copyright ©Richard Gendall, with the intention that any monies due will ultimately go to Richard’s estate (Sentinel no longer exists in any case). Any profits from the sales of the songbook will be used to extend its scope and impact.

A few months after Brenda’s death in 1994, I phoned Richard for suggestions as to what to do with the sizable archive of his material which I was holding, and if he was interested in bringing out song books. At that time, he expressed no interest in songbooks. There were obviously various difficulties: his many publications with Teer Ha Tavaz, as well as his research at Exeter University, were then taking up all of his time, and he couldn’t contemplate adding to his workload, obviously believing he would have been tackling the task single-handed. As to the archive, he commented that I ‘could do what I liked with it all’. His priorities had changed, and his restrained response then put me off doing anything about it for a long time. The time has come. Your ‘shout to the world’ will be heard now, Richard.

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## The Songs



# 1. Durzona Dhywgh Hwi/Deerzona Thew Whee – God Bless You

CD1: Track 1

Music & Lyrics: Richard Gendall

Arrangement: Brenda Wootton

$\text{♩} = 75$

C G C F C F

Deer - zo - na thew whee, deer - zo - na, deer - zo-na, deer - zo - na, deer -

6 C G C C G C F

zo-na, deer - zo - na thew - whee. 1. Deer - zo - na the jee, deer - zo-na, deer -  
 2. Ha\_ gell yew an brea, ha\_ me-len an\_  
 3. Kin\_ fo - ra gwave heer, wha - rey uh tey\_

13 C F C G G7

zo - na, ha\_ beeth bez vi - na - ry\_ e - now ho - lon vee.  
 ei - then, ha\_ reeth yew an green\_ war an\_ sper - nan en kay.  
 gwai-ten ha\_ bow - nans a - no - weth\_ a\_ zo - win en wheer.

18 C F C F C F

Mor la-now, mor i-zal, gwyns war an brea, cam ga-row, nans cuz-zel,  
 Mor la-now, mor i-zal, gwyns war an brea, cam ga-row, nans cuz-zel,  
 Mor la-now, mor i-zal, gwyns war an brea, cam ga-row, nans cuz-zel,

24 G C C G C F C

wel - cum a rey. Deer - zo - na thew whee, deer - zo - na, deer - zo-na, deer -  
 wel - cum a rey.  
 wel - cum a rey.

31 F C G C G C

zo - na, deer - zo-na, deer - zo - na thew. whee. Deer - zo - na thew whee.

♯ Coda after final chorus

Durzona, an amazingly popular and welcoming song, was one of those that was reworked by Richard after some years, so we have a potentially confusing set of lyrics. It first appeared on the 'B Comme Brenda' LP ('B' Like Brenda) in 1985, produced in France by DiskAZ (LP: AZ494), which is the version we have here. All of the songs on this album, as suggested by the album title, were allocated an associative word beginning with 'B' – for Durzona, it was Benediction, or Blessing.

This song was also recorded by Brenda for one of the Harry Secombe 'Highway' shows on ITV in October 1986, singing with a volunteer group of young people from all over Penwith who had restored and cleaned the old disused church at Trythall, Newmill; I have a poor copy on video.

Written & composed / Geryow, Ilow, Gwirbryntyans: ©Richard Gendall

Arrangement / Aray: Brenda Wootton; Accompanied by Camborne Town Band, Ray Roberts Trio, Chris Newman

<b><u>Dursona Dhywgh Hwi (SWF)</u></b>	<b><u>Deerzона Thew Whee (Richard's Cornish)</u></b>
<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Pennpurson:</i></p> <p>Dursona dhywgh hwi – Dursona, Dursona, Dursona, Dursona... Dursona dhywgh hwi</p> <p style="text-align: center;">1.</p> <p>Dursona dhe jy, Dursona, Dursona, ha bydh bys vynari yn ow holon vy. Mor lanow, mor isel, gwyns war an vre, karn garow, nans kosel, wolkom a re.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Pennpurson</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">2.</p> <p>Ha gell yw an vre, ha melyn an eythin ha rudh yw an greun war an spernen yn ke. Mor lanow, mor isel, gwyns war an vre, karn garow, nans kosel, wolkom a re.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Pennpurson</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">3.</p> <p>Kyn fedha gwav hir, hware y teu gwenton ha bewnans anowdyh a sewen yn hwir. Mor lanow, mor isel, gwyns war an vre, karn garow, nans kosel, wolkom a re.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Pennpurson</i></p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Refrain:</i></p> <p>Deerzона thew whee – deerzона, deerzона, Deerzона, deerzона... deerzона thew whee</p> <p style="text-align: center;">1.</p> <p>Deerzона the jee, deerzона, deerzона, ha beeth bez vinary enow holon vee. Mor lanow, mor izal, gwyns war an brea, carn garow, nans cuzzel, welcum a rey.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Refrain</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">2.</p> <p>Ha gell yew an brea, ha melen an eithin ha reeth yew an green war an spernan en kay. Mor lanow, mor izal, gwyns war an brea, carn garow, nans cuzzel, welcum a rey.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Refrain</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">3.</p> <p>Kin fora gwave heer, wharey uh tey gwainten ha bownans anoweth a zowin en wheer. Mor lanow, mor izal, gwyns war an brea, carn garow, nans cuzzel, welcum a rey.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Refrain</i></p>

<b><u>God Bless You (English)</u></b>	
<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Refrain:</i></p> <p>God bless you, God bless, God bless, God bless, God bless, God bless you,</p> <p style="text-align: center;">1.</p> <p>God bless you, God bless, God bless, and be forever in my heart. Tide high, tide low, wind on the hill, rock rough, valley quiet, welcome give.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Refrain</i></p>	<p style="text-align: center;">2.</p> <p>And brown is the hill, and yellow the furze and red the berries on the hawthorn in the hedge Tide high, tide low, wind on the hill, rock rough, valley quiet, welcome give.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Refrain</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">3.</p> <p>Though it be winter long, soon comes the spring and life anew flourishes for sure... Tide high, tide low, wind on the hill, rock rough, valley quiet, welcome give.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Refrain</i></p>

## 2. Deugh, Deugh, Deugh! – Come, Come, Come!

CD1, Track 2

Music & Lyrics: Richard Gendall

Arrangement: Brenda Wootton

**♩ = 50**      Bm                      A                      Bm                      A                      Bm

Ga-low y a - drus dhe'n dre!                      Ga-low y a -

Ga-low y a - drus dhe'n dre!

8                      A                      Bm                      A                      Bm Bm A A G G F# F#

drus dhe'n porth!                      Ga-low y a - drus dhe'n mor!

**♩ = 100**      Bm                      A                      G                      F#                      Bm A G F#

1.Pyu a bew an vro-ma, na vo an ber-ghe-nog-yon why ha my?      Fa la la la la  
2.My-reughdym an dus-hen, ha nyns yns - y gor-bol-lak je - vo - dy,      le\*(v.2)      Fa la la la la

19      Bm A G F#      Bm A G F#      Bm A

lo,      fa la la la la,      Pyu a gows an yeth-ma, na ven ny - ny a'n gows,ha why ha my?  
Splan a - ga la - gas-sow pan gwe-syn-ny ha ca - na, why ha my;  
lo,      fa la la la la      le

24      G F# Bm A G F#      Bm Em Em3 F#

Fa la la la la lo,      fa la la la la,      Yn-sol, A Gel-tyon, dhe'n grow-shens duf-en-ny,  
Nans on - ny met-yes war - barth yn gwel-ta prys,  
Fa la la la la lo,      fa la la la la le

29 Bm Em Em3 F# Bm A G F#  
 Orn-lath po te-ghy? Ha py-nyl a vyth-hy? Deugh, deugh, deugh, ha ryth mar py-dhyn,  
 Ken-yn Ker-new-ek, Bre - to-nek ke-ke-fyrl

33 Bm A G F# Bm A G F# Bm A G F# 1.  
 deugh, deugh, deugh, ha ryth mar py-dhyn, deugh, fa la la la la lo, fa la la la la  
 deugh, deugh, deugh, ha ryth mar py-dhyn, deugh, fa la la la la lo, fa la la la la

39 2.G F# Bm A G F# Bm A G F# ♩ = 50 Bm  
 fa la la la la le, fa la la la la lo, fa la la la la, Ga-low y a -  
 fa la la la la le, fa la la la la lo, fa la la la la le

45 A Bm A Bm A  
 drus dhe'n dre! Ga-low y a - drus dhe'n porth!  
 Ga-low y a - drus dh'en bre!

53 Bm A Em  
 Ga - low y a - drus dhe'n mor! Kel - tyon!  
 Ga - low y a - drus dhe'n mor! Kel - tyon!

One of Richard's early songs written for Brenda and guitarist Robert Bartlett, when they performed together as duo 'Crowdy Crawn', 'Deugh Deugh Deugh!' is a call to the Celts to join together, to come and sing and speak their language, to establish their rights over their own lands. It appeared on Brenda and Robert's first album, 'No Song to Sing', produced by Sentinel Records (SENS 1021) in 1974, which is the only recorded version, and is heard here.

Words & music / Geryow hag ilow: ©Richard Gendall

Arrangement / Aray: Brenda Wootton; Guitarist: Robert Bartlett

**Dewgh Dewgh Dewgh! (SWF)**

Galow i a-dreus dhe'n dre, galow i a-dreus  
dhe'n vre  
Galow i a-dreus dhe'n porth, galow i a-dreus  
dhe'n mor...

Piw a byw an vro ma, na vo an berghenogyon  
hwi ha my?

Fa lala lala lo, fa lala lala le

Piw a gows an yeth ma, na ven nyini an gows,  
ha hwi ha my?

Fa lala lala lo, fa lala lala le

Yn-sol, a Geltyon, dhe'n grows hyns deufen  
ni;

Omladh po teghi?... Ha pyneyl a vydh hi?

Dewgh, dewgh, dewgh, ha rydh mar pedhyn  
Dewgh, dewgh, dewgh, ha rydh mar pedhyn,  
dewgh!

Fa lala lala lo, fa lala lala le

Mirewgh dhymm an dus hen, ha nyns yns i  
gorbollek jerody,

Fa lala lala lo, fa lala lala le

Splann aga lagasow pan gewsyn hi ha kana,  
hwi ha my;

Fa lala lala lo, fa lala lala le

Nyns on ni metyes war-barth yn gwella prys,  
Kenyn Kernewek, Bretonek kekeffrys!

Dewgh, dewgh, dewgh, ha rydh mar pedhyn  
Dewgh, dewgh, dewgh, ha rydh mar pedhyn,  
dewgh!

Fa lala lala lo, fa lala lala le

Fa lala lala lo, fa lala lala le

Fa lala lala lo, fa lala lala le

Fa lala lala lo, fa lala lala le

Galow i a-dreus dhe'n dre, galow i a-dreus  
dhe'n vre

Galow i a-dreus dhe'n porth, galow y a-  
dreus dhe'n mor... Keltyon!

**Deugh Deugh, Deugh! (Richard's Cornish)**

Galow y adrus dhe'n dre, galow y adrus  
dhe'n bre

Galow y adrus dhe'n porth, galow y adrus  
dhe'n mor...

Pyu a bew an vro-ma, na vo an berghenogyon  
why ha my?

Fa lala lala lo, fa lala lala le

Pyu a gows an yeth-ma, na ven nyny an gows,  
ha why ha my?

Fa lala lala lo, fa lala lala le

Ynsol, a Geltyon, dhe'n growshens dufen-ny;  
Omlath po teghy?... Ha pynyl a vyth-hy?

Deugh, deugh, deugh, ha ryth mar pydhyn  
Deugh, deugh, deugh, ha ryth mar pydhyn,  
deugh!

Fa lala lala lo, fa lala lala le

Myreugh dhymys an dus-hen, ha nyns yns-y  
gorbollak jerody,

Fa lala lala lo, fa lala lala le

Splan aga lagassow pan gewsyn-hy ha cana,  
why ha my;

Fa lala lala lo, fa lala lala le

Nans on-ny metyes warbarth yn gwella prys,  
Kenyn Kernewek, Bretonek kekeffrys!

Deugh, deugh, deugh, ha ryth mar pydhyn  
Deugh, deugh, deugh, ha ryth mar pydhyn,  
deugh!

Fa lala lala lo, fa lala lala le

Fa lala lala lo, fa lala lala le

Fa lala lala lo, fa lala lala le

Fa lala lala lo, fa lala lala le

Galow y adrus dhe'n dre, galow y adrus  
dhe'n bre

Galow y adrus dhe'n porth, galow y adrus  
dhe'n mor... Keltyon!

**Come, Come, Come! (English)**

Call them across the town, call them across  
the hill,  
Call them across the bay, call them across the  
sea  
Who owns this country, if be not the owners  
you and I?  
Fa lala lala lo, fa lala lala le  
Who speaks his tongue if be not we who  
speak it you and I?  
Fa lala lala lo, fa lala lala le  
Up, oh Celts, to the crossroads have come we;  
Fight or hide?... And which will be it?  
Come, come, come, and free if we will be,  
Come, come, come, and free if we will be,  
come!  
Fa lala lala lo, fa lala lala le  
Regard to me the old-folk, and not are they  
stupid I tell you,

Fa lala lala lo, fa lala lala le  
Bright their eyes when speak we and sing, you  
and I;  
Fa lala lala lo, fa lala lala le  
Now we are met together in the best time,  
Let's sing Cornish, Breton likewise!  
Come, come, come, and free if we will be,  
Come, come, come, and free if we will be,  
come!  
Fa lala lala lo, fa lala lala le  
Fa lala lala lo, fa lala lala le  
Fa lala lala lo, fa lala lala le  
Fa lala lala lo, fa lala lala le  
Call them across the town, call them across  
the hill,  
Call them across the bay, call them across the  
sea...  
Celts!



*Beach Ceili with North Cornwall Ceili Band at the Lowender Peran Festival  
(Courtesy of Cornwall National Music Archive and Lowender Peran)*



### 3. Clegh – Bells

CD1, Track 3

Music & Lyrics: Richard Gendall

Arrangement: Brenda Wootton

$\text{♩} = 120$

Dm Gm Dm Gm Dm

1. Clegh ow se - ny be - wan, clegh, ow se - ny tru - an, clegh, ow  
 2. Clegh ow se - ny be - wan, clegh, ow se - ny tru - an, clegh, ow  
 3. Clegh ow se - ny be - wan, clegh, ow se - ny tru - an, clegh, ow

4 Gm Dm Dm Gm

clegh, ow se - ny dy - war tou - rik los, Clegh, de - me - thyon - shu - dhyk,  
 clegh, ow se - ny dy - war tou - rik los, Clegh, de - me - thyon - shu - dhyk,  
 clegh, ow se - ny dy - war tou - rik los, Clegh, de - me - thyon - shu - dkyk,

8 Dm Gm Dm Gm Dm

clegh ge - ny - syons fley - yk, clegh a sped - an - ma - row dy - war cas an\_ bys  
 clegh ge - ny - syons fley - yk, clegh a sped an ma - row dy - war kyth an\_ bys  
 clegh ge - ny - syons fley - yk, clegh a sped an ma - row dy ow sor an\_ bys\*

13 F Dm

Sen - new rag an vy - ra - sy - on sen - new rag an voh - o - so - gyon,  
 Gwy - ryon, gwy - ryon, len - new an ayr, gens a - gos le - vo

16 B $\flat$  F Dm *Rit* A Dm A

sen - new cleer \*\*Ding dong dong Ding dong dong Ding dong  
 cleer oll ny a dhe

20 Dm A

dong Ding dong dong

\*V.3 only jump from \* to \*\*

Another of Richard’s early songs, Clegh celebrates the peals of bells from the little churches that dot the countryside in Cornwall – as Brenda said “*a song about the bells of a little granite church in Cornwall that announces all the important moments of our life... when a child is born, when we marry and when we die.*”

The song first appeared on Brenda and Robert Bartlett’s fourth album, ‘Starry Gazey Pie’, produced by Sentinel Records (SENS 1031) in 1975. This version, never before published, was recorded in Sentinel Records Studio in Newlyn, probably in 1976, and features members of the group Decameron – most notably Geoff March on the cello, with Al Fenn and Dik Cadbury.

*Written & composed / Geryow & Ilow & Gwirbryntyans: ©Richard Gendall  
Arrangement / Aray: Brenda Wootton; Accompanied by Geoff March on cello and other members of Decameron / Ilowydhion: Decameron, rekordys orth Sentinel Music, Lulynn*

<b><u>Klegh (SWF)</u></b>	<b><u>Clegh (Richard’s Cornish)</u></b>
<p style="text-align: center;">1.</p> <p>Klegh ow seni bewek, klegh, ow seni truan, Klegh, ow klegh, ow seni dyworth tourik loos, Klegh, demedhyans heudhik, klegh genysyans fleghik. Klegh a sped an marow dyworth kas an bys. Senewgh rag an virasyon, senewgh rag an voghosogyon, senewgh kler... Ding dong, dong... ding dong, dong... ding dong, dong... ding dong, dong...</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">1.</p> <p>Clegh ow seny bewan, clegh, ow seny truan, Clegh, ow clegh, ow seny athor tourik los, Clegh, demethyonshudhyk, clegh genysyons fleyyk. Clegh a sped an marow athor cas anbys. Sennew rag an vyrasyon, sennew rag an vohosogyon, sennew cleer... Ding dong, dong... ding dong, dong... ding dong, dong... ding dong, dong...</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">2.</p> <p>Klegh ow seni bewek, klegh, ow seni truan, Klegh, ow klegh, ow seni dyworth tourik loos, Klegh, demedhyans heudhik, klegh genysyans fleghik. Klegh a sped an marow dyworth keuth an bys, Gwiryon, gwiryon, lenwewgh an ayr, gans agas levow kler, oll ni a dheu... Ding dong, dong... ding dong, dong... ding dong, dong... ding dong, dong...</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">2.</p> <p>Clegh ow seny bewan, clegh, ow seny truan, Clegh, ow clegh, ow seny athor tourik los, Clegh, demethyonshudhyk, clegh genysyons fleyyk. Clegh a sped an marow dyworth kyth an bys, Gwryyon, gwryyon, lennew an ayr, gen agos eevo clara, oll ny a dhe... Ding dong, dong... ding dong, dong... ding dong, dong... ding dong, dong...</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">3.</p> <p>Klegh ow seni bewek, klegh, ow seni truan, Klegh, ow klegh, ow seni dyworth tourik loos, Klegh, demedhyans heudhik, klegh genysyans fleghik, Klegh a sped an marow sorr an bys. Ding dong, dong... ding dong, dong... ding dong, dong... ding dong, dong...</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">3.</p> <p>Clegh ow seny bewan, clegh, ow seny truan, Clegh, ow clegh, ow seny athor tourik los, Clegh, demethyonshudhyk, clegh genysyons fleyyk, Clegh a sped an marow sor an bys. Ding dong, dong... ding dong, dong... ding dong, dong... ding dong, dong...</p>

## Bells (English)

1.

Bells a-ringing lively, bells a-ringing sadly,  
Bells, oh bells a-ringing from a little tower,  
grey,  
Bells of a wedding joyful, bells of the birth of  
a little child,  
Bells that speed the dead from the strife of  
the world.  
Ring for the great, ring for the poor, ring  
clear...

Ding dong, dong... ding dong, dong... ding  
dong, dong... ding dong, dong...

2.

Bells a-ringing lively, bells a-ringing sadly,  
Bells, oh bells a-ringing from a little tower,  
grey,  
Bells of a wedding joyful, bells of the birth of  
a little child,

Bells that speed the dead from the grief of  
the world.

True, true, fill the air with your voices clear,  
all we will come...

Ding dong, dong... ding dong, dong... ding  
dong, dong... ding dong, dong...

3.

Bells a-ringing lively, bells a-ringing sadly,  
Bells, oh bells a-ringing from a little tower,  
grey,  
Bells of a wedding joyful, bells of the birth of  
a little child,  
Bells that speed the dead from the sorrow of  
the world.  
Ding dong, dong... ding dong, dong... ding  
dong, dong... ding dong, dong...



*The bell-tower of  
Paul Church, Newlyn,  
site of many of  
Brenda's family  
events (photo: Sue  
Ellery-Hill)*

## 4. Mordonnow – Sea Waves

CD 1, Track 4

Music & Lyrics: Richard Gendall

Arrangement: Brenda Wootton

**♩ = 120**

G#m                      G#m                      F#                      B                      F#                      F#

1. Mor - don - now,      mor - don - now,      mor - don - now\_ a      grŭn\_\_\_\_\_

2. Ser - vy - sy,      ser - vy - sy,      ser - vy - sy\_ a      Lun\_\_\_\_\_

3. Mor\_ whe - row,      mor\_ whe - row,      mor\_ whe - row\_ dy - fun\_\_\_\_\_

9                      G#m                      G#m                      F#                      B                      F#                      G#m                      E

Mor - don - now,      mor - don - now,      mor - don - now\_ dy - clos\_\_\_\_\_ A      vryj\_\_\_\_\_

Ser - vy - sy,      ser - vy - sy,      ser - vy - sy\_ a - nes\_\_\_\_\_ A - has\_\_\_\_\_

Mor\_ ga - row,      mor\_ ga - row,      mor\_ ga - row\_ a      deggh\_\_\_\_\_ Ha      con -

18                      G#m                      B                      B                      E

— ha      ty - thy - a,      haga      dhen\_\_\_\_\_      hag a      sef,      haga      grull\_\_\_\_\_      hag.

— ha      ke - thy - on,      an\_\_\_\_\_      gwyns\_\_\_\_\_      pan\_\_\_\_\_      sef,      why a      grull\_\_\_\_\_      hag.

— tre - way - thy - a,      haga      dhen\_\_\_\_\_      hag a      sef,      haga      grull\_\_\_\_\_      hag.

27                      G#m                      Coda after V.3  
G#m                      G#m                      E                      E                      E

a dor \_\_\_\_\_      A vor, \_\_\_\_\_      a vor, \_\_\_\_\_      dha gar - ra

a dor \_\_\_\_\_

a dor \_\_\_\_\_

39                      F#                      G#m                      G#m

dhym - mo\_      prag \_\_\_\_\_      yu      res? \_\_\_\_\_

Shortly after the start of their musical relationship, in September 1972, Richard commented in a letter to Brenda:

*'I am sending you a new song and would like your opinion. It rattled around in my silly head all night, so I spent most of the dark hours trying to get it out of my system. I have endeavoured to give you an idea of how it should go on the piano, and have attempted to sing it, but perhaps due to lack of sleep, I could not sing it as it ought to be sung, because emotion kept choking off my voice. Silly really, but I can't help it. As far as I am concerned, this is the best song I have produced...'*

That song was Mordonnow, written as a possible entry for Cornwall in the Pan-Celtic Festival in Killarney the following year. Brenda was still learning the correct pronunciation and phrasing of Cornish, and although it was entered, the song didn't win – however, it was noteworthy as the first occasion on which the Cornish language was heard sung outside Cornwall.

It is certainly an emotionally charged song – a love song to the ocean, the curling and crashing of the waves audible in the rising and falling of Brenda's voice; the pause with elation at the crest of

the wave, and the inevitable sense of danger in the plunging depths. In her explanation to the audience, Brenda always finished with the final diminuendo line, as the water ebbs quietly away:

*‘Oh sea... why is it given to me to love you...’*

Mordonnow was first published on the ‘No Song to Sing’ album with Robert Bartlett in 1974, produced by Sentinel Records (SENS 1021) in 1974; some years later it was brought out on a compilation of Brenda’s Sentinel recordings, variously called ‘The Voice of Cornwall’ or La Grande Cornouaillaise’, by Keltia Records (much to my surprise).

*Written & composed / Geryow hag ilow: ©Richard Gendall*

*Arrangement / Aray: Brenda Wootton; Guitarist: Robert Bartlett*

<b><u>Mordonnow (SWF)</u></b>	<b><u>Mordonnow (Richard’s Cornish)</u></b>
<p>1. Mordonnow, mordonnow, mordonnow a greun, Mordonnow, mordonnow, mordonnow diglos, A vryj ha tythya, hag a dhenn hag a sev, hag a grull hag a dorr.</p>	<p>1. Mordonnow, mordonnow, mordonnow a grün, Mordonnow, mordonnow), mordonnow dyclos, A vry j ha tythya, hag a dhen hag a sef, hag a grull hag a dor.</p>
<p>2. Servysi, servysi, servysi a Lun, Servysi, servysi, servysi anes, A-has ha kethyon an gwyns pan sev, Hwi a grull hag a dorr.</p>	<p>2. Servysy, servysy, servysy a Lun, Servysy, servysy, servysy anes, Ahas ha kethyon, an gwyns pan sef, Why a grull hag a dor.</p>
<p>3. Mor hwerow, mor hwerow, mor hwerow difun, Mor garow, mor garow, mor garow a deg, Ha kontrewaytya, hag a mor hag a sev, Ha a grull hag a dor.</p>	<p>3. Mor wherow, mor wherow, mor wherow dyfun, Mor garow, mor garow, mor garow a deg, Ha contrewaytya, hag a den hag a sef, Ha a grull hag a dor.</p>
<p>A vor, a vor, dha garra dhymmo prag (yth) yw res?</p>	<p>A vor, a vor, dha garra dhymmo prag yu res?</p>

<b><u>Seawaves (English)</u></b>	
<p>1. Seawaves, seawaves, seawaves that pile, Seawaves, seawaves, seawaves outcast, That boil and hiss and suck and rise And curl and break.</p>	<p>Hateful and slavish when the wind rises, You curl and break.</p>
<p>2. Servants, servants, servants of Luna, Servants, servants, servants ill at ease,</p>	<p>3. Cruel sea, cruel sea, cruel, sleepless sea, Harsh sea, harsh sea, harsh sea that lurks, And lies in wait and sucks and rises, And curls and breaks.</p>
	<p>Oh sea, to love you, why is it given to me?</p>



*A boiling sea at Sennen Cove Harbour, photograph courtesy of Tim Pearson, Richard's great-nephew*



*A 'danse macabre' at Kernascleden near Lorient in Brittany*

## 5. Can Yffarn – Song of Hell

Traditional Breton

Cornish translation: Richard Gendall

CD 1, Track 5

Arrangement: Brenda Wootton

**♩ = 100**

1. E - ghan! Ha goth - vos na wra den. Py - gem - mys bos a -  
 2. Gwr-eugh per - thy cof a - 'gas tas ha mam, a - berth yn yf - farn yn.  
 3. A - dhyn - dyl tru - eth a - gan Tas, whan - sek on - ny y'n.

7 C Em G Em G B Am  
 gan an - ken, Ga - la - row hy a - gan bos tyn, a - barth an  
 cres am flam, Ow map, ow myrgh, ogh clew - eugh dhym, a - barth an  
 jeth ha nos, Dre a - lu - sen, a gu - fyon wyn, a - barth an

14 Em C Em G Em G Em Am  
 Tas - gwe - re - seugh dhyn. Bre - der ke - rens ha cu - fyon wyn, a - barth an  
 Tas - gwe - re - seugh dhyn.  
 Tas - gwe - re - seugh dhyn.

22 Em C Em Am Em C Em  
 Tas - co - leugh or - thyn a - barth an Tas - gwe - re - seugh dhyn.

A beautiful and plaintive traditional song from Brittany, with the most doom-laden title: 'Song of Hell', or 'Song of Purgatory'. The theme is a heartfelt plea for aid from a people struggling under a bitter and cruel yoke. Richard has translated from the original French, into English and then Cornish here.

The song appeared on Brenda's LP album aimed at the French market: 'La Grande Cornouaillaise' (The Great Cornishwoman) produced in 1980 – not the later CD from Keltia Music, which confusingly was given the same name. The LP was produced by Burlington Records in Hitchin in Hertfordshire, (BURL007). The guitarist was Dave Penhale – still playing and living (and painting!) in Cornwall.

Brenda recorded this version with Geoff March on cello, and Al Fenn and Dik Cadbury of Decameron accompanying, in Sentinel Records studio at Newlyn, but it was never published. This was found on one of several recordings bought at auction in 2017, a collection of the final tapes left after the closure of Sentinel Records.

*Melody & original lyrics: Traditional French / Ilow: Bretonek hengovek;*

*Cornish lyrics / Geryow Kernewek: ©Richard Gendall*

*Arrangement / Aray: Brenda Wootton; Accompanied by Geoff March on cello and other members of Decameron recorded at Sentinel, Newlyn / Ilowydhyon: Decameron, rekordys orth Sentinel Music, Lulynn*

<p><b><u>Kan Yfarn (SWF)</u></b></p> <p>1. Eghan! Ha godhvos na wra den. Pygemmys bos agan anken Galarow hy agan bos tynn a-barth an Tas gwereseugh dhyn. <i>Pennpusorn</i> Breder kerens ha kuvyon wynn, a- barth an Tas oleugh orthyn A-barth an Tas gwereseugh dhyn.</p> <p>2. Gwreugh perthi kov a'gas tas ha mamm, a- berth yn yfarn yn kres a'n flamm Ow mab, ow myrgh, ogh klewewgh dhymm a- barth an Tas gwereseugh dhyn. <i>Pennpusorn</i></p> <p>3. A dhendyl trueth agan Tas hwansek on ni y'n jydh ha nos Dre alusen a guvyon wynn, a-barth an Tas gwereseugh dhyn. <i>Pennpusorn</i></p>	<p><b><u>Can Yffarn (Richard's Cornish)</u></b></p> <p>1. Eghan! Ha gothvos na wra den. Pygemmys bos agan anken Galarow hy agan bos tyn abarth an Tas gwereseugh dhyn <i>Refrain</i> Breder kerens ha cufyon wyn, abarth an Tas coleugh orthyn Abarth an Tas gwereseugh dhyn</p> <p>2. Gwreugh perthy cof a'gas tas ha mam, aberth yn yffarn yn cres am flam Ow map, ow myrgh, ogh cleweugh dhym abarth an Tas gwereseugh dhyn <i>Refrain</i></p> <p>3. A dhyndyl trueth agan Tas whansek on-ny y'n jeth ha nos Dre alusen a gufyon wyn, abarth an Tas gwereseugh dhyn <i>Refrain</i></p>
<p><b><u>Song Of Hell (English)</u></b></p> <p>1. Alas! Let no one know how much pain we have We have such pains for the love of god help us <i>Refrain</i> Brothers, friends and loved ones for the love of god listen to us For God's sake help us</p> <p>2. Don't forget your father and mother in purgatory among the flames My son, my daughter, oh listen to me for the love of god help us <i>Refrain</i></p> <p>3. We want to win the pity of our Father, day and night By charity, oh dear love, for God's sake help us <i>Refrain</i></p>	<p><b><u>Chanson d'Infer (French)</u></b></p> <p>1. Hèlas! Que personne ne sais combien de douleur nous avons, Nous avons de tells douleurs pour l'amour de dieu aidez-nous <i>Refrain</i> Freres, amis et biens aimés pour l'amour de dieu écoutez-nous, Pour l'amour de dieu aidez-nous</p> <p>2. N'oubliez-pas votre père and mère au purgatoire parmi les flames, Mon fils, ma fille, oh écoutez-moi pour l'amour de dieu aidez-nous <i>Refrain</i></p> <p>3. Nous voulons gagner la pitié de notre Père, jours et nuit, Par Charité oh bien aimes, pour l'amour de dieu aidez-nous <i>Refrain</i></p>



## 6. An Hos Los Coth – The Old Grey Duck

CD1, Track 6

Traditional

Translation: Richard Gendall

**♩ = 96**      E ♭      E ♭      B ♭      E ♭

1. An hos los coth a la - dras hy nyth lla scu - sy en - os y'n pras: Lla'n  
 2. Deu oy cok o. hag o - nen trogh, ha sco - nys y a ve Ha'n  
 3. Ha myns nag o na cook na trogh, mu - ske - gys o re'm tros! Nyns  
 4. Y'n sky - ber ny a'n gor def - fry, ha'y gel - my orth an ar, An

5      E ♭      E ♭      B ♭      E ♭

hey - jy - gow o hep myn na lost, pan dhu - thons - y yn - mes Pan  
 hey - jy - gow len - ky ny's te - vo, y farw - sons sket, re'm fe Y  
 en - sy harth yn - fas na - moy dre'n plys - ken - now dhe dhos Dre'n  
 hey - jy - gow y a's tev - yth dre hap ha lost ha myn hep par! Ha

9      B ♭      E ♭      B ♭

dhu - thons - y yn - mes pan dhu - thons - y yn - mes lla'n  
 farw - sons sket, re'm fe y farw - sons sket, re'm fe ha'n  
 plys - ken - now dhe dhos dre'n plys - ken - now dhe dhos nyns  
 lost ha myn hep par ha lost ha myn hep par an

14      E ♭      B ♭      E ♭

hey - jy - gow o hep myn na lost, pan dhu - thons - y yn - mes  
 hey - jy - gow len - ky ny's te - vo, y farw - sons sket, re'm fe  
 en - sy harth yn - fas na - moy dre'n plys - ken - now dhe dhos  
 hey - jy - gow y a's te - vyth dre hap ha lost ha myn hep par!

hey - jy - gow o hep myn na lost, pan dhu - thons - y yn - mes  
 hey - jy - gow len - ky ny's te - vo, y farw - sons sket, re'm fe  
 en - sy harth yn - fas na - moy dre'n plys - ken - now dhe dhos  
 hey - jy - gow y a's te - vyth dre hap ha lost ha myn hep par!

A Cornish language version of a much-loved traditional favourite in Cornwall; the ancient dialect song 'The Old Grey Duck' can be found in Ralph Dunstan's *Songbook*<sup>7</sup>, and is much sung in clubs and pub 'shouts'. This is Richard's version of the Cornish translation – there are others.

<sup>7</sup> Ralph Dunstan's *'Cornish Dialect & Folk Song'*; Ascherberg, Hopwood and Crew, London, 1932, p4

The song in Cornish appeared on Brenda's fourth album, 'Crowdy Crawn', the only one she produced with Richard Gendall. It is introduced by Brenda and Richard having a conversation in Cornish:

*Traditional; Cornish translation: ©Richard Gendall*

*Arrangement / Aray: Brenda Wootton; Guitarist: Richard Gendall.*

B. Klew! Lemmyn my a garsa kana kan hwarthus ...	B. Clew! Lemmyn my a garsa cana can wharthus...
R. Teg! Pynyl yw honna?	R. Tek! Pynyl yu honna?
B. 'An hos loos koth'	B. 'An hos los coth'
R. Ya! Didhan yw honna, heb flows. Parys owgh hwi?	R. Ya! Dydhan yu honna, hep flows. Parys ough-why?
B. Ov	B. Of
R. Ytho ... war-yew!	R. Ytho ... war-yew!

B. Look here! Now I would like to sing a comic song...  
 R. Fine! Which one is that?  
 B. 'The old grey duck'.  
 R. Oh yes! That's an amusing one, for sure. Ready are you?  
 B. I am  
 R. Well then... on the yoke! (stand by!)

<b><u>An Hos Loos Koth (SWF)</u></b>	<b><u>An Hos Los Coth (Richard's Cornish)</u></b>
1.	1.
An hos loos koth a ladras hy nyth ha skeusi enos y'n pras; Ha'n heyjygow o heb min na lost, pan dheuthons i yn mes, Pan dheuthons i yn mes, pan dheuthons i yn mes, ha'n heyjygow o heb min na lost, pan dheuthons i yn mes.	An hos los coth a ladras hy nyth lla scusy enos y'n pras; Ha'n heyjygow o hep myn na lost, pan dhuthons-y ynmes, Pan dhuthons-y ynmes, pan dhuthons-y ynmes, lla'n heyjygow o hep myn na lost, pan dhuthons-y ynmes.
2.	2.
Dew oy koog o, hag onan trogh, ha skonys i a veu, Ha'n heyjygow lenki ny's tevo, y farwsons sket, re'm fe Y farwsons sket, re'm fe, y farwsons sket, re'm fe, Ha'n heyjygow lenki ny's tevo, y farwsons sket, re'm fe.	Deu oy cok o, hag onen trogh, ha sconys y a ve, Ha'n heyjygow lenky ny's tevo, y farwsons sket, re'm fe Y farwsons sket, re'm fe, y farwsons sket, re'm fe, Ha'n heyjygow lenky ny's tevo, y farwsons sket, re'm fe.
3.	3.
Ha myns nag o na koog na trogh, muskegys o re'm tros! Nyns ens i harth yn fas namoy dre'n plyskennow dhe dhos. Dre'n plyskennow dhe dhos, dre'n plyskennow dhe dhos,	Ha myns nag o na cok na trogh, muskegys o re'm tros! Nyns ens-y harth yn-fas namoy dre'n plyskennow dhe dhos. Dre'n plyskennow dhe dhos, dre'n plyskennow dhe dhos,

Nyns ens i harth yn fas namoy dre'n plyskennow dhe dhos.

4.

Y'n skiber ny a'n gorr deffri, ha'y gelmi orth an ar;  
An heyjygow y a's tevydh dre happ ha lost ha min heb par!  
Ha lost ha min heb par, ha lost ha min heb par,  
An heyjygow y a's tevydh dre happ ha lost ha min heb par!

Nyns ens-y harth yn-fas namoy dre'n plyskennow dhe dhos.

4.

Y'n skyber ny a'n gor deffry, ha'y gelmy orth an ar;  
An heyjygow y a's tevyth dre hap ha lost ha myn hep par!  
Ha lost ha myn hep par, ha lost ha myn hep par,  
An heyjygow y a's tevyth dre hap ha lost ha myn hep par!

**The Old Grey Duck (Cornish Dialect)**

1.

The old grey duck she stole her nest and lay down in the field  
And when the young wons they come forth, they had no tails nor beels...  
They had no tails nor beels, they had no tails nor beels  
And when the young wons they come forth, they had no tails nor beels.

2.

Now won was 'addled and won was brock, and they, they thraved away.  
The young wons cudden clunk nor swem, they all died that same day.  
They all died that same day, they all died that same day,  
The young wons cudden clunk nor swem, they all died that same day.

3.

Now them that wadden addled nor brock, they dedn know what to do,  
They dedn even 'ave the sense to chaw their shells right through.  
To chaw their shells right through, to chaw their shells right through.  
They dedn even 'ave the sense to chaw their shells right through.

4.

Next time we'll put 'er in the barn and tie 'er by the 'eels,  
The young wons then will have a chance, to grow their tails and beels.  
To grow their tails and beels, to grow their tails and beels,  
The young wons then will have a chance, to grow their tails and beels.



## 7. Delyo Syvy – Leaves of Strawberries

CD 1, Track 7

Traditional

Arrangement: Brenda Wootton

**♩ = 120**

1. Py le es - owgh hwi ow mos mowes fet - tow teg? Gans  
 2. Gwra y mos gen - owgh hwi mowes fet - tow teg?  
 3. Fat - la kwra vy a - gas gor - ra hwi yn dor?  
 4. Fat - la kwra vy a - gas dri hwi gans flogh?  
 5. Plw a vyn - na hwi ka - vas rag si - ra rag - 'gas flogh?  
 6. Pan - dra vyn - na hwi ka - vos rag len - now rag - 'gas flogh?

3 a - gas penndu ha 'gas blew me - lyn. My ow mos dhe'n fen - ten,  
 My Gw - ra mar myn - nowgh. hwi,  
 My 'vynn se - vel ar - ta,  
 My 'vynn y dhon  
 Hwi 'wra bos y si - ra,  
 Y si - ra vydh tre - gher,

6 syr - ra hweg. Rag del - yow se - vi 'wra mo - wy - si teg.

Something of a rarity, and hence known by many – Delyo Syvy (Leaves of Strawberries) is the only traditional song known in the Cornish language, and the lyrics date back to the 17th century. The tune to an English version of the lyrics was given to Rev Baring Gould in 1891 by James Olver of Launceston. Baring Gould realised the connection with the Cornish version and published the two together in *Songs of the Four Nations*, in 1893. However, it was Cornish composer Inglis Gundry who arranged the song and brought it to a wider audience with his Cornish folk song collection 'Canow Kernow' in 1960. It's provenance is fully explained on the Cornwall National Music Archive by Merv Davey.<sup>8</sup>

The theme: the courtship, with euphemisms, of a young woman who then may become pregnant, is a universal one known for centuries. Brenda was introduced to the song by Richard in 1973, and sang it that year at Killarney Festival, at Harlech and at the Kertalg Festival in Brittany, accompanied by Dik Cadbury. It became one of the most popular Cornish language songs in her repertoire.

It was first recorded by Brenda on her album 'Pamplemousse' with Robert Bartlett, produced by Barclay in France (920.475) in 1974, again on 'Starry Gazey Pie' with Robert on Sentinel Records (SENS 1031) in 1975, and finally on Brenda's compilation of Sentinel LPs, 'Way Down to Lamorna' on Sentinel Records (SENS1056) in 1984. A version with Cornish baritone Ben Luxon (and musician Neil Davey) can be seen on 'Noswyth Lowen' recorded in Penzance in 1983, now available on Youtube, with 'bouncy ball' lyrics.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>8</sup> <https://cornishnationalmusicarchive.co.uk/content/delyow-sevi/>

<sup>9</sup> <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RGW0bQJKQkQ>

<b><u>Delyow Sevi – Hengovek (SWF)</u></b>	<b><u>Delyow Sevi (Kernewek Kemmyn)</u></b>
<p>1. Py le esowgh hwi ow mos, mowes fettow teg? Gans agas penn du ha 'gas blew melyn. My ow mos dhe'n fenten, syrra hweg, Rag delyow sevi 'wra mowysi teg.</p>	<p>1. Ple'th esowgh-hwi ow-mos, mowes vludh ha teg Gans agas bejeth gwynn, ha'gas blew melyn? My a vynn mos dhe'n venten, syrra hweg Rag delyow sevi a wra mowesi teg.</p>
<p>2. Gwra vy mos genowgh hwi, mowes fettow teg? Gans agas penn du ha 'gas blew melyn. Gwra mar mynnowgh hwi, syrra hweg, Rag delyow sevi 'wra mowysi teg.</p>	<p>2. A allav-vy mos genowgh hwi, mowes, vludh ha teg Gans agas bejeth gwynn, ha'gas blew melyn? Gwrewgh mar mynnowgh-hwi, syrra hweg Rag delyow sevi a wra mowesi teg.</p>
<p>3. Fatla kwrav vy agas gorra hwi yn dor? Gans agas penn du ha 'gas blew melyn. My 'vynn sevel arta, syrra hweg, Rag delyow sevi 'wra mowysi teg.</p>	<p>3. Fatel vydh mar kwrav-vy agas gorra-hwi y'n dor, Gans agas bejeth gwynn, ha'gas blew melyn? My a vynn sevel arta, syrra hweg, Rag delyow sevi a wra mowesi teg.</p>
<p>4. Fatla kwrav vy agas dri hwi gans flogh? Gans agas penn du ha 'gas blew melyn. Me 'vynn y dhon, syrra hweg, Rag delyow sevi 'wra mowysi teg.</p>	<p>4. Fatel vydh mar kwrav-vy agas dri-hwi gans flogh, Gans agas bejeth gwynn, ha'gas blew melyn? My a vynn y dhoen, syrra hweg, Rag delyow sevi a wra mowesi teg.</p>
<p>5. Piw a vynna hwi kavas rag sira rag'gas flogh? Gans agas penn du ha 'gas blew melyn. Hwi 'wra bos y sira, syrra hweg, Rag delyow sevi 'wra mowysi teg.</p>	<p>5. Piw a vynnnowgh-hwi kavoes rag syrra rag'as flogh, Gans agas bejeth gwynn, ha'gas blew melyn? Hwi a vydh y syrra, syrra hweg, Rag delyow sevi a wra mowesi teg.</p>
<p>6. Pandra vynna hwi kavos rag lennow rag 'gas flogh? Gans agas penn du ha 'gas blew melyn. Y sira vydh tregher, syrra hweg, Rag delyow sevi 'wra mowysi teg.</p>	<p>6. Pandr'a vynnnowgh-hwi kavoes rag lennow rag'as flogh Gans agas bejeth gwynn, ha'gas blew melyn? Y das a vydh tregher, syrra hweg Rag delyow sevi a wra mowesi teg.</p>

**Leaves of Strawberries (English)**

1.

Where are you going, pretty maid,  
with your dark face and your yellow hair?  
I'm going to the spring, kind sir,  
for strawberry leaves make maidens fair.

2.

I'll go with you, pretty maid,  
with your dark face and your yellow hair?  
If you want to, kind sir,  
for strawberry leaves make maidens fair.

3.

What if I get you on the ground, pretty maid,  
with your dark face and your yellow hair?  
I'll jump up again, kind sir,  
for strawberry leaves make maidens fair.

4.

What if I get you with child, pretty maid,  
with your dark face and your yellow hair?  
I will bear him, kind sir,  
for strawberry leaves make maidens fair.

5.

Who will you get to be the father for your child,  
pretty maid,  
with your dark face and your yellow hair?  
You will be his father, kind sir,  
for strawberry leaves make maidens fair.

6.

What will you do for clothes for your child,  
with your dark face and your yellow hair?  
His father will be a tailor, kind sir,  
for strawberry leaves make maidens fair.



*'Motherhood' by Newlyn artist Walter Langley, c.1900*

## 8. Lul Ha Lay – Lullaby

CD 1, Track 8

Traditional

$\text{♩} = 120$

Hush - a - bye, my lit - tle crumb, the sheep are far from home; the  
cows are to the. far, far field, and won't be back 'til noon. Lul  
ha lay, brew - yo - nen. vas an de - ves pell res eth; an bu - ghas us y'n.  
pras, ny wra dos tre kens han - ter - deth.

'Hush-a-bye', as it was known, has been traced back to the mid-1800s from the Wills family in Anthony, St Germans, in North Cornwall. Charlotte Ann Wills, the daughter of a farmer, later worked as a nursemaid to one Helen Hichens, born in 1865 in Northampton. Helen then moved down to Cornwall and sent the 'very pleasing little cradle song', as it was called, to the Old Cornwall Society, and it was published in their Journal in 1927, described as a 'Cornish croon'.

In 1966, Inglis Gundry republished the lullaby in his 'Canow Kernow', 'written in  $\frac{3}{4}$  time with that rocking quality lullabies have'<sup>10</sup>. In the 1970s, Richard Gendall transcribed the lyrics into Cornish, and it was recorded on Brenda and Richard's Cornish language LP, 'Crowdy Crawn', published by Sentinel Records (SENS 1016) in 1973, described as 'traditional'.

The momentum for an exclusively Cornish language album came from Irene Morris, wife of Sentinel Records producer Job Morris, at a production meeting in 1971 – but at that time, there was scant material available. The sleeve notes for Crowdy Crawn explain:

*"Meanwhile, Brenda had met Richard... she wanted to learn the Cornish language, and sing the traditional songs of the County (sic) in her rightful tongue. Richard had a burning ambition to bring Cornish into much wider use, and found in Brenda the pupil all teachers dream of. He also had lots of material available – the work of many years..."*

Another version of this was later recorded on an EP of Celtic lullabies: 'Berceuses Celtes des Iles Britanniques'. This was a special edition of a 45rpm EP, produced by Le Chante du Monde in Paris

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<sup>10</sup> Information taken from the Hypatia Trust's 'Women in Cornish Music' project, due to be published in 2021

in July 1981, now very rare, with the most extravagant pop-up cover art. The EP has 2 lullabies on each side, each one taken from a different Celtic country, including Cornwall, Wales, Isle of Man, and Scotland. The guitarist was David King, and the EP was recorded at John Knight's Studio at Coverack in Cornwall. The Cornish group 'Dalla' also recorded the song on their 'More Salt' CD in 2004. This is another song introduced with a conversation in Cornish between Brenda and Richard.

*Transcribed into Cornish & accompanied by ©Richard Gendall;  
Arrangement / Aray: Brenda Wootton*

**Spoken (SWF/Richard's Cornish):**

R. Lemmyn ni a dalvia kana rag an fleghes.	R. Lemmyn ny a dalvya cana rag an fleghes.
B. Kana hungan a wrama?	B. Cana hungan a wrama?
R. Mes honna a wra aga gorra yn kusk!	R. Mes honna a wra aga gorra yn-cusk!
B. Hy yw dhe well! Ena ni a'gan bydh kres!	B. Hy yu dhe well! Ena ny a'gan byth cres!
R. Kemmer dha rewl dha honan!	R. Kemer dha rewl dha honen!
R. Now we should sing for the children.	
B. Sing a lullaby, shall I?	
R. But that will send them to sleep!	
B. So much the better! Then we shall have some peace!	
R. As you wish!	

<b><u>Lul ha Lay (Sung – SWF)</u></b>	<b><u>Lul ha Lay (Sung – Richard's Cornish)</u></b>
Lul ha lay, brewyonen vas, an deves pell res eth; an bughes eus y'n pras, ny wra dos tre kens hanterdydh.	Lul ha lay, brewyonen vas, an deves pell res eth; an bughas us y'n pras, ny wra dos tre kens hanterdeth.

<p>Hush-a-bye, my little crumb, the sheep are far from home; the cows are to the far, far field, and won't be home till noon.</p>
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**Spoken (SWF)**

B. Ottahy!  
R. Ogh! Henn yw brav!  
B. Gwell yw yn Kernewek; klew...  
R. Da.

B. There she is!  
R. Oh! That's fine!  
B. Better it is in Cornish, listen...  
R. Right.

R. Ogh! Hen yw pur dha, Brenda, pur dha!

**Spoken (Richard's Cornish)**

B. Ottahy!  
R. Ogh! Hen yu braf!  
B. Gwell yu yn Kernewek; clew...  
R. Da.

R. Ogh! Henn yw pur dha, Brenda, pur dha!

R. O! That's very good, Brenda, very good!



## 9. Hedheugh E Enough! – Take it away!

Performed by Hilary Coleman & Neil Davey

CD1: Track 9

Music & Lyrics: Richard Gendall

Arrangement: Hilary Coleman & Neil Davey

Intro ♩ = 60 then ♩ = 108

The musical score is written in 4/4 time. It consists of five staves of music. The first staff is the introduction, starting with a tempo of 60 and changing to 108. The second staff begins the main melody. The third staff continues the melody and includes a repeat sign. The fourth staff continues the melody. The fifth staff concludes the piece with a 'Rit.' marking and a final chord.

Am Am5 G Am Am C Am Am Am5 G Am  
He - dheugh é ge - nough! Ha - la war an lo - van, sós! He - dheugh é ge - nough!

4 Am Am3 G Am Am Am5 G Am Am C Am  
Keugh, keugh dý, keugh dý, keugh! He - deugh é ge - nough! Ha - la war an lo - van, sós!

7 Am Am5 G Am G Am C  
He - deugh é ge - nough! Nans ũ - sy - hý ow tós! Gor - reugh a - gas dyw - la yn - ny,

10 Am C  
ha - la war an lo - van, sós! Gor - reugh a - gas dyw - la yn - ny,

12 Am Rit. Am Am5 G Am  
keugh, keugh dý, keugh dý, keugh! He - dheugh é ge - nough!

Richard wrote so many songs for Brenda – over 460 – she would never have had the time to learn and perform them all. I was thrilled to hear from the talented Hilary Coleman that she would love to record one of these unknown songs to add to our recorded collection, accompanied by her equally talented musician husband, Neil Davey. Hilary has been a member of several bands, including the hugely-respected and much-missed Dalla, and is a fine clarinettist, singer and choir leader, having led many musical projects within Cornwall, including the terrific group, the Red River Singers. She is currently leader of the Hypatia Trust’s valuable research project, ‘Women in Cornish Music – Past and Present’.

Sadly, some of those unrecorded, unperformed songs are now lost, the original practice tapes of Richard’s corrupt, paperwork or lyrics lost... but we are eager to preserve and restore what we do have, to bring them out into the public domain for the first time. The song we have chosen for Hilary, ‘Hedheugh a Enough’, or ‘Take It Away!’, is a lively and very Breton sounding ‘round’ – a sea shanty, a work-related rhythmic encouragement to ‘haul on the ropes’.

Just to be clear, Hedheugh E Enough was never sung or recorded by Brenda, but was written by Richard Gendall and given to Brenda, probably in the late 1970s. Richard added that it could be

repeated ad lib, and recommends beginning with the fisherman's counting rhyme: 'Onen, deu, try...' etc, or 'War yew!' (Stand by!). On his practice tape, Richard starts with this chant:

*Words & Music / Ilow ha geryow: ©Richard Gendall*

*Arrangement & vocals / Aray ha levow: Hilary Coleman & Neil Davey; Neil plays bouzuki, Hilary plays Indian harmonium, 2021*

<b><u>Hedheugh E Enough! (SWF)</u></b>	<b><u>Hedheugh E Enough! (Richard's Cornish)</u></b>
<p><i>"Briel, mata! ... kynsa... nessa... tressa... peswera... pypmes... heghves... seythves... All a-scrawl! All along the line-oh!"</i></p>	<p><i>"Bryal, mata! ... kensa... nessa... tressa... beswera... pypmus... wheffes... seythes... All a-scrawl! All along the line-oh!"</i></p>
<p>Hedhewgh e genowgh! Hala war an lovan, sos Hedhewgh e genowgh! Kewgh, kewgh di, kewgh di, kewgh!</p>	<p>Hedheugh e enough! Hala war an lovan, sos Hedheugh e enough! Keugh, keugh dy, keugh dy, keugh!</p>
<p>Hedhewgh e genowgh! Nans usi hi ow tos!</p>	<p>Hedheugh e enough! Nans usy-hy ow tos!</p>
<p>Gorrewgh agas diwla ynni, Hala war an lovan, sos Gorrewgh agas diwla ynni Kewgh, kewgh di, kewgh di, kewgh!</p>	<p>Gorreugh agas dwyla ynni, Hala war an lovan, sos Gorreugh agas dwyla ynni Keugh, keugh dy, keugh dy, keugh!</p>

<b><u>Take it Away! (English)</u></b>	
<p><i>Mackerel, mate! First, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh... All a-scrawl! All along the line-oh!</i></p>	<p>Take it away! Now she's a-coming!</p>
<p>Take it away! Haul on the rope, comrades!</p>	<p>Put your hands to it! Haul on the rope, comrades!</p>
<p>Take it away! Go, go to it, go to it, go!</p>	<p>Put your hands to it! Go, go to it, go to it, go!</p>



*Mackerel, courtesy of St Just artist Nicholas Smith*

## 10. Marya – Mary

CD 1, Track 10

Music & Lyrics: Richard Gendall

Arrangement: Brenda Wootton

$\text{♩} = 70$

1. Ma - ry - a, oh Ma - ry a, Prag y fer - sy - sta mar. scon, An -

5 hewl whathu - sy ow splan - na, H'an. nos na wheth ny dheth, co - lon, H'an.

9 nos na wheth ny dheth. 2. Ock ca - les yu cow - ve - dhes, Bos -

14 ran ke - me - res dhe ves, Ha ran ha dryg yn - tre co - lon, Ha my a dryg yn -

19 tre, co - lon, Ha my a dryg yn - tre. 3. A tal bos braf. ha co - sel, E -

25 no war lan an hayl, H'an gel - vyn - o - gas prest agry, Ha

29 mar - thus sqyth om - ma co - lon, Ha mar - thus sqyth om - ma.

This beautiful song was written for Richard's elder sister Mary – mother of Geoff and Jonathon March, two long-standing members of the Cheltenham band Decameron (a much-loved group at Piper's Folk Club), as well as daughter, Jenifer. Geoff, the youngest, has given me the following information about his mother:

*'Mary Cecilia Brailsford March nee Gendall, died tragically young, from cancer, in 1968 at the age of 49. I was 19 at the time, Jonathan 21 and sister Jenifer 23. Mary was the eldest (Dick came third) of the 4 children of The Rev Philip Parsons Watkins Gendall and his wife Evelyn. She married my Dad in 1944 and left the family home, which was then the vicarage at St Winnow. Dad was a teacher (up country, mostly in Surrey) and on his retirement in 1965 they finally moved back to Cornwall (St Tudy - Jonathan now lives in the same house), with Mum dying about 3 years later. Dad, who was 13 years older than her, lived on for another 20 years. They were completely devoted to each other - I don't recall ever hearing them say a cross word to each other (or perhaps they were very good at hiding it!). Dick (Richard Roscow Morris Gendall 12.4.1924 - 12.9.2017) was six years younger than his sister Mary yet outlived her by almost half a century.*



*Mary and Richard, c. 1940*

*Going back to St Winnow: although they moved to 2 other Cornish parishes subsequently, it was the pivotal place in the family's history, quite profoundly so really. It is a supremely affecting place, and the hamlet, at the end of a long dead-end lane, still remains little more than the church (with churchyard bounded by the river), adjacent boathouse, farmhouse and farm buildings, a couple of farm cottages, and*

*the big Georgian vicarage. Richard kept his boat on the tidal water there for years. Mum is buried in the churchyard, and the last verse of Marya references this exquisitely.*

*The poem was written about Mary, but as if in the words of our dad. They were both very keen (and knowledgeable) gardeners and the second verse references that shared love.'*

'Marya', a song of grief for a wife lost too young, was written in the early 1970s, and first appeared on 'Pamplemousse' produced by Barclay in France (920.475) in 1973, with Robert Bartlett accompanying.

(NB Richard's Cornish was unavailable for this track, so we are grateful to Pol for creating the SWF lyrics from the English here)

*Words & Music / Geryow & ilow: ©Richard Gendall  
Arrangement / Aray: Brenda Wootton*

<b><u>Maria (SWF)</u></b>	<b><u>Mary (English)</u></b>
1.	1.
Ogh Maria, ogh Maria, Prag y fersys ta mar skon Ha'n howl ow splanna omma hwath Ha'n nos na jydh ny dheuth, kolon Ha'n nos na jydh ny dheuth	Oh Mary, and oh Mary, why did you die so soon The sun is still a-shining And the night not yet has come, my dear, And the night not yet has come.
2.	2.
Niwl lowarth dhiso jy hweg Glesin hag avalannek My a wra aga gwitha i Ha ni war-barth arta, kolon	The garden mist was dear to you The lawn, the orchard too I'll keep them neat as e'er they were Until we meet again my dear

<p>Ha ni war-barth arta</p> <p style="text-align: center;">3.</p> <p>Prys berr my a'th aswon jy, po dell hevel dhymmo vy Mes, ogh! joy an euryow lowen pan esen ni war-barth, kolon pan esen ni war-barth</p> <p style="text-align: center;">4.</p> <p>Ogh kales yw konvedhes Bos rann kemerys dhe ves Ha bos rann gesys warlergh, kolon Ha rann ha dri dhyn tre, kolon, Ha rann ha dri dhyn tre.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">5.</p> <p>Y tal bos brav ha kosel Ena war lann an heyl Ha'n gelvinoges prest a gri Ha marthys skwith ov vy, kolon Ha marthys skwith ov vy</p>	<p>Until we meet again.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">3.</p> <p>So short a time I knew you, or so it seems to me, But, oh! The joy of blissful hours When we together were, my dear When we together were.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">4</p> <p>Oh, hard it is to understand that one has gone away And one remains behind, my dear And I remain behind, my dear And I remain behind.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">5</p> <p>It must be fine and peaceful, the river down beside, And the curlews ever calling... And wondrous tired am I, my dear, And wondrous tired am I.</p>
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*Geoff's two young children walking down through St Winnow Churchyard in 1988, with flowers for their grandmother Mary's grave; Richard's boat Alaragh is in the distance.*

# 11. Ughelvar – Mistletoe

CD 1, Track 11

Music & Lyrics: Richard Gendall

Arrangement: Brenda Wootton

**♩ = 50**

Fm Cm A♭ Cm B♭m C Fm E♭

U - ghel - var, glas dhadhel, gwyn dha.run vel rew, Py - gem - mys

U - ghel - var, glas dhadhel, gwyn dha.run vel rew, Py - gem - mys

6 A♭ Fm Cm Fm A♭ E♭

py - stry awreth ha ty yncrok a - ugh!\_

py - stry awreth ha ty yncrok a ugh!\_ 1.Scaf y go - lon pup map-bron

11 Fm Cm D♭ A♭ Fm Cm Fm

yn-dantos u - ghel-var, soon, Am-ma dh'y vel-der a wra frethha dy - son\_

17 Fm Cm A♭ Cm B♭m C

La la la la la la la la la la la lo, la la la la la

U - ghel - var, glas dhadhel, gwyn dha.run vel rew, Py -

23 Fm G D♭ Fm Cm C Fm

la la la la la la la la la la la lo\_

gem - mys py - stry awreth ha ty yncrok a ugh!\_

27 A $\flat$  E $\flat$  Fm Cm D $\flat$  A $\flat$   
 2.Prys Na-de - lek lo-wen yu, pup yu jo - lyf, pup yubew, Na ve un gwak-ter a -  
 2.Prys Na-del - lek lo-wen yu, pup yu jo - lyf, pup yubew, Na ve un gwak-ter a -

33 Fm Cm Fm Fm Cm A $\flat$  Cm B $\flat$ m  
 ber - thyn-nof mayth us... U - ghel-var, glas dhadhel, gwyn dha,run vel  
 ber - thyn-nof mayth us... U - ghel-var, glas dhadhel, gwyn dha,run vel

39 C Fm E $\flat$  A $\flat$  Fm Cm Fm  
 rew... Py - gem - mys pys - try awreth ha ty yn crok a - ugh!...  
 rew... Py - gem - mys pys - try awreth ha ty yn crok a - ugh!...

This sweeping, lyrical song was recorded by Brenda on her last album – Seagull, with the accompaniment of Praze Male Voice Choir and guitarist Chris Newman in 1990, and produced by Vogue, France (VG406). Sadly, the record was never properly released, as Brenda suffered a stroke during the final recording. As she wasn't then able to finally complete the work, and was also unable to undertake the anticipated promotional tour, her French agent just brought out a handful of copies and did no promotion at all – to the extent of not even naming the musicians and technicians responsible or indeed, naming the album and designing the sleeve as Brenda had wished, much to her distress.

Ughelvar is Cornish for Mistletoe, and this song has always held a wintry, Christmas feel for me. Consequently, I included this recording of it on the 'Brenda at Christmas' CD we brought out in 2017 (BWCD2).

*Words & Music / Geryow hag ilow: ©Richard Gendall*

*Arrangement / Aray: Brenda Wootton; Accompanied by Praze Male Voice Choir*

<p><b><u>Ughelvar (SWF)</u></b></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Refrain:</i></p> <p>Ughelvar, glas dha dhel, gwynn dha reun 'vel rew, Pygemmys pystri a wredh ha ty yn krog a-ugh!</p> <p style="text-align: center;">1</p> <p>Skav y golon pub mab bronn yn-dann tos ughelvar, skon, Amma dh'y velder a wra freth ha dison</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Refrain</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">2</p> <p>Prys Nadelik lowen yw, peub yw jolyf, peub yw bew, Na veu unn gwagter a-berth ynnov mayth eus.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Refrain</i></p>	<p><b><u>Ughelvar (Richard's Cornish)</u></b></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Refrain</i></p> <p>Ughelvar, glas dha dhel, gwyn dha run vel rew, Pygemmys pystry a wreth-ha ty yn-crok a ugh!</p> <p style="text-align: center;">1</p> <p>Scaf y golon pup mapbron yndan tos ughelvar, scon, Amma dh'y velder a wra freth ha dyson</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Refrain</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">2</p> <p>Prys Nadelek lowen yu, pup yu jolyf, pup yu bew, Na ve un gwakter aberthynnof mayth us.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Refrain</i></p>
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<p><b><u>Mistletoe (English)</u></b></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Refrain:</i></p> <p>Mistletoe, green thy leaves, white thy berries like frost, How much magic doest thou – and thee hanging above!</p> <p style="text-align: center;">1</p> <p>Light his heart every fellow under a bunch of mistletoe, quickly,</p>	<p>Kisses his sweetheart does, eager and straightaway.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Refrain</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">2</p> <p>Time of Christmas happy is, each is jolly, each is lively, But for a certain emptiness inside me that there is.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Refrain</i></p>
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# 12. Kemer Ow Ro – Take My Gift

CD 1, Track 12

Words & Music: Richard Gendall

Arrangement: Brenda Wootton

$\text{♩} = 45$

Fm Fm C Fm C C Fm

1.Ys-tyn dha luf ha ke-mer ow ro, ke-mer ow ro, ke-mer ow ro  
 3.Ys-tyn dha luf ha ke-mer ow ro, ke-mer ow ro, ke-mer ow ro

5 A♭ D♭ E♭ C Fm C

1.Pyth yu an ro us lem - myn ge - nes? Dys-qua dha dhorn, ha gas dhymgwe - les.  
 3.Pyth yu an ro us lem - myn ge - nes? Dys-qua dha dhorn, ha gas dhymgwe - les.

9 Fm Fm C Fm C C Fm

Dhy-so y rof pel ar-ghans go - low, pel ar-ghans go - low, ar-weth ow bro.  
 Dhy-so y rof vy bar ky - ke - sow, bar ky - ke - sow, ar-weth ow bro.

13 Fm Fm C Fm C C Fm A♭

2.Pyth yu an ro us  
 4.Pyth yu an ro us

2.Ys-tyn dha luf ha ke-mer ow ro, ke-mer ow ro, ke-mer ow ro  
 4.Ys-tyn dha luf ha ke-mer ow ro, ke-mer ow ro, ke-mer ow ro.

18 D♭ E♭ C Fm C Fm

lem - myn ge - nes? Dys-qua dha dhorn, ha gas dhymgwe - les.  
 lem - myn ge - nes? Dys-qua dha dhorn, ha gas dhymgwe - les.

Dhy-so y rof - vy  
 Dhy-so y rof - vy

32 Fm C Fm C C Fm Fm

de - hen cro, de - hen cro, ar-weth ow bro. 5.Dun-ny war-bath, a -  
 sten an ba-low, sten an ba-low, ar-weth ow bro. 5.Dun-ny war-bath, a -

36 Fm C Fm C C Fm A♭

barth\_ Ker-now, a - barth\_ Ker-now, a - barth\_ Ker-now. Pyth yu an ro us  
 barth\_ Ker-now, a - barth\_ Ker-now, a - barth\_ Ker-now. Pyth yu an ro us

39 D♭ E♭m C Fm C Fm

lem - myn ge - nes? Pan-dr'yl-lyn ry dhe - dhy yn off - ryn? Dhe-dhy y ren co -  
 lem - myn ge - nes? Pan-dr'yl-lyn ry dhe - dhy yn off - ryn? Dhe-dhy y ren co -

34 Fm C Fm C C Fm

lon ca - ra - dow, co - lon ca - ra - dow, ar - weth an bro.  
 lon ca - ra - dow, co - lon ca - ra - dow, ar - weth an bro.

Another of the songs from Brenda and Richard's 'Crowdy Crawn' Cornish language album, 'Kemer Ow Ro', or 'Take My Gift', again begins as a conversation piece between the two. An appreciation of the virtues of Cornwall, the dialogue mentions some of the gifts the land has to offer, including a silver hurling ball, fresh cream, heather, and tin from the mines. And what can be given back to Cornwall in return? A loving heart...

*Words & music / Geryow & ilow: ©Richard Gendall*

*Arrangement / Aray: Brenda Wootton; Performers / Artydhyon: Brenda and Richard*

### Spoken (SWF / Richard's Cornish)

R. Ow, Brenda! Fatla genowgh hwi, ytho?  
B. Ow, sos! Da lowr... ha hwi agas honan?  
R. Da, grassa'Duw! Eus kan genowgh?  
B. Eus; yma kan vrvav genev. Onan nowydh yw.  
R. Py hanow yw?  
B. "Kemmer Ow Ro."  
R. Varia! My a dalvia aswon honna, koth.  
Deun yn-rag, ytho...

R. Ow, Brenda! Fatla genowgh-why, ytho?  
B. Ow, sos! Da lowr... ha why agas honen?  
R. Da, grassa'Dew! Us can genowgh?  
B. Us; yma can vrvav genev. Onen noweth yu.  
R. Py hanow yu?  
B. "Kemer ow ro."  
R. Varya! My a dalvya aswon honna, coth. Dun  
yn-rak, ytho...

R. Hullo, Brenda! How are you, then?  
B. Hullo, comrade! Good enough... and you yourself?  
R. Good, thank God! Got a song have you?  
B. I have; I've got a fine song. A new one 'tis.  
R. What's it called?  
B. "Take my gift."  
R. Oh! I should know that one, old friend. Let's go then...

<u>Kemmer Ow Ro (SWF)</u>	<u>Kemer Ow Ro (Richard's Cornish)</u>
1. Ystyn dha leuv, kemmer ow ro, kemmer ow ro, kemmer ow ro... Pyth yw an ro eus lemmyn genes? Diskwa dha dhorn, ha gas dhymm gweles. Dhiso y rov pel arghans golow, pel arghans golow, arwodh ow bro.	1. Ystyn dha luf kemer ow ro, kemer ow ro, kemer ow ro... Pyth yu an ro us lemmyn genes? Dysqua dha dhorn, ha gas dhym gweles. Dhyso y rof pel arghans golow, pel arghans golow, arweth ow bro.
2. Ystyn dha leuv kemmer ow ro, kemmer ow ro, kemmer ow ro Pyth yw an ro eus lemmyn genes? Diskwa dha dhorn, ha gas dhymm gweles. Dhiso y rov vy dehen kro, dehen kro. arwodh ow bro.	2. Ystyn dha luf kemer ow ro, kemer ow ro, kemer ow ro... Pyth yu an ro us lemmyn genes? Dysqua dha dhorn, ha gas dhym gweles. Dhyso y rof-vy dehen kro, dehen kro. arweth ow bro.
3. Ystyn dha leuv kemmer ow ro, kemmer ow ro, kemmer ow ro Pyth yw an ro us lemmyn genes? Diskwa dha dhorn ha gas dhymm gweles. Dhiso y rov vy barr kykesow, barr kykesow, arwodh ow bro.	3. Ystyn dha luf ha kemer ow ro, kemer ow ro, kemer ow ro... Pyth yu an ro us lemmyn genes? Dysqua dha dhorn ha gas dhym gweles. Dhyso y rof-vy bar kykesow, bar kykesow, arweth ow bro.
4. Ystyn dha leuv kemmer ow ro, kemmer ow ro, kemmer ow ro Pyth yw an ro eus lemmyn genes? Diskwa dha dhorn ha gas dhymm gweles.	4. Ystyn dha luf ha kemer ow ro, kemer ow ro, kemer ow ro... Pyth yu an ro us lemmyn genes? Dysqua dha dhorn ha gas dhym gweles.

<p>Dhiso y rov vy sten an balyow, sten an balyow, arwodh ow bro.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">5.</p> <p>Deun ni war-bath a-barth Kernow, a-barth Kernow, a-barth Kernow Pyth yw an ro eus genen lemmyn? Pandr' yllyn ri dhedhi yn offryn? Dhedhi y ren kolon-karadow, kolon-karadow, arwodh an vro.</p>	<p>Dhyso y rof-vy sten an balow, sten an balow, arweth ow bro.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">5.</p> <p>Dun-ny warbath abarth Kernow, abarth Kernow, abarth Kernow... Pyth yu an ro us genen lemmyn? Pandr'yllyn ry dhedhy yn offryn? Dhedhy y ren colon caradow, colon caradow, arweth an bro.</p>
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<p><b><u>Take My Gift (English)</u></b></p> <p style="text-align: center;">1.</p> <p>Stretch out thy hand and take my gift, take my gift, take my gift... What is the gift is now with thee? Show thy fist, and let me see. To thee I give a bright silver ball, emblem of my country.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">2.</p> <p>Stretch out thy hand and take my gift, take my gift, take my gift... What is the gift is now with thee? Show thy fist, and let me see. To thee I give fresh cream, fresh cream, emblem of my country.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">3.</p> <p>Stretch out thy hand and take my gift, take my gift, take my gift...</p>	<p>What is the gift is now with thee? Show thy fist, and let me see. To thee I give a sprig of heath, sprig of heath, emblem of my country.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">4.</p> <p>Stretch out thy hand and take my gift, take my gift, take my gift... What is the gift is now with thee? Show thy fist, and let me see. To thee I give tin of the mines, tin of the mines, emblem of my country.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">5.</p> <p>Come we together for Cornwall, for Cornwall, for Cornwall... What is the gift is with us now? What can we give to her as offering? To her we give a loving heart, loving heart, emblem of the country.</p>
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*Heather and tin  
- Levant Mine,  
aerial shot by  
Tim Pearson*

## 13. Onen Deu Try – One, Two, Three

CD 1, Track 13

Music & Lyrics: Richard Gendall

Arrangement: Brenda Wootton

**♩ = 140**

**Dm** **Am**

*On-en deu trý,* *on-en deu trý,* *prak y ken-yth ta on-en deu trý,* *on-en deu trý,*

*on-endeu trý,* *on-endeu trý,* *on-endeu trý,* *on-endeu trý*

1. An	týr	gwragh	mar	vél	yn - sý,
2. Ar	weth	ag	an	býrth	yn - sý,
3. Ken	trow	Cryst	y'n	grows	yn - sý,
4. Tas	ha	Mab	ha	Spý	- rýs yn - sý,
5. Pe	der,	Jam	- ys	ha	Jo - wan yn - sý,

*on-endeu trý,* *on-endeu trý?*

**Am**

*On-endeu trý,* *on-endeu trý,* *prak y ken-yth ta on-endeu trý,* *on-endeu trý,* *on-endeu trý?*

**Dm** *dim.*

6. Dhyn "Dew Gwe - res: A, B, C", *on-endeu trý,* *on-endeu trý,* *on-endeu trý,* *on-endeu trý.*

6. Dhyn "Dew Gwe res: A, B, C", *on-endeu trý,* *on-endeu trý,* *on-endeu trý,* *on-endeu trý.*

A teaching song for children, this was written for and included on the 'Children Singing' album, another requested project by Irene Morris of Sentinel Records, and was the only song on the LP in Cornish. Children from three schools were involved in the recording: Alverton, Ludgvan and St Mary's in Penzance. 'Onen Deu Try' emphasises the number of important things that come in threes. Richard says: '\*The 'A, B, C' of the last verse was 'God Speed'...the cross at top of the scholar's horn-book alphabet... this is as much as to say, 'here, help us with our A, B, C'.' 'Children Singing' was released in 1976 on Sentinel Records (SENS 1036), with Richard accompanying.

*Words & Music / Geryow & Ilow: @Richard Gendall*

*Arrangements / Aray: Brenda Wootton; Guitarist: Al Fenn*

<u>Onan, dew tri (SWF)</u>	<u>Onen Deu, Try (Richard's Cornish)</u>
<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Refrain</i></p> <p>Onan dew tri, onan dew tri, Prag y kenydh ta, onan dew tri, onan dew tri, onan dew tri?</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Refrain</i></p> <p>Onen deu try, onen deu try, Prak y kenyth-ta onen deu try, onen deu try, onen deu try?</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">1.</p> <p>An teyr gwragh mar fel yns i</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">1.</p> <p>An tyr gwragh mar vel ynsy</p>
<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Refrain</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">2.</p> <p>Arwodh agan berdh yns i</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Refrain</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">2.</p> <p>Arweth agan byrth ynsy</p>
<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Refrain</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">3.</p> <p>Kentrow Krist y'n grows yns i</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Refrain</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">3.</p> <p>Kentrow Cryst y'n grows ynsy</p>
<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Refrain</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">4.</p> <p>Tas ha Mab ha Spyrys yns i</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Refrain</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">4.</p> <p>Tas ha Mab ha Spyrys ynsy</p>
<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Refrain</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">5.</p> <p>Peder, Jamys ha Jowan yns i</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Refrain</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">5.</p> <p>Peder, Jamys ha Jowan ynsy</p>
<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Refrain</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">6.</p> <p>Dhyn 'Duw Gweres: A, B, C'*</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Refrain</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">6.</p> <p>Dhyn 'Dew Gweres: A, B, C'*</p>
<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Refrain</i></p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Refrain</i></p>

<u>One two three (English)</u>	
<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Refrain</i></p> <p>One two three, one two three, Why do you sing one two three, one two three, one two three?</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">3.</p> <p>The nails of Christ's cross are they</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Refrain</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">4.</p> <p>Father and Son and Spirit are they</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Refrain</i></p>
<p style="text-align: center;">1.</p> <p>The three witches so cunning are they</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">5.</p> <p>Peter, James and John are they</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Refrain</i></p>
<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Refrain</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">2.</p> <p>The sign of our bards are they</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">6.</p> <p>By for us 'God Help: A, B, C' *</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Refrain</i></p>
<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Refrain</i></p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Refrain</i></p>

# 14. An Duren – The Turtledove

CD 1, Track 14

Traditional Breton  
Cornish translation: Richard Gendall

♩ = 130

C C C F F C C G

1. Dy - wor - nes, dy - worth an myt - tyn, my a glew orth an  
2. Ha - na - ja 'wra nos ha deth gans an pon, an  
3. Pan - dra yu tu - ren yonk a dor - mant dha co -  
4. Gwe - les my a wruk mar - vel an du - ren mar yo -

1. Dy - wor - nes, dy - worth an myt - tyn, my a glew orth an  
2. Ha - na - ja 'wra nos ha deth gans an pon, an  
3. Pan - dra yu tu - ren yonk a dor - mant dha co -  
4. Gwe - les my a wruk mar - vel an du - ren mar yo -

7 C C C C C F F C C

y - dhyn Ow ca - na hag ow why - ba - na dhe ben an  
an - ken 'Vel nep gwe - dho - wes tru - an kel - lys gen -  
lon? Kel - lys yu dhym, yn meth - hy, ow her - yas  
wynk; Des - se - ghys qui thy ho - lon gans an

y - dhyn Ow ca - na hag ow why - ba - na dhe ben an  
an - ken 'Vel nep gwe - dho - wes tru - an kel - lys gen -  
lon? Kel - lys yu dhym, yn meth - hy, ow her - yas  
wynk; Des - se - ghys qui thy ho - lon gans an

14 G C C C C C G

gwyth e - se - dys Nyns us na - go - ren a - ne - dha  
sy hy den Das - son hy drem mor - e - thek  
lel ha len Mar na dhe an helgh - yas  
pon an tor - ment; Yu hy a - nal dy - weth - a

gwyth e - se - dys Nyns us na - go - ren a - ne - dha  
sy hy den Das - son hy drem mor - e - thek  
lel ha len Mar na dhe an helgh - yas  
pon an tor - ment; Yu hy a - nal dy - weth - a

21 C Dm G G C C C F F C

a vu - fyo ow ho - lon A - vel drem an du - ren whar  
a res dre an co - sow; Hy a vyth an try - sta can  
dhe'm gor - ra dhe'n mer - nans, My a ver - ow gans ga - lar  
wha'th hy a le - ve - rys; Dew ge - nes - ny mel - der lel

a vu - fyo ow ho - lon A - vel drem an du - ren whar  
a res dre an co - sow; Hy a vyth an try - sta can  
dhe'm gor - ra dhe'n mer - nans, My a ver - ow gans ga - lar  
wha'th hy a le - ve - rys; Dew ge - nes - ny mel - der lel

29 C G C C C G C C

owth o - la dh'y huf - co - lon La la la la la la la  
 yn mysk an y - dhyn  
 dhe'm mel - der whek prest lel  
 gans hem - ma hy a ver - wys

'An Duren' – The Turtledove... wild birds were a subject very close to Richard's heart. He planted his own wildlife reserve in Gwinear, and spent many happy hours there watching the wildlife visiting his trees and ponds. The song is a traditional one from Brittany, for which Richard has written a translation into Cornish. It appears on Brenda's 'La Grande Cornouaillaise' album, produced by Burlington Records (BURL007) in Hertfordshire in 1980 for the French market, with accompaniment by Dave Penhale.

*Traditional Breton song; Translation from Breton to Cornish: ©Richard Gendall (24/7/79)  
 Arrangement / Aray: Brenda Wootton; Guitarist: Dave Penhale*

<b><u>An Duren (SWF)</u></b>	<b><u>An Duren (Richard's Cornish)</u></b>
Dyworth nes, dyworth an myttyn, my a glew orth an ydhyn.	Dywornes, dyworth an myttyn, my a glew orth an ydhyn.
Ow kana hag ow hwibana dhe benn an gwydh esedhys,	Ow cana hag ow whybana dhe ben an gwyth esedys,
Nyns eus nagonan anedha a vufyo ow holon Avel drem an duren hwar owth ola dh'y huv-kolon.	Nyns us nagoren anedha a vufyo ow holon Avel drem an duren whar owth ola dh'y huf-colon.
2.	2.
Hanasa 'wra nos ha dydh gans an pon, ha anken,	Hanaja 'wra nos ha deth gans an pon, an anken,
'Vel neb gwedhowes truan kellys gensi hy den, Dason hy drem moredhek a res dre an kosow;	'Vel nep gwedhowes truan kellys gensi hy den, Dason hy drem morethek a res dre an cosow;
Hi a vydh an trista kan yn mysk an ydhyn.	Hy a vyth an trysta can yn mysk an ydhyn.
3.	3.
Pandra yw, turen yonk a dormant dha golon? Kellys yw dhymm, yn medh hi, ow heryas lel ha len,	Pandra yu, turen yonk a dormant dha colon? Kellys yu dhym, yn meth-hy, ow heryas lel ha len,
Mar ny dheu an helghyas dhe'm gorra dhe'n mernans,	Mar na dhe an helghyas dhe'm gorra dhe'n mernans,
My a verow gans galar dhe'm melder hweg prest lel.	My a verow gans galar dhe'm melder whek prest lel.
4.	4.
Gweles my a wrug mernans an duren mar yowynk;	



Desseghys kwit hy holon gans an pon an  
torment;  
Yw hy anal diwettha hwath hi a leveris;  
Duw genes sy melder lel gans hemma hi a  
verwys.

Gweles my a wruk marvel an duren mar  
yowynk;  
Desseghys qui jt hy holon gans an pon an  
torment;  
Yu hy anal dywetha wha'th hy a leverys;  
Dew genesny melder lel gans hemma hy a  
verwys.

**The Turtledove (English)**

Night and day, I listen to the birds  
Who sing and trill from the trees,  
Nothing touches my heart  
As much as the lament of the turtledove that  
weeps for her love.

2.

She sighs by night and day in pain and sorrow  
Like some grieving widow who has lost her  
man,  
The echo of her painful lament flows through  
the woods  
She is the most afflicted of all birds.

3.

What torments your heart, dove?  
I lost my faithful love...  
Unless the hunter arrives to kill me,  
I will die of sorrow for my sweet and faithful  
darling.

4.

I saw the youngster die  
Her heart desiccated from sorrow, pain;  
Of her last sigh she said again,  
Goodbye my dear follower, on which she  
died.



*Richard's sketch of his 'Sanctuary' at Gwinear, in a letter to Brenda from 1976 – 'I went down to the Sanctuary before starting my work, and about twenty teal flew up from the Big Pond...'*

# 15. Dus Tre – Come Home

CD 1, Track 15

Music & Lyrics: Richard Gendall

Arrangement: Brenda Wootton

**♩ = 160**

Am Am Am G Am Am Em Em

Dus tre, dus tre, ow mel - der; dus tre, dus tre, dhe - vy, Whuth

Dus tre, dus tre, ow mel - der; dus tre, dus tre, dhe - vy, Whuth

9 Am Am C C Am G Am Am Am

o - ma yowynk ha whan - sus, \*ha ty yu oll ow joy.

1. Y'n hens - horn  
2. Y se - vys  
3. Yth y - thaf -  
4. Y sco - dhys

o - ma yowynk ha whan - sus, \*ha ty yu oll ow joy.

19 Am Em Em F Dm Em G Am

y vy - a - jyes ha'n par - cow ow mos dres, Mes an ga - lar  
war "Go - dre - vy" ha clew - es uj an scra - was, Ha why - ster  
vy y'n de - veren dhe dhos er - byn an nos, Le may whre an  
yn yet par - kyn rag gwe - les an howl - sed - has, Mes an - gus

27 Dm Am G Am Am G D.S. al Fine  
G

a'th ty - berth - va ny dheth ha bos dhe le  
oil an dou - row del he - vel dhym the gows  
cos a - dro dhym ha - na - ja y'm co - lon  
a - gan ran sur ny as - sas dhym - mo cres

\* Repeat at end of final verse

A surprisingly upbeat sorrowful love song – stirring and wistful in turns. Dus Tre was recorded in 1983 by RCA Germany on the album ‘My Land’, with a host of musicians, including Chris Newman, the Phil King Trio, Rog & Gill Butler, John Knight (who produced a lovely CD of Brenda at Bobino in Paris, ‘All of Me!’), a few years ago) and Treviscoe Male Voice Choir. Godrevy is a coastal headland and an island lighthouse off the coast at Hayle in Cornwall, opposite St Ives Bay.

Words & Music / Geryow hag ilow: ©Richard Gendall

Arrangement / Aray: Brenda Wootton

<b><u>Deus Tre (SWF)</u></b>	<b><u>Dus Tre (Richard’s Cornish)</u></b>
<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Burdhen</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Deus tre, deus tre, ow melder; deus tre, deus tre dhe-vy</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Hwath yth ov yowynk ha hwansus, ha ty yw oll ow joy</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">1.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Chorus</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Dus tre, dus tre, ow melder; dus tre, dus tre dhe-vy</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Whuth oma yowynk ha whansus, ha ty yu oll ow joy</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">1.</p>
<p>Y'n hyns horn y vijayes ha'n parkow ow mos dres, Mes an galar a'th tyberthva ny dheeth ha bos dhe le,</p>	<p>Y'n henshorn y vyajyes ha'n parcow ow mos dres, Mes an galar a'th tyberthva ny dheth ha bos dhe le,</p>
<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Burdhen</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">2.</p> <p>Y sevys war "Godrevy" ha klewes us an skrawes, Ha hwyster oll an dowrow dell hevel dhymm dhe gows</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Chorus</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">2.</p> <p>Y sevys war "Godrevy" ha clewes uj an scrawas, Ha whyster oll an dourow del hevel dhym the gows</p>
<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Burdhen</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">3.</p> <p>Yth ythav vy y'n deveren dhe dhos er bynn an nos, Le may hwre an koos a-dro dhymm hanasa y'm kolon.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Chorus</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">3.</p> <p>Yth ythaf-vy y'n deveren dhe dhos erbyn an nos, Le may whre an cos adro dhym hanaja y'm colon.</p>
<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Burdhen</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">4.</p> <p>Y skoodhis yn yet parkyn rag gweles an howlsedhas, Mes angus a'gan rann sur ny assas dhymm kres.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Chorus</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">4.</p> <p>Y scodhys yn yet parkyn rag gweles an howlsedhas, Mes angus agan ran sur ny assas dhymm cres.</p>
<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Burdhen</i></p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Chorus</i></p>

**Come home (English)**

*Chorus*

Come home, come home, my  
darling, come home, come home to  
me,  
For I'm yet young and comely and  
you are all my joy

1.

I travelled on the railway and watched the  
fields go by,  
But the sorrow of our parting re-echoed all  
the way

*Chorus*

2.

I stood upon Godrevy and heard the sea birds  
cry

And the sighing of the water that ever seemed  
to say

*Chorus*

3.

I went into the valley to meet the gathering  
dark  
Where the woodlands all about me they  
murmured in my heart

*Chorus*

4

I leaned upon a field-gate to see the dying day  
But the pain of your departing, it would not  
let me be

*Chorus*



*Godrevy in a lumpy sea, photograph courtesy of Tim Pearson*

## 16. Kenavo Dewgenoughwhy – Goodbye, Goodbye

CD 1, Track 16

Music & Lyrics: Richard Gendall

Arrangement: Brenda Wootton

**♩ = 140**

Am Am C Dm Am Am **♯** Dm G

1. Au re - voir mon bel a - mi, ke - na - vo, dew - gen - ough - why,  
 2. Par les on - des je m'en vais,  
 3. Un es - prit m'ac - compagn - e,  
 4. At - tends moi un p'tit mo - ment,

9 C C F G C C

Je re - vien - drai bien, bien vi - te, tant mon cœur me  
 Tout en ré - vant du temps pas - sé, l'a - ve - nir ne  
 Qui me dit que tu n'es pas loin, qui rend pro - mes - se  
 Et bien - tôt, nous deux en - semble, nous r'ou - vri - rons

15 F G Am **♯** C F **♯** C F Am

cuit, te dis - je, Au re - voir mon bel a - mi, ke - na - vo, dew -  
 peut m'é - chap - per, Par les on - des je m'en vais,  
 de ta foi, Un es - prit m'ac - compagn - e,  
 l'a - ven - tu - re, At - tends moi un p'tit mo - ment,

23 Gm Dm Am Am **♯** G Am

gen - ough - why, ke - na - vo, dew - gen - ough - why. 1. gen - ough - why. 2.

32

Written by Richard for Brenda's visits to Brittany, in particular to Lorient Festival, this is a comradely tri-lingual number for everyone to get involved in. This 'fond farewell, we'll meet again' song is written in French, with the words for 'Goodbye' in Breton and in Cornish – 'Kenavo, dewgenoughwhy' – repeated throughout.

It was first recorded on 'Carillon', with accompanist Dave Penhale, produced by Transatlantic Records (TRA360) in 1979, and repeated on 'Tamar', the compilation album produced by DiskAZ (AZ505) in France in 1986.

Words & Music / Geryow & ilow: ©Richard Gendall

Arrangement / Aray: Brenda Wootton; Guitarist: Dave Penhale

<b><u>Kenavo Dewgenoughwhy (French, Breton, Cornish)</u></b>	<b><u>Goodbye, Goodbye (English)</u></b>
<p style="text-align: center;">1.</p> <p>Au revoir, mon bel ami, kenavo, dewgenoughwhy, Je reviendrai bien, bien vite, tant mon coeur me cuit, te dis-je Au revoir mon bel ami, kenavo, dewgenoughwhy, kenavo, dewgenoughwhy</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">1.</p> <p>Goodbye, my beautiful friend, goodbye, goodbye I will come back soon, as my heart tells me, I tell you Goodbye, my beautiful friend, goodbye, goodbye (x2)</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">2.</p> <p>Par les ondes je m'en vais, kenavo, dewgenoughwhy, Tout en rêvant du temps passé, l'avenir ne peut m'échapper, Par les ondes je m'en vais, kenavo, dewgenoughwhy, kenavo, dewgenoughwhy.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">2.</p> <p>By the air I go, goodbye, goodbye While dreaming of the past, the future cannot escape me, By the air I go, goodbye, goodbye (x2)</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">3.</p> <p>Un esprit m'accompagne, kenavo, dewgenoughwhy, Qui me dit que tu n'es pas loin, qui rend promesse de ta foi, Un esprit m'accompagne, kenavo, dewgenoughwhy, kenavo, dewgenoughwhy.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">3.</p> <p>A spirit accompanies me, goodbye, goodbye Who tells me you're not far away, who gives promise of your faith, A spirit accompanies me, goodbye, goodbye (x2)</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">4.</p> <p>Attends-moi un p'tit moment, kenavo, dewgenoughwhy, Et bientôt, nous deux ensemble, nous rouvrirons l'aventure, Attends-moi un p'tit moment, kenavo, dewgenoughwhy... kenavo, dewgenoughwhy...</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">4.</p> <p>Wait for me a little while, goodbye, goodbye And soon, we two together, we will reopen the adventure, Wait for me a little while, goodbye, goodbye (x2)</p>



*Chun Quoit, photograph courtesy of Tim Pearson*

# 17. Kerra Kernow – Beloved Cornwall

CD 2, Track 1

Music & Lyrics: Richard Gendall

Arrangement: Brenda Wootton

**♩ = 90**

*Ker-ra Ker - now ha wyth ow ho - lon ha'n mor a - dro dhe - jy*

*Me-neth ha logh car-rek hag a - von pup-prys y' th ca-raf - vy.*

*1. Py le py - nak my a wra mo - nes prest y te -*  
*2. Yth bal - low down e - na yth caf - af yth wy - thra*  
*3. Dha hen - jy owr dha bal - low mel - lys dha wel, dha*

11

Bb Bb7 Gm

whe-laf y'th her-wyth clos, Rag nyns us par, dhe'th tyr ple -  
 vy - sy ha war an cay, Ha war bup tu, dha dus ca -  
 bra - sow, dha bor - va wer, Ty yu ow bro, ha dhys y

14

A Bb A b Eb

ga-dow yn le may fyn - nyf mos. pup-prys y'th ca-raf - vy.  
 ra-dow a dhar-bar dhym-mo thre.  
 trel-yaf Ker-now, ow mam-vro ger.

A love song for Cornwall, and a moving and heartfelt piece relished and especially suited to groups and choirs. It became a favourite of Brenda's, and of her audiences around the world, and now that it has become a regular part of the Red River Singers repertoire, is also one of their own favourites. The song appeared on 'Boy Jan, Cornishman', produced by Burlington Records of Hitchin in Hertfordshire in 1980, with guitarist Dave Penhale.

Words & Music / Geryow & ilow: ©Richard Gendall

Arrangement / Aray: Brenda Wootton; Guitarist: Dave Penhale

<b><u>Kerra Kernow (SWF)</u></b>	<b><u>Kerra Kernow (Richard's Cornish)</u></b>
<i>Burdhen</i>	<i>Chorus</i>
Kerra Kernow, ha wyth ow holon, ha'n mor a-dro dhe jy. Menydh ha logh, karrek hag avon, pupprys y'th karav vy.	Kerra Kernow, ha wyth ow holon, ha'n mor adro dhe-jy. Meneth ha logh, carrek hag avon, pupprys y'th caraf-vy.
1.	1.
Py le pynag my a wra mones prest y tehwelav y'th herwydh klos, Rag nyns eus par dhe'th tir plegadow yn le may fynniv mos.	Py le pynak my a wra mones prest y tehwelav y'th herwyth clos, Rag nyns us par dhe'th tyr plegadow yn le may fynnyf mos.



<i>Burdhen</i> 2.	<i>Chorus</i> 2.
Y'th balyow down, ena y'th kavav, y'th weythva vysi ha war an kay, Ha war bup tu dha dus karadow a dharbar dhymmo thre.	Yth ballow down, ena yth cafaf, yth wythra vysi ha war an cay, Ha war bup tu dha dus caradow a dharbar dhymmo thre.
<i>Burdhen</i> 3.	<i>Chorus</i> 3.
Dha hensi owr, dha balyow melys, dha wel, dha brasow, dha beurva wer, Ty yw ow bro ha dhis y trelyav, Kernow, ow mammvro ger.	Dha henjy owr, dha ballow mellys, dha wel, dha brasow, dha borva wer, Ty yu ow bro ha dhys y trelyaf, Kernow, ow mamvro ger.
<i>Burdhen</i>	<i>Chorus</i>

<b><u>Beloved Cornwall (English)</u></b>	2.
<i>Chorus</i> Most beloved Cornwall, that keeps my heart, and the sea around thee Mountain and lake, rock and river, always thee I love	In thy mines deep, there I thee find, in thy factory busy and on the quay And on every side thy people loveable do provide to me home
1.	<i>Chorus</i>
Wherever I do go ever I return close to you For there is no equal to thy land pleasant in place that I may go	3. Thy ways golden, thy downs honeyed, thy tilth, thy meadows, thy pastures green Thou art my country, and to thee I turn, Cornwall, my motherland dear
<i>Chorus</i>	<i>Chorus</i>



*Porth Nanven, or Cot Valley, near St Just, with the Brisons in the distance; photograph courtesy of Tim Pearson*

## 18. Pyu a Wor – Who Knows?

CD 2, Track 2

Music & Lyrics: Richard Gendall

Arrangement: Brenda Wootton

**♩ = 72**

G                      Am                      G3                      C                      Am

1. P'ur\_\_\_ te - weth a - gain sor? P'ur\_\_\_ tyw an e - bren gler? P'ur\_\_\_  
 2. Dyw - yl vie - dhen yu ha moy a - ban dhu - thon - ny tra - mor: Gans an  
 3. Ogh, ow hul' - yon, dun war - barth, dres an me - neth, dres an glyn: Pyu a

6                      C                      Am                      Em                      Em7                      C                      Am                      Em

te an jeth de - dhe - whys may\_\_\_ fyth du a - gan awher? P'ur\_\_\_  
 mor on - ny dy - ber - thys? Gans an tyr a vyth dhyn sor? Gans an  
 wor py - gem - mys splan - der de - gen - se - wha a wra dhyn? Pyu a

10                      C                      Am                      Em5                      B7                      Em                      G

te an jeth de - dhe - whys may\_\_\_ fyth du a - gan awher? Pyu awor?  
 mor on - ny dy - ber - thys? Gans an tyr a vyth dhyn sor?  
 wor py - gem - mys splan - der de - ge - se - wha a wra dhyn?

15                      Am                      Em5                      B7                      Em                      G                      D7                      Em

Hyr an forth: mur an sor a - dro dhyn - ny. Pyu awor? Hyr an forth: mur an sor a -

21                      B7                      Em

dro dhyn - ny.

A lyrical and reflective musing on the fate of the Cornish, and maybe the Celts as a whole, this lovely song was recorded for Brenda and Richard's 'Crowdy Crawn' LP on Sentinel Records (SENS 1016) produced in 1973.

*Words & Music, & Guitar / Geryow, ilow ha gitar: ©Richard Gendall*

*Arrangement / Aray: Brenda Wootton*

<u>Piw A Wor? (SWF)</u>	<u>Pyu a Wor? (Richard's Cornish)</u>
1.	1.
P'eur a dhiwedh agan sorr?	P'ur a dheweth agan sor?
P'eur a dhew an ebron gler?	P'ur a dhyw an ebren gler?
P'eur a dheu an jydh dedhewys may fydh du agan ahwer?	P'ur a dhe an jeth dedhewys may fyth du agan awher?
P'eur a dheu an jydh dedhewys may fydh du agan ahwer?	P'ur a dhe an jeth dedhewys may fyth du agan awher?

<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Burdhen</i></p> <p>Piw a wor? ... Hir an fordh, meur an sorr a-dro dhyn ni; Piw a wor? ... Hir an fordh, meur an sorr a-dro dhyn ni;</p> <p style="text-align: center;">2.</p> <p>Diw vil vledhen yw ha moy a-ban dheuthen ni tremor: Gans an mor on ni diberthys? Gans an tir a vydh dhyn sorr? Gans an mor on ni diberthys? Gans an tir a vydh dhyn sorr?</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Burdhen</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">3.</p> <p>Ogh! ow huvyon, dewgh war-barth, dres an menydh, dres an glyn, Piw a wor pygemmys splander degensewa a wra dhyn? Piw a wor pygemmys splander degensewa a wra dhyn?</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Burdhen</i></p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Chorus</i></p> <p>Pyu a wor? ... Hyr an forth, mur an sor adro dhyn-ny; Pyu a wor? ... Hyr an forth, mur an sor adro dhyn-ny;</p> <p style="text-align: center;">2.</p> <p>Dywvyl vledhen yu ha moy aban dhuthon-ny tremor: Gans an mor on-ny dyberthys? Gans an tyr a vyth dhyn sor? Gans an mor on-ny dyberthys? Gans an tyr a vyth dhyn sor?</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Chorus</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">3.</p> <p>Ogh! ow hul'yon, deugh warbarth, dres an meneth, dres an glyn, Pyu a wor pygemmys splander degensewha a wra dhyn? Pyu a wor pygemmys splander degensewha a wra dhyn?</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Chorus</i></p>
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<p><b><u>Who knows?</u></b></p> <p style="text-align: center;">1.</p> <p>When will end our trouble? When will brighten the clear sky? When will come the day promised that can be ended our sorrow? When will come the day promised that can be ended our sorrow?</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Chorus</i></p> <p>Who knows? ... Long the road, great the trouble around us; Who knows? ... Long the road, great the trouble around us</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">2.</p> <p>Two thousand years it is and more Since we came from over the sea; By the sea are we divided? By the land shall be to us grief? By the sea are we divided? By the land shall be to us grief?</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Chorus</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">3.</p> <p>Oh! My dear ones, come together, across the mountain, across the glen; Who knows how much splendour may be dawning for us? Who knows how much splendour may be dawning for us?</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Chorus</i></p>
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## 19. Doro – Bring!

CD 2, Track 3

Music & Lyrics: Richard Gendall

Arrangement: Brenda Wootton

$\text{♩} = 120$       C      Gm      C      Gm      C      Gm      C      Dm

La la la la la la la la la la la... la, La la la la la la la la la la.

10      Gm      Gm      Gm      Gm      Gm

1. Do-ro dhe das ha do-ro dha vam ha do-ro dha vie-ghes oll, Do-ro dhe vro - der,  
 2. Do-ro dha wrek ha do-ro dha woar ha do-ro dha gos-car oll, Do-ro dha ga - res,  
 3. Do-ro dha dreys ha do-ro-dhe lef ha do-ro dha y - low oll, Do-ro dha don-syow,

15      Gm      Gm      Gm      C      Gm

do-ro dha whoer ha dun-ny sket dhe'n gol. An me - nes - trou - thy pa - rys yu an  
 do-ro dha gar ha dun-ny sket dhe'n gol. Ha ny a dhons ha ny a gan ha  
 do-ro dha ghan ha dun-ny sket dhe'n gol. Ha ny a frap ha ny a stank ha

20      C *Rit.*      Gm      A tempo      C      Gm

go - gow oll in ge - gyn, Tek - hes an plan ogh tec - ca yu ha  
 ny a wra dhe'n nan - sow se - ny, Brey an ster y'n nef an splan ha  
 ny a wra dh'en nos dhe whyr - ny, Pup oll freth ha pup oll frank ha

24      C      Dm      C      Dm      C

pup - tra gwyn, gwyn, gwyn! Ha fys - tyn ha fys - tyn ha fys - tyn - e - ugh, ha fys - tyn ha fys - tyn ha  
 pup - tra gwyn, gwyn, gwyn!  
 pup - tra gwyn, gwyn, gwyn!

29      Dm      C      Dm      C      Dm

fys - tyn - e - ugh, fys - tyn ha fys - tyn ha fys - tyn - e - ugh, fys - tyn - e - ugh ha dun - ny sket dhe'n

34      C      Dm      C      Dm      C

gol ——— dun - ny — sket an gol! Ha did - dly - i - di - do, did - dl - y - i - do, did - dly - i - di - do ha

41      Dm      C *Rit.*      Dm

did - dly - i - do. did - dly - i - di - do did - dly - i - o.

A fast and rousing 'Come All Ye!' number, Doro is inviting everyone to the party... The song appeared on the 'Lyonesse' album, produced in France by RCA (37656/PL 70299), with guitarist Dave Penhale accompanying.

Words & Music / Geryow hag ilow: ©Richard Gendall

Arrangement / Aray: Brenda Wootton; Guitarist: Dave Penhale

**Doro (SWF)**

1.

Doro dhe das ha doro dha vamm ha doro dha fleghes oll.

Doro dhe vroder, doro dha hwor ha deun ni sket dhe'n gool.

An menestrouthi parys yn an gogow oll y'n gegin,

Tekhes an plan ogh tekka yw ha puptra gwynn, gwynn, gwynn!

*Burdhen*

Ha fistyn, fistyn, fystynewgh... fistyn,  
fistyn, fystynewgh,  
Fistyn, fistyn, fystynewgh... fystynewgh  
Ha deun ni sket dhe'n gool, dun ni sket  
dhe'n gool!  
Ha diddly-i-dido diddly-i-do,  
Ha diddly-i-dido diddly-i-do...

2.

Doro dha wreg ha doro dha wour ha doro dha goskar oll,

Doro dha gares, doro dha gar ha deun ni sket dhe'n gool.

Ha ni a dhons ha ni a gan ha ni a wra dhe'n nansow seni

Brav an ster y'n nev a splann ha puptra gwynn, gwynn, gwynn!

*Burdhen*

3.

Doro dha dreys ha doro dhe lev ha doro dha ilow oll

Doro dha donsyow, doro dha gan ha deun ni sket dhe'n gool

Ha ni a frapp ha ni a stank ha ni a wra dhe'n nos dhe hwyrni,

Pub oll freth ha pup oll frank ha puptra gwyn, gwyn, gwyn!

*Burdhen*

Ha fistyn, fistyn, fystynewgh... fistyn, fistyn,  
fistynewgh,  
Fistyn, fistyn, fystynewgh... fystynewgh  
Ha deun ni sket dhe'n gool, deun ni sket dhe'n gool!  
Ha diddly-i-dido diddly-i-do,  
Ha diddly-i-dido diddly-i-do...  
Ha diddly-i-dido diddly-i-do,  
Ha diddly-i-dido diddly-i-do!

**Doro (Richard's Cornish)**

1.

Doro dhe das ha doro dha vam ha doro dha vleghes oll.

Doro dhe vroder, doro dha whoer ha dunny sket dhe'n gol.

An menestrouthy parys yu an gogow oll in gegyn,

Tekhes an plan ogh tecca yu ha puptra gwyn, gwyn, gwyn!

*Chorus*

Ha fystyn, fystyn, fystyneugh... fystyn,  
fystyn, fystyneugh,  
Fystyn, fystyn, fystyneugh... fystyneugh  
Ha dunny sket dhe'n gol, dunny sket  
dhe'n gol!  
Ha diddly-i-dido diddly-i-do,  
Ha diddly-i-dido diddly-i-do...

2.

Doro dha wrek ha doro dha woar ha doro dha goscar oll,

Doro dha gares, doro dha gar ha dunny sket dhe'n gol.

Ha ny a dhons ha ny a gan ha ny a wra dhe'n nansow seny

Bray an ster y'n nef an splan ha puptra gwyn, gwyn, gwyn!

*Chorus*

3.

Doro dha dreys ha doro dhe lef ha doro dha ylow oll

Doro dha donsyow, doro dha gan ha dunny sket dhe'n gol

Ha ny a frap ha ny a stank ha ny a wra dhe'n nos dhe whyrny,

Pup oll freth ha pup oll frank ha puptra gwyn, gwyn, gwyn!

*Chorus*

Ha fystyn, fystyn, fystyneugh... fystyn, fystyn,  
fystyneugh,  
Fystyn, fystyn, fystyneugh... fystyneugh  
Ha dunny sket dhe'n gol, dunny sket dhe'n gol!  
Ha diddly-i-dido diddly-i-do,  
Ha diddly-i-dido diddly-i-do...  
Ha diddly-i-dido diddly-i-do,  
Ha diddly-i-dido diddly-i-do!

**Bring! (English)**

1.

Bring your dad and bring your mam and bring  
your children all,  
Bring your brother and bring your sister, and  
let's go straight to the feast  
The band ready is, the cooks all in the kitchen,  
Decorated the arena – oh, what a lovely sight!

*Chorus*

And hurry, hurry, hurry! (x 3)  
And everything bright, bright, bright!  
And hurry! And let's go straight to the  
feast!  
let's go straight to the feast!  
Ha diddly-i-dido diddly-i-do,  
Ha diddly-i-dido diddly-i-do...

2.

Bring your wife and bring your man and bring  
your lads all,  
Bring your girlfriend and bring your boyfriend  
and let's go straight to the feast  
And we will dance and we will sing and we will  
make the valleys ring  
Fine the stars in heaven that shine, and  
everything bright, bright, bright!

*Chorus*

3.

Bring your feet and bring your voice and bring  
your music all  
Bring your dancers, bring your song and let's go  
straight to the feast  
And we will beat and we will stamp and we will  
make the night hum  
Everyone eager, everyone free and everything  
bright, bright, bright!

*Chorus*

In a programme recorded for Australia in 1983, only discovered by me recently on an old tape, Brenda says this song always conjured images of a Breugel painting of a feast in her mind – I didn't know that. I had already chosen this picture a while ago... we obviously think alike.



*'The Peasant Wedding', Pieter Bruegel the Younger, 1550s*

## 20. An Eos Hweg – The Sweet Nightingale

CD 2, Track 4

Traditional Cornish  
Trans. E G Retallack Hooper

**♩ = 120**

**System 1:** Chords: F, F. Lyrics: 1.Ow huv ko - lon gwra dos, A ny gle - wydh y'n koos, An... 2.Na... fyll, Bet - ty ger, Na... vydh yn ah - wer, Dha... 3.Ogh... gas dhym - mo kres, My, y'n de - gav gans es, Ke dhe 4.E - sedh dhym - mo, sur, Ge - nev vy y'n leur, Yn - 5.A - kor - dys ens i, A dhe - me - dhi de - vri, Ha...

**System 2:** Chords: F, C7, F, F, B♭. Lyrics: 1.Ow huv k - lon gwra dos, A ny gle - wydh y'n koos, An 5.A - kor - dys ens i, A dhe - me - dhi de - vri, Ha

**System 3:** Chords: F, C7, F, B♭, F, C7, F, C7. Lyrics: e - os ow ka - na pur hweg? Any gle-wydh hy lev, a ge - lom y'n de - gav dhe'th vos ger - dhes, ny vyn - nav vy mos. mysk an bri - al - li y'n lann. dis - towgh dhe'n e - glos dhe vos.

**System 4:** Chords: F, C7, F, B♭, F, C7, F, C7. Lyrics: e - os ow ka - na pur hweg? Any gle-wydh hy lev, a dis - towgh dhe'n e - glos dhe vos.

**System 5:** Chords: F, C7, F, B♭, F, C7, F, C7. Lyrics: wo-les a sev, Y'n nan-sow ow ka-na mar deg? Y'n

**System 6:** Chords: F, C7, F. Lyrics: wo-les a sev, Y'n nan-sow ow ka-na mar deg? Y'n

**System 7:** Chords: F, C7, F. Lyrics: nan - sow ow ka - na mar deg? nan - sow ow ka - na mar deg?

A much-loved traditional number sung in pubs and Shouts, this song has been known all over Cornwall for at least 150 years, and is potentially much older – the earliest written record is 1761, although no music was then known. Merv Davey has covered its history well in his ‘Kenewgh! Sing!’ book.<sup>11</sup> Hilary Coleman and Sally Burley also give an excellent account of its provenance in their Cornish song-book ‘Shout Kernow’<sup>12</sup>, and describe it as being sung by Cornish lead miners in Marienburg in Germany in 1854. This has been recorded by others elsewhere, including by Richard on the cassette ‘Canow Kernow, Songs in Cornish’, on Folktrax FSB-60-009 in 1975, revised in 1980.

Brenda recorded the song in English with Robert Bartlett on her Breton LP, ‘Pamplemousse’, produced by Barclay – France (920.475) on the Kertalg label in 1974.

*Words & Music: Traditional; believed to have been translated from the original Cornish in the 19<sup>th</sup> century; E G Retallack Hooper translated it back into Cornish in 1960.*

*Arrangement / Aray: Brenda Wootton; Accompanist / Keveylyor: Robert Bartlett*

<b><u>An Eos Hweg (SWF – from Merv Davey’s book)</u></b>	<b><u>The Sweet Nightingale (English)</u></b>
1.	1.
Ow huv kolon gwra dos, A ny glewydh y'n koos, An eos ow kana pur hweg?	My sweetheart come along, don't you hear the sweet song The sweet notes of the nightingale flow?
A ny glewydh an lev A woles y sev Y'n nansow ow kana mar deg? Yin nansow ow kana mar deg?	You shall hear the fond tale of the sweet nightingale As she sings in the valley below As she sings in the valley below
2.	2.
Na fyll, Betty ger, Na vydh yn ahwer, Dha gelorn y'n degav dhe'th vos	Pretty Betty don't fail for I'll carry your pail Safe down to your cot as we go
A ny glewydh an lev A woles y sev Y'n nansow ow kana mar deg? Yin nansow ow kana mar deg?	You shall hear the fond tale of the sweet nightingale As she sings in the valley below As she sings in the valley below
3.	3.
Ogh, gas dhymmo kres, My, y'n degav gans es, Ke dhe gerdhes, ny vynnay vy mos.	Pray leave me alone, I have hands of my own And along with you sir, I'll not go
A ny glewydh an lev A-woles a sev, Y'n nansow ow kana mar deg? Yin nansow ow kana mar deg?	For to hear the fond tale of the sweet nightingale As she sings in the valley below As she sings in the valley below
4.	4.
Esedh dhymmo, sur,	Pray sit yourself down

<sup>11</sup> ‘Kenewgh! Sing!’, Ed: Merv Davey, *Fed. Of Old Cornwall Societies*; p. 28

<sup>12</sup> ‘Shout Kernow’, Hilary Coleman & Sally Burley, *Francis Boutle Publishers, 2015*; p. 34



Genev vy y'n leur,  
Yn-mysk an brialli y'n lann

A ny glewydh an lev  
A woles y sev  
Y'n nansow ow kana mar deg?  
Yin nansow ow kana mar deg?

5.

Akordys ens i,  
A dhemedhi devri,  
Ha distowgh dhe'n eglos dhe vos.

A ny glewydh an lev  
A-woles a sev,  
Y'n nansow ow kana mar deg?  
Yin nansow ow kana mar deg?

with me on the ground  
On the banks where the primroses grow

We shall hear the fond tale  
of the sweet nightingale  
As she sings in the valley below  
As she sings in the valley below

5.

The couple agreed  
and were married with speed  
And along to the Church they did go

Now no more is she afraid  
for to walk in the shade  
Nor to lie in the valley below  
Nor to lie in the valley below



*'Jack & Jill', Walter Crane, 1877*

## 21. Eles/Elez – She-Angel

CD 2, Track 5

Music & Lyrics: Richard Gendall

Arrangement: Brenda Wootton

**♩ = 70**

Fm                      E♭                      Cm7                      Cm                      Fm

1. El - ez, wheag ha\_\_ moon, a - bi - la ti - thi - sta na woon\_\_  
 2. El - ez, keef ha\_\_ clof, na wai - tien bith ma veer\_\_ tre - zor,\_\_  
 3. El - ez, den meur an marth al - eb - ma pleath ean ny,\_\_ la - var?\_\_

5                      Fm                      E♭                      A♭                      A♭                      Fm

A - the - sem - pis a - wot - ta - jeel El - ez, E<sup>3</sup> - lez wheag,  
 Tha thew - la - gas le - dan, laoz, El - ez, E - lez kear,  
 Duaz a wris - ta maz\_\_ a near? El - ez, E - lez widn,

10                      B♭m                      3 E♭                      A♭                      Fm                      B♭m                      3

skew - ez rag\_\_ an glaw\_\_ El - ez, ow dad - n ow ho - la,\_\_ Ca - ra - dow, ha  
 loor an noze, te - wal\_\_ El - ez, ow be - ra'm co - lon,\_\_ Di - a - low, dre  
 a - led - na\_\_ mars oaz\_\_ A wren ny de - whe - lez\_\_ Scon tho'th pa - ra -

15                      Fm                      D♭                      Cm                      Fm

zaw\_\_ la la, la la la la,\_\_ la la la la la\_\_  
 wall\_\_  
 ves\_\_

Eles, here, is a girl's name – and means a 'she angel'. A shy man has fallen in love with a young girl, and longs to embrace her – but he is too timid. He dreams that one day he may be standing next to her when it is raining, and he might be able to offer her his jacket to keep her dry, and so have an excuse for being close to her and putting his arm around her shoulders...

The song was recorded on Brenda's 'Carillon' LP in 1979, on Transatlantic Records label (TRA360). (A song I loved so much, I chose the title for my middle name.)

*Words & Music / Geryow & ilow: ©Richard Gendall*

*Arrangement / Aray: Brenda Wootton; Guitarist: Dave Penhale*

**Eles (SWF)**

1.

Eles, hweg ha moon, a by le teuthys ta, na won

A-dhesempis awotta jy!

Eles, Eles hweg, skewys rag an glaw,

Eles, 'dann ow hota,

Karadow ha saw,

Lala... la la la la, la la lalala...

2.

Eles, kuv ha klor, na waytyen vyth mar veur tresor,

Dha dhewlagas ledan, loos,

Eles, Eles ker, loor an nos tewal,

Eles, 'berth a'm kolon,

Dialow, dre wall.

Lala... la la la la, la la lalala...

3.

Eles, marth a'm beus alemma ple'th en ni, lavar?

Deus a wruss' ta mos a nev?

Elez, Elez wynn, alenna mars os,

A wren ni dehweles

Skon dhe'th paradhis.

Lala... la la la la, la la lalala...

**Elez (Richard's Cornish)**

1.

Elez, wheag ha moon, abila tithista na woon – Athesempis awottajee!

Elez, Elez wheag, skewez rag an glaw,

Elez, dadn ow hota,

Caradow ha zaw,

Lala... la la la la, la la lalala...

2.

Elez, keef ha clof, na waitien bith mar veur trezor,

Tha thewlagas ledan, laoz,

Elez, Elez kear, loor an noze tewal,

Elez, bera'm colon,

Dialow, dre wall.

Lala... la la la la, la la lalala...

3.

Elez, marth am beez alebma pleath ean ny, lavar?

Duaz a wrista maz a near?

Elez, Elez widn, aledna mars oaz,

A wren ny dewhelez

Scon tho'th paraves.

Lala... la la la la, la la lalala...

**She-Angel (English)**

1.

Angel, sweet and slim, where thou comest not know,

Suddenly, there thou art!

Angel, angel sweet, sheltered for the rain,

Angel, beneath my coat,

Lovable and safe.

Lala... la la la la, la la lalala...

2.

Angel, kind and gentle, nor was I expecting ever so great a treasure...

Thy two eyes wide, grey,

Angel, angel dear, moon of the night dark,

Angel, within my heart,

Unbidden, by chance.

Lala... la la la la, la la lalala...

3.

Angel, wonder I have from here where go we, say?

Come didst thou out of heaven?

Angel, angel fair, from thence if thou art,

Shall we return,

Soon to thy paradise?

Lala... la la la la, la la lalala...

## 22. Cala Me – First of May

CD 2, Track 6

Music & Lyrics: Richard Gendall

Arrangement: Brenda Wootton

**♩ = 150**

Gal-las an gwave, du-fa an haf, Ye ha rew dhe'n fo re fy-as,

9 Y-dhyn a gan, ble-jyow a splan, Ne-fra-byth ty ny'-fyth e-drek na -

16 moy. 1. Gwys-keugh 'gas gwel-la pows, ge-deugh 'gas ne-gys, No-weth y'n  
2. Oil ma-tys da a-dro, nyns us dhyn en-vy, Hel-ghyn dhe  
3. Sen-neugh an try-beth, ten-neugh an gy-thern, Ny ge-gyr

22 bar anlows, gwyw dhe vos de-gys, Gwe-len ha bar, gwe-len ha bar,  
ves an mo, pell a-'gan me-ny,  
hy-reth, -Pup a vyth mygh-tern,

29 gwe-len ha bar, Oil a dal-wy-a bos low-en yn Ca-la Me! \_\_\_\_\_

A bright and cheerful song to mark the beginning of Spring – May Day, or the First of May – celebrated at many places throughout Cornwall and elsewhere, but particularly at Padstow, with the annual delights that are Padstow’s Obby Oss on May 1st, and at Helston’s Flora Day on May 8th.

Written by Richard on 19<sup>th</sup> March 1978, it was never published, but this recording was made in Sentinel Records Studio with members of the Cheltenham band, Decameron – including Richard’s nephew, Geoff March. It was discovered on the remaining studio reels we bought at auction some four years ago, and also had an alternative title, ‘Gallas an Gwaf’.

The song was Cornwall’s entry in the Celtavision Song Contest in Killarney in May 1988, when Brenda was accompanied by Merv Davey. It has been recorded elsewhere, including by Richard on the cassette ‘Canow Kernow, Songs in Cornish’, on Folktrax FSB-60-009 in 1975, revised in 1980 (see Appendix).

*Words & Music / Geryow, ilow & gwirbryntyans: ©Richard Gendall  
Arrangement / Aray: Brenda Wootton; Harpist / Telyn: Merv Davey*

**Kala Me (SWF)**

Gyllys an gwav, deefa an hav,  
Yey ha rew dhe'n fo re ves...  
Eythin a gan, bleujyow a splann...  
Nevra bydh hwi na's vydh edrek na moy.

1.

Gwiskewgh 'gas gwella pows, gesewgh 'gas  
negys,  
Nowydh y'n barr an lows gwiw dhe vos terryys.

*Pennpusorn*

Gwelen ha barr, gwelen ha barr, gwelen  
ha barr,  
Oll a dalvia bos lowen yn Kala Me!  
Gyllys an gwav, deefa an hav,  
Yey ha rew dhe'n fo re ves...  
Eythin a gan, bleujyow a splann...  
Nevra bydh hwi na's vydh edrek na moy.

2.

Oll matys da, nag eus dhywgh envi...  
Helghewgh dhe ves an mo, pell a'gas mayni.

*Pennpusorn*

Gwelen ha barr, gwelen ha barr, gwelen  
ha barr,  
Oll a dalvia bos lowen yn Kala Me!

*(Powes ilowek)*

Gyllys an gwav, deefa an hav,  
Yey ha rew dhe'n fo re ves...  
Eythin a gan, bleujyow a splann...  
Nevra bydh hwi na's vydh edrek na moy.

3.

Sennewgh an tribeth, tennewgh an gitern;  
Byth na vydh hireth... peub a vydh myghtern.

*Pennpusorn*

Gwelen ha barr, gwelen ha barr, gwelen  
ha barr,  
Oll a dalvia bos lowen yn Kala Me!

**Cala Me (Richard's Cornish)**

Gallas an gwave, deefa an have,  
Yey ha rew tho'n fo re veeaz...  
Ithin a gan, bledgiow a splane...  
Nefra beth whei na's veth edrack  
namouy.

1.

Gwisketh 'gos gwella pows, gesewh 'gos  
negis,  
Noweth e'n bar an lows gwiw tho voaz  
terrez.

*Refrain*

Gwelen ha bar, gwelen ha bar, gwelen  
ha bar,  
Ul a dalveea boaz looan en cala mea!  
Gallas an gwave, deefa an have,  
Yey ha rew tho'n fo re veeas...  
Ithin a gan, blejiow a splan...  
Nefra bith why na's beth edrek  
namoy.

2.

Ul maatis da, nag ez thewh envy...  
Hellewh tho veeaz an mo, pell a'gos meany.

*Refrain*

Gwelen ha bar, gwelen ha bar, gwelen  
ha bar,  
Ul a dalveea boaz looan en cala mea!

*(Instrumental break)*

Gallas an gwave, deefa an have,  
Yey ha rew tho'n fo re veeas...  
Ithin a gan, blejiow a splan...  
Nefra bith why na's beth edrek  
namoy.

3.

Sednewh an tribeth, tednewh an gitern;  
Bith na veth heereth... peb a veth matearn.

*Refrain*

Gwelen ha bar, gwelen ha bar, gwelen  
ha bar,  
Ul a dalveea boaz looan en cala mea!

**First of May (English)**

Has gone the winter, has come the  
summer,  
Ice and frost have fled,  
Birds sing, flowers shine,  
Never more you shall not have regret, no  
more.

1.

Put on your best clothes, leave your business.  
New on the branch, the bird, right to be  
plucked.

*Refrain*

Twig and branch, twig and branch,  
twig and branch,  
All should be happy on the first of  
May!  
Has gone the winter, has come the  
summer,  
Ice and frost have fled,  
Birds sing, flowers shine,  
Never more you shall not have regret,  
no more.

2.

All fellows good, not is there to you an enemy,  
Chase away the dark of night, far from your  
company.

*Refrain*

Twig and branch, twig and branch, twig  
and branch,

All should be happy on the first of May!

*(Instrumental break)*

Has gone the winter, has come the  
summer,  
Ice and frost have fled,  
Birds sing, flowers shine,  
Never more you shall not have regret, no  
more.

3.

Sound the trumpet, pluck the guitar...  
Never shall there be loneliness...everyone shall  
be a king.

*Refrain*

Twig and branch, twig and branch, twig  
and branch,  
All should be happy on the first of May!



*The maypole at Padstow 'Obby 'Oss, May Day 2016  
(photo by Sue Ellery-Hill)*

## 23. Pensevyk Byghan – Little Prince (Lullaby)

CD 2, Track 7

Music & Lyrics: Richard Gendall

Arrangement: Brenda Wootton

♩ = 60

Fm Cm Fm Cm G Cm Cm Fm Cm

Mmm\_\_\_\_\_ mmm\_\_\_\_\_ mmm\_\_\_\_\_ Cusk yn - ta, pen - se-vyk by-ghan,

6 Fm Cm G Cm Cm Fm Cm

Whe-gen ow ho-lon, er-na vo myt-tyn. Mm cusk yn - ta, whe-gen dha\_ vam,

10 Fm Cm G Cm B♭ Cm B♭ Cm Cm Fm Cm

Whe-genow ho-lon, er-na vomyt-tyn, Cusk yn-ta, cusk yn-ta. Mmm. mmm\_\_\_\_\_

16 Fm Cm G Cm B♭ Cm B♭ G Cm

mmm\_\_\_\_\_ mmm\_\_\_\_\_ mmm\_\_\_\_\_ mmm\_\_\_\_\_ mmm\_\_\_\_\_

Written by Richard at Brenda’s request for her first grandchild, Davy Arthur Ellery Luscombe, born in October 1977 – just a month after Brenda had been made a Bard – so a very auspicious year for her. She did indeed used to sing it to him regularly, when he was a baby. Davy’s brother Jan (seen below) has his own lullaby in this book: ‘Cusk Cusk, Jan Jan’. This song was recorded on ‘Boy Jan, Cornishman’, produced by Burlington Records (BURL005) in 1980, with guitarist Dave Penhale

*Words & Music / Ilow & geryow: ©Richard Gendall*

*Arrangement / Aray: Brenda Wootton; Guitarist: Dave Penhale*

**Pennsevik Byghan (SWF)**

Kosk yn ta, pennsevik byghan,  
Hwegen ow holon, erna vo myttin.

Kosk yn ta, hwegen dha vamm  
Hwegen ow holon, erna vo myttin

Kosk yn ta, kosk yn ta.

**Pensevyk Byghan (Richard's Cornish)**

Cusk ynta, pensevyk byghan,  
Whegen ow holon, erna vo myttyn.

Cusk ynta, whegen dha vam  
Whegen ow holon, erna vo myttyn

Cusk ynta, cusk ynta.

**Little Prince (English)**

Sleep well, little prince,  
Darling of my heart, till be morning.

Sleep well, darling of thy mam.  
Darling of my heart, till be morning.

Sleep well, sleep well.



*Davy, not so little now... with his own prince and princess,  
Ruben and Olivia, and his wife Ania*



*And his brother Jan - now married to Tara, and  
with four children: Tegen, Aaron, Lily and Lena*



## 24. Farwel – Farewell

CD 2, Track 8

Traditional Swedish  
Cornish lyrics: Richard Gendall

$\text{♩} = 120$

1. Pyu a yl rev-ya hep re - vow? Pyu a yl gol-ya hep gwyns?\_\_\_\_  
 2. My y'm bus rev-ya hep re - vow; My y'm bus gol-ya hep gwyns;\_\_\_\_  
 3. Pyu hep can a yl ca - na? Ca - na cler ha gwyn?\_\_\_\_  
 4. My y'm bus can - a hep ca - now, Ca - na cler ha gwyn;\_\_\_\_

8 Pyu gans ke - rens a as far - wel he - o scul - lya da - gren  
 Mes ny'm bus ga - sa far - wel, far - wel, hep scul - lya da - gren  
 Mes a yl - ions - y ga - sa far - wel, far - wel, hen scul - lya da - gren  
 Mes Dew a wor ma-rath ha - saf - vy hep scul - lya da - gren

15 dyn?\_\_\_\_  
 dyn\_\_\_\_  
 dyn?\_\_\_\_  
 dyn\_\_\_\_

The original lyrics for this 'Farewell' song were apparently in Swedish – for which Richard has written a translation into Cornish. It begins again with a chat between Brenda and Richard. It appears on Brenda and Richard's 'Crowdy Crawn' LP, produced by Sentinel Records (SENS 1016) in 1973.

*Words traditional Swedish / Geryow hengovek dyworth Sweden;*

*Music by / Ilow gans: ©Richard Gendall*

*Arrangement / Aray: Brenda Wootton; Guitarist: Richard Gendall*

### Spoken (SWF)

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| B. Ottomma neppyth tramor.  | B. Here is something from overseas.                     |
| R. Yn kever an mor yw?  | R. About the sea is it?                                 |
| B. Nag yw; yn kever gasa, farwel yw.                                  | B. It is not; about saying goodbye it is.               |
| R. Nyns yw re drist, dell waytyav... Ple' hwruss ta hy havos, dhanna? | R. Tisn't too sad, I hope... Where did you get it then? |
| B. Dyworth Sweden yw. Hi yw henwys 'Farwel'.                          | B. From Sweden it is. It is called 'Farewell'.          |

**Farwel (SWF)**

1.

Piw a yll revya heb revow?  
 Piw a yll golya heb gwyns?  
 Piw gans kerens a as farwel  
 Heb skollya dagren dynn?

2.

My y'm beus revya heb revow;  
 My y'm beus golya heb gwyns;  
 Mes ny'm beus gasa farwel, farwel,  
 Heb skollya dagren dynn.

3.

Piw heb kan a yll kana?  
 Kana kler ha gwynn?  
 Mes a yllons i gasa farwel, farwel,  
 Heb skollya dagren dynn?

4.

My y'm beus kana heb kanow,  
 Kana Kler ha gwynn;  
 Mes Duw a wor mara'th hasav vy  
 Heb skollya dagren dynn.

**Farwel (Richard's Cornish)**

1.

Pyu a yl revya hep revow?  
 Pyu a yl golya hep gwyns?  
 Pyu gans kerens a as farwel  
 Heo scullya dagren dyn?

2.

My y'm bus revya hep revow;  
 My y'm bus golya hep gwyns;  
 Mes ny'm bus gasa farwel, farwel,  
 Hep scullya dagren dyn.

3.

Pyu hep can a yl cana?  
 Cana cler ha gwyn?  
 Mes a yllons-y gasa farwel, farwel,  
 Hen scullya dagren dyn?

4.

My y'm bus cana hep canow,  
 cana cler ha gwyn;  
 Mes Dew a wor mara'th hasaf-vy  
 Hep scullya dagren dyn.

**Farewell (English)**

1.

Who can sail without a wind?  
 Who can row without oars?  
 Who can bid their friends farewell,  
 Without they shed a tear?

2.

I can sail without a wind;  
 I can row without oars;  
 But I can't bid my friends farewell  
 Without I shed a tear.

3.

Who can sing without a song?  
 Sing both sweet and clear?  
 But can they bid their friends farewell  
 Without they shed a tear?

4.

I can sing without a song,  
 Sing both sweet and clear;  
 Dear knows that if I go from you  
 That I will shed a tear.

B. Duw genowgh hwi, ytho!  
 R. Dursona dhywgh-hwi!

B. Goodbye, then. (God be with you)  
 R. God bless you.

## 25. Pryas Awen – Bride of Inspiration

*Recorded by Gwenno*

CD 2, Track 9

Music & Lyrics: Richard Gendall

Arrangement: Gwenno Saunders

**♩ = 110**

1. My a dre - men oll an dou-row. Bys pan gyf - fyf  
 2. Ruth an gra - nas gwres y'n owr me - len. Neb a goth dhe'n  
 3. Owr o blew an vo - wes a se - vy. Owr o lyw an  
 4. Pry - as a - wen, om - dhon an as - cor. Ha whare den - y -

8 lyw - dha wo - low. Bew ow les - ter bys pan dhef - fo,  
 dor a - vel de - len. Mes pan goth an has war an wré - sen,  
 dhyw - vogh a - ne - dhy. Dyw sa - fy - ren ow lu - ghe - sy,  
 thy an gwyl - ter. A dhe - helgh mes a' - gan or, h'an

15 Prest dhe gun - tell re - gyth dha dan - now.  
 Dos a wra ha te - vy dhe we - dhen.  
 Pows cough a - dro dh'y horf hy a dhe - gy.  
 lew h'an yu dhyn sor.

This is another of Richard's songs that Brenda never had time to learn or perform – and we are so excited that the supremely talented and multilingual Celtic performer Gwenno has agreed to record it for us. We are extremely grateful to her agent and recording company for giving her their permission to appear on this CD – Gwenno appears courtesy of Heavenly Recordings.

Richard added an explanatory note to this song:

*'The allegorical girl becomes the Bride of Inspiration. The inspiration of the Celtic culture, re-found today... The lion and the cock are England and France. Like a phoenix from the flames, the new language is being reborn. A new child – a new branch grafted on an old tree.'*

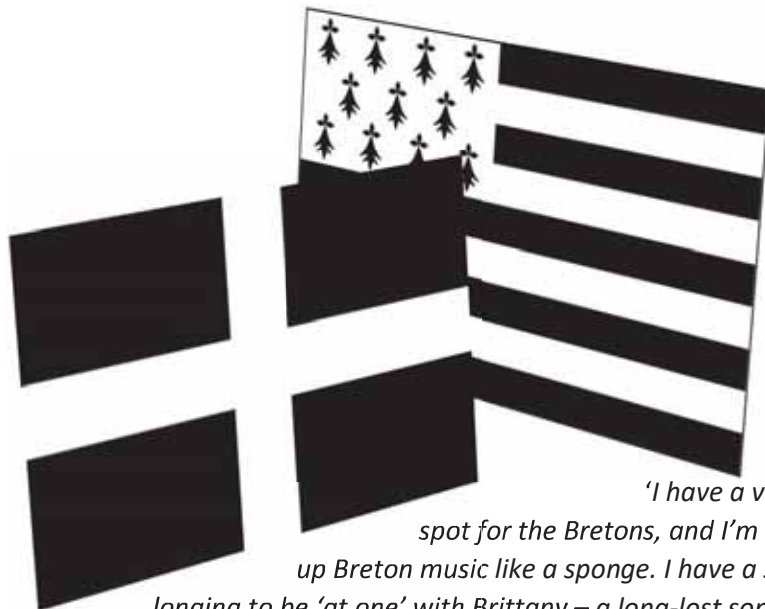
Words & Music / Geryow & ilow: ©Richard Gendall; Methewen 1976

Produced & arranged by Gwenno Saunders; Harp, viola, synth, vocals – Gwenno Saunders, 2021

<u>Prias Awen (SWF)</u>	<u>Pryas Awen (Richard's Cornish)</u>
1.	1.
My a dremen oll an dowrow Bys pan gyffiv liwdha wolow Bew ow lester bys pan dheffo Prest dhe guntel regyth dha danyow	My a dremen oll an dourow Bys pan gyffyf lywdha wolow Bew ow lester bys pan dheffo Prest dhe guntell regyth dha dannow
2.	2.
Rudh an granas gwrys y'n owr melyn Neb a goth dhe'n dor avel delen	Ruth an granas gwres y'n owr melen Neb a goth dhe'n dor avel delen

<p>Mes pan goth an has war an wresen          Dos a wra ha tevi dhe wedhen          3.          Owr o blew an vowes a sevi          Owr o liw an dhiwvogh anedhi          Diw safyren ow lughesi          Pows kogh a-dro dh'y horf hi a dhegi          4.          Prias awen, omdhon an askor          Ha hware dinythi an gwylter          A dhehelgh mes a'gan or          Ha'n lew ha'n yw dhyn sorr</p>	<p>Mes pan goth an has war an wrésen          Dos a wra ha tevy dhe wedhen          3.          Owr o blew an vowes a sevi          Owr o lyw an dhywvogh anedhy          Dyw safyren ow lughesy          Pows cough adro dh'y horf hy a dhegy          4.          Pryas awen, omdhon an ascor          Ha whare denythy an gwylter          A dhehelgh mes a'gan or          H'an lew h'an yu dhyn sor</p>
---	--

<p><b><u>Bride of Inspiration (English)</u></b></p> <p>1.          I shall cross all the waters          Till I find the gleam of thy light          Live, till my ship come          Ready to gather the embers of thy fires</p> <p>2.          Red the garnet wrought in the yellow gold          That falls to the ground like a leaf          But when falls the seed on the fertile ground          It shall come to grow into a tree</p>	<p>3.          Gold was the hair of the girl that stood          Gold was the two cheeks of her          Two sapphires glittering          A scarlet dress about her body she wore</p> <p>4.          Bride of Inspiration, conceive the offspring          And soon give birth to the hound          That shall hunt away from our boundary          Both the lion and the cock that are our          vexation.</p>
--	--



*'I have a very soft spot for the Bretons, and I'm soaking up Breton music like a sponge. I have a sort of longing to be 'at one' with Brittany – a long-lost son/father image, or something, which is comical as I still have never been there!'*

Richard, letter to Brenda, 13<sup>th</sup> August 1975  
 (He did visit Brittany later, with Brenda)

## 26. Towl Ros! – Cast Net!

CD 2, Track 10

Music & Lyrics: Richard Gendall

Arrangement: Brenda Wootton

**♩ = 160**     $\text{♩}$     Dm                    Dm                    Dm                    C                    Dm

1. A dus us en - a war an treth a wel an co - gow - ma Hag  
 3. Ha why yn a - gas gwel - yow tom ow cus - ca cu - dhys clos Gos -

9    Dm                    Dm                    Dm                    C                    Dm

om - dydh - a - na oll an jeth heb let na pyn na pla Gwreugh  
 tyth on - ny dhe der - ros trom, rak car - rek, mor ha fros Gwreugh

17    F                    Dm                    Am                    F                    B $\flat$                     A                    Dm

per - thy cof a - ha - nan - ny a wyth ha deth ha nos On pa - rys  
 dy - bry a - gas pysk y - tho, y'n bo - sty po yn - tre Hag ewl - bos

26    Dm                    Dm                    C                    Dm                    Dm

prest er - byn an cry: "Towl ros! Towl ros! Towl ros!" 2. Yn a - wel,  
 ugh - el re - 'gas bol, Ha by - ner re bo le!

35    Dm                    Dm                    C                    Dm                    Dm

glaw hag ergh ha rew an ker - dyn ny a hal Na by - sow

43    Dm                    Dm                    C                    Dm                    F

crom na bre - ghow brew ny lest dhyn rag an whel Gwreugh per - thy

51    Dm                    Am                    F                    B $\flat$                     A                    Dm                    Dm

cof a ha - nan - ny a wyth ha deth ha nos On pa - rys prest er - byn an

61    Dm                    C                    Dm                    D.S. al Fine

cry: "Towl ros! Towl ros! Towl ros!"

Another fishing-themed shanty, this also begins with, as Richard describes: ‘the cry of St Ives fishermen as they counted the mackerel...’. (Many other versions of such chants are recorded in Morton Nance’s book ‘Cornish Sea Words’.) Written by Richard, it was published on Brenda’s maritime-related album, ‘Gwavas Lake’, Burlington Records (BURL008) in 1980, with guitarist Dave Penhale accompanying.

*Words & Music / Geryow hag ilow: Richard Gendall*

*Arrangement / Aray: Brenda Wootton; Guitarist: Dave Penhale*

<b><u>Towl Roos! (SWF)</u></b>	<b><u>Towl Ros! (Richard’s Cornish)</u></b>
<p><i>“Briel ha mata ... tressa ... beswera ... pympes ... hweghes ... seythes...”</i></p>	<p><i>“Bryal ha mata... tressa... beswera... pypus... wheffes... seythes...”</i></p>
<p><i>All a-scrawl ... all along the line-oh!!”</i></p>	<p><i>All a-scrawl ... all along the line-oh!!”</i></p>
<p>1.</p>	<p>1.</p>
<p>A dus eus ena war an treth a wel an kokow ma, Hag omdhidhana oll an jydh heb lett na payn na pla.</p>	<p>A dus us ena war an treth a wel an cogow-ma, Hag omdydhana oll an jeth heb let na pyn na pla.</p>
<p>2.</p>	<p>2.</p>
<p>Gwrewgh perthi kof ahanan ni a weyth ha dydh ha nos, On parys prest er bynn an kri "Towl roos! towl roos! towl roos!"</p>	<p>Gwreugh perthy cof ahanan-ny a wyth ha deth ha nos, On parys prest erbyn an cry "Towl ros! towl ros! towl ros!"</p>
<p>3.</p>	<p>3.</p>
<p>Yn awel, glaw hag ergh ha rew an kerdyn ni a hal, Na bysow kromm na breghow brew ny lest dhyn rag an hwel.</p>	<p>Yn awel, glaw hag ergh ha rew an kerdyn ny a hal, Na bysow crom na breghow brew ny lest dhyn rag an whel.</p>
<p>4.</p>	<p>4.</p>
<p>Ha hwi yn agas gwelyow tomm ow koska kudhys klos, Gostyth on ni dhe derros tromm, rag karrek, mor ha fros.</p>	<p>Ha why yn agas gwelyow tom ow cusca cudhys clos, Gostyth on-ny dhe derros trom, rak karrek, mor ha fros.</p>
<p>5.</p>	<p>5.</p>
<p>Gwrewgh dybri agas pysk ytho, y'n bosti po yn tre, Hag ewl voos ughel re'gas bol Ha bynner re bo le!</p>	<p>Gwreugh dybry agas pysk ytho, y'n bosty po yn tre, Hag ewlbos ughel re'gas bol Ha byner re bo le!</p>

**Cast Net! (English)**

*"Mackerel and his mate... three... four... five...  
six... seven...  
All a-scrawl! All along the line—oh!"*

1.

Oh, people who are there on the strand who  
see these boats,  
And amuse yourselves all day without  
hindrance, trouble or bother

2.

Remember us who work both day and night  
Who are ready ever against the cry,  
"Cast net! cast net! cast net!"

3.

In gale, rain and snow and frost the line we  
haul,  
Neither numbed fingers nor aching arms stop  
us from the work.

4.

And you in your beds, warm, sleeping,  
cuddled up,  
Subject are we to disaster sudden, from rock,  
sea and current.

5.

Eat your fish then in the cafe or at home,  
And a high appetite may you have – and let it  
never be less!



*'Fishing Boat', handlining mackerel, with permission from Penwith artist Glyn Macey*

## 27. Steren yn Nos – Star in the Night

CD 2, Track 11

Words & Music: Richard Gendall

Arrangement: Brenda Wootton

$\text{♩} = 120$

Gm Gm F Gm Gm

1. Ste - ren y'n nos, \_\_\_\_\_ ter - len-try a wra, \_\_\_\_\_ A hy-na an  
 2. Vrew wor an forth, \_\_\_\_\_ hag yn-dan ow sul, \_\_\_\_\_ A why an cle -

10 Gm F Gm B $\flat$  F

mor, \_\_\_\_\_ gans gwyr-ho - nen or, \_\_\_\_\_ Tre-lew dhe ves, \_\_\_\_\_  
 ghy, \_\_\_\_\_ yn ge-len a ger, \_\_\_\_\_ U - la a nyj, \_\_\_\_\_

21 Gm D Gm D Cm

can a - gas gwas, \_\_\_\_\_ bes-ya nym bys, \_\_\_\_\_ gwel-la ma  
 ta-ro - suan gwyn, \_\_\_\_\_ a - vel - los - jy, \_\_\_\_\_ y'm bew - nans -

30 D Am Am G Am

lyth \_\_\_\_\_ 3. Re - se - kua dowr, \_\_\_\_\_ a - berth yn te - now, \_\_\_\_\_  
 vy, \_\_\_\_\_ 4. Car-rick yn ryn, \_\_\_\_\_ ta - we-sek ha tewl, \_\_\_\_\_

40 Am Am G Am

— Ow why-las a dre, \_\_\_\_\_ yn hy - ly an mor, \_\_\_\_\_  
 — Ow luf my a war, \_\_\_\_\_ yn ge - row-der dha geyn, \_\_\_\_\_

49 C G Am E Am E

Tre-ghes an nos \_\_\_\_\_ ganscol - iel dhyn, \_\_\_\_\_ Yn-weth a dre \_\_\_\_\_  
 Ca - les kyn dhew \_\_\_\_\_ ty by mo - row, \_\_\_\_\_ Ty am su - ra \_\_\_\_\_

59 Dm E Gm Gm F

\_\_\_\_\_ ow ho - lon vrew, \_\_\_\_\_ 5. Ste-ren y'n nos, \_\_\_\_\_ ter - len-try a  
 \_\_\_\_\_ o-nen a vyth! \_\_\_\_\_



70 Gm Gm Gm F Gm  
wra A hy-na an mor, gans gwyr-ho-nen or, -

81 B♭ F Gm D Gm D  
Tre-lew dhe ves can a - gas gwas, Bes-ya nym bys.

91 Cm D Cm D Cm  
gweHa ma fyth Ste-ren y'n nos, ste-ren y'n

102 Gm  
nos

This was never published while Brenda was alive, but recorded with guitarist Al Fenn (from the Cheltenham band, Decameron) when they were guest artists at Pipers Folk Club one New Year's Eve, possibly in the early 1980s, while the club was based at the Gulval Meadery. We were lucky enough to find this recording, and used it on the 'Brenda at Christmas' CD produced in 2017.

This wistful, lilting song was written by Richard in 1976, modified in 1985, and modified again in 1986 – so there is some confusion!

*Words & Music / Geryow & ilow: ©Richard Gendall*

*Arrangement / Aray: Brenda Wootton; Guitarist: Al Fenn*

<b><u>Stere'n y'n Nos (SWF)</u></b>	<b><u>Stere'n yn Nos (Richard's Cornish)</u></b>
1. Stere'n y'n nos terlentry a wra Ha kyni an mor, gans gwrighonen oor Trelewgh dhe ves kan agas gwas Besya ny'm bys gwella ma fyth.	1. Stere'n e'n noze terlentry a wra Ha keena an mor gen gwreehonen or Golow ow beez e'n tewolgo gwreez Splanha viketh en fathe an leef.
2. Rew war an fordh, hag yn-dann ow sul An wigh an kleghi yn gelen a ger Ula a nyj, tarosvan gwynn, Avelos jy y'm bewnas vy.	2. Rew war an vor, ha dadn ow seel ine Gweeh an cleahey an bollen a gelm Oola a neej, tarosvan gwidn, Avellos jee e'm bownas vee.
3. Resegva dowr a-berth yn tenow, ow hwilas y dre yn hylly an mor, Treghys an nos gans kollel dhur Ynwedh a dre ow holon vrew.	3. Resegva dowr bera'n tenow, U whilas i drea en hily an mor, Trehez an noze gen cullel theer Aweeth a dreah ow holon vrew.

4.	4.
Karrek yn run - tawek ha tewel, Ow leuv my a wor yn garowder dha geyn Kales kynth yw tybi morow Ty a'm sura onan a vydh!	Carreg e'n reen, tawejack ha tewl, Ow leef mee a wor en garowder tha gein Cales kinth ow desevos morow, Chee a'm seerha wonnen u feth.
5.	5.
Steren y'n nos terlentry a wra Ha kyni an mor, gans gwrighonen oor Trelewgh dhe ves kan agas gwas Besya ny'm bys gwella ma fyth.	Steren e'n noze terlentry a wra Ha keena an mor gen gwreehonen or Golow ow beez e'n tewolgo gwreez Splanha viketh en fathe an leef.

<b><u>Star in the Night (English)</u></b>	
1.	
Star in the night, glitter that does, And lights the sea with a spark cold, Light of my world, in the darkness a crystal Light forever the face of the flood.	A seeking his place in the brine of the sea Cut the night by a knife of steel Also that cuts my heart bruised
2.	4.
Frost on the road, and beneath my sole cold, Creak of the ice, the puddle that binds, An owl flies, phantom whites, Like thee in my life me	Rock on the hillside, silent and dark, My hand I put on the roughness of thy back Hard though it is to imagine a tomorrow Thou me assurest one there will be.
3.	5.
Course of water within the dell	Star in the night, glitter that does, And lights the sea with a spark cold, Light of my world, in the darkness a crystal Light forever the face of the flood.



*The Milky Way over Priest's Cove, Cape Cornwall, St Just - by Tim Pearson*

## 28. Bre Cambron – Camborne Hill

CD 2, Track 12

Translator: Richard Gendall

Traditional

♩ = 140      E♭                                  B♭                                  B♭

1. Owth y - skyn-na bre Cam-bron war nans,                                  Owth y - skyn-na bre  
 2. Hy lo - drow, hy lo - drow o gwyn,                                  Hy lo - drow, hy  
 3. Yth a - swo-nyn hy thas - hy, den coth,                                  Yth a - swo-nyn hy  
 4. An glow ef a hal - yas y'n eth,                                  An glow ef a

1. War nans  
 2. Gwyn gwyn  
 3. Den coth,  
 4. Y'n eth,

6                                  E♭                                  E♭                                  A♭

Cam-bron war nans,                                  Pup margh stak yth o                                  Pup  
 lo - drow o gwyn,                                  Hy - lo - drow o gwyn,                                  hy -  
 thas - hy, den coth,                                  Yth a - swo - nyn hy thas,                                  y'n  
 hal - yas y'n eth,                                  Y hal - yas a glow,                                  ha'n

war nans,                                  Pup margh stak yth o                                  Pup  
 gwyn gwyn,                                  Hy - lo - drow o gwyn,                                  hy -  
 den coth,                                  A - swo - nyn hy thas,                                  y'n  
 y'n eth,                                  Y hal - yas a glow,                                  ha'n

12                                  B♭                                  E♭                                  A♭                                  E♭                                  B♭                                  E♭

ros eth yn tro                                  Owth y - skyn-na bre Cam-bron war nans  
 lo - drow o gwyn?  
 band y whar - yas  
 eth oll ad - ro

ros eth yn tro                                  Owth y - skyn-na bre Cam-bron war nans  
 low - drow o gwyn?  
 band y whar - yas  
 eth oll ad - ro

18                                  E♭                                  B♭

— 5. Owth y - skyn-na bre Cam-bron war nans,                                  Owth y -  
 — 5. Owth y - skyn-na bre Cam-bron war nans, war nans, Owth y -

18 E♭ B♭

— 5.Owth y - skyn-na bre Cam-bron war nans, Owth y -

— 5.Owth y - skyn-na bre Cam-bron war nans, war nans, Owth y -

24 B♭ E♭ E♭ A♭

skyn-na bre Cam-bron war nans, Pup marghstak yth o, Pup

skyn-na bre Cam-bron war nans, war nans, Pup marghstak yth o, Pup

31 B♭ E♭ A♭ E♭ B♭ E♭

ros eth yn tro, Owth y - skyn-na bre Cam-bron war nans.

ros eth yn tro, Owth y - skyn-na bre Cam-bron war nans.

One of the most popular traditional Cornish pub songs, Camborne Hill dates back to the early 19<sup>th</sup> century, and commemorates the inaugural run of Richard Trevithick's 'Puffing Devil' steam engine in 1801. It was originally translated into Cornish by Talek (R G Retallack Hooper) in the 1950s, which was published by Inglis Gundry in 1960 in his 'Canow Kernow' Cornish song book; Richard's translation is below. The full provenance and history can be read in Merv Davey's 'Kenewegh! Sing!' and Coleman and Burley's 'Shout Kernow', as well as on the Cornwall National Music Archive website.<sup>13</sup> Several more verses are known... It has been recorded elsewhere, including by Richard on the cassette 'Canow Kernow, Songs in Cornish', on Folktrax FSB-60-009 in 1975, revised in 1980 (see Appendix).

This version was published on Brenda and Richard's 'Crowdy Crawn' LP, produced by Sentinel Records (SENS 1016) in 1973, with Richard playing guitar. Once again, they introduce the well-known song with some chat in Cornish.

*Traditional Cornish; translation below: ©Richard Gendall  
Arrangement / Aray: Brenda Wootton*

<sup>13</sup> 'Kenewegh! Sing!', Ed. Merv Davey, *Fed. Of Old Cornwall Societies*, p.20; and 'Shout Kernow', Hilary Coleman & Sally Burley, *Francis Boutle Publ*, 2015, p.101; <https://cornishnationalmusicarchive.co.uk/content/camborne-hill-bre-gambron/>

B. Res porres yw dhyn ni kana 'Bre Gambronn'. B. Res porres yu dhyn-ny canna 'Bre Cambron'.  
 R. Ty a vynn leverel an gan Rugby a Gernow? R. Ty a vyn leverel an gan Rugby a Gernow?  
 B. Per'kof eus lies divres a'n kan ynwedh. B. B. Per'cof us lyes dyvres a'n can ynweth.  
 R. Gwir. Ke yn-rag, ytho my a'th hol. R. Gwyr. Ke yn-rak, ytho my a'th hol.  
 B. Son an ton, koweth! B. Son an ton, coweth!  
 R. Halyewgh hy genowgh! R. Hedheugh-hy genowgh!

B. We really must sing 'Camborne Hill'.  
 R. You mean the Rugby song of Cornwall?  
 B. Remember there are many exiles who sing it too.  
 R. True. Go ahead, then. I'll follow you.  
 B. Strike up, my dear!  
 R. Reach her with you (away you go!) (haul away!)

<b><u>Bre Gambronn (SWF)</u></b>	<b><u>Bre Cambron (Richard's Cornish)</u></b>
1.	1.
Owth yskynna Bre Gambronn war-nans Owth yskynna Bre Gambronn war-nans Pub margh stag yth o, Pub ros eth yn tro Owth yskynna Bre Gambronn war-nans.	Owth yskynna bre Cambron war nans Owth yskynna bre Cambron war nans Pup margh stak yth o, Pup ros eth yn tro Owth yskynna bre Cambron war nans.
2.	2.
Hy lodrow, hy lodrow o gwynn Hy lodrow, hy lodrow o gwynn, Hy lodrow o gwynn, a-ugh hy dewlin Owth yskynna Bre Gambronn war-nans.	Hy lodrow, hy lodrow o gwyn Hy lodrow, hy lodrow o gwyn, Hy lodrow o gwyn, a-ugh hy dewlin Owth yskynna bre Cambron war nans.
3.	3.
Yth aswonys hy thas hi, den koth Yth aswonys hy thas hi, den koth Yth aswonys hy den koth, y'n band y hwarias. Owth yskynna Bre Gambronn war-nans.	Yth aswonyn hy thas-hy, den coth Yth aswonyn hy thas-hy, den coth Yth aswonyn hy den coth, y'n band y wharyas. Owth yskynna bre Cambron war nans.
4.	4.
An glow ev a halyas y'n eth An glow ev a halyas y'n eth Y halyas an glow, ha'n eth oll a-dro Owth yskynna Bre Gambronn war-nans.	An glow ef a halyas y'n eth An glow ef a halyas y'n eth Y halyas an glow, ha'n eth oll adro Owth yskynna bre Cambron war nans.
5.	5.
Owth yskynna Bre Gambronn war-nans Owth yskynna Bre Gambronn war-nans Pub margh stag yth o, Pub ros eth yn tro Owth yskynna Bre Gambronn war-nans.	Owth yskynna bre Cambron war nans Owth yskynna bre Cambron war nans Pup margh stak yth o, Pup ros eth yn tro Owth yskynna bre Cambron war nans.

**Camborne Hill (English)**

1.

Going up Camborne hill, coming down  
Going up Camborne hill, coming down  
The horses stood still,  
the wheels went around,  
Going up Camborne hill, coming down.

2.

White stockings, white stockings she wore,  
White stockings, white stockings she wore,  
White stockings she wore, the same as before,  
Going up Camborne hill, coming down.

3.

I knowed 'er old father, old man,

I knowed 'er old father, old man,  
I knowed 'er old man, 'e blawed in the band,  
Going up Camborne hill, coming down.

4.

He 'eaved in the coal in the steam,  
He 'eaved in the coal in the steam,  
He 'eaved in the coal, the steam 'it the beam,  
Going up Camborne hill, coming down.

5.

Going up Camborne hill, coming down  
Going up Camborne hill, coming down  
The horses stood still,  
the wheels went around,  
Going up Camborne hill, coming down.



*A replica of Trevithick's 'Puffing Devil' in Camborne, Trevithick Day  
2014 Photo © Sue Ellery-Hill*

## 29. A Wennol Wyn – White Swallow

CD 2, Track 13

Music & Lyrics: Richard Gendall

Arrangement: Brenda Wootton

**♩ = 96**

1. Ple fe - sta mar - bell a wen - nol wyn An  
 2. O - tom - ma dha vyth a wen - nol wyn Yn  
 3. Ogh my - a vys sco - thys gwen - nol wyn A -  
 4. An vo - ren as - wo - neth a dhy - ghow in oon La

6 gwaf re ve hyr ha yeyn ow an bryn Y'th e - sen a  
 scry - ver a wor - tha yn tres - ter ha len, U'm gwe - laf me  
 barth dhym in kyn - yaf a gor - tyth um lam, Ogh ny ath pols  
 da da da da da da da da da dum, Ha dew dha - dew -

12 dhyghow pols by - ghan a goth - man Na vyth su - dro - nen an  
 wra - sta wy goth - man um. gwe - laf Nye - seth wry de -  
 byghas u - ghen - tel, a vy - as Mes um tew - he - laf y'n  
 la - gas, ha grew - yew yn dhu - hyr Mes na vyn try - ghan na

19 dry - vas owth e - ny  
 lo - va dre - ve - ny  
 gwayn - ten my - a dhe - dhow  
 byth - mygh del gry - saff

Concerning another of Richard's beloved birds, this song is a reflection on the travels and lifestyle of the swallow. Richard himself was much travelled, and when he became more settled in his homeland, often looked to the wild birds for that adventurous spirit. The song appears on the 'Pamplemousse' LP, produced by Barclay – France (920.475) in 1974, with guitarist Robert Bartlett.

*Words & Music: ©Richard Gendall / Geryow & ilow: ©Richard Gendall*

*Arrangement: Brenda Wootton / Aray: Brenda Wootton*

### A Wennel Wynn (SWF)

1.

Ple fes ta mar bell a wennel wynn  
 An gwav re veu hir ha yeyn o an brenn  
 Y'th esen a-dhyghow pols byghan, a gothman,  
 Na vydh sudronen an drevas owth enni.

### A Wennol Wyn (Richard's Cornish)

1.

Ple festa marbell a wennol wyn  
 An gwaf re ve hyr ha yeyn ow an bryn  
 Y'th esen a dhyghow pols byghan, a  
 gothman,  
 Na vyth sudronen an dryvas owth eny.

<p style="text-align: center;">2.</p> <p>Ottomma dha neyth a wannel wynn Y'n skrifer a-wartha yn trester ha lenn Y'm gwelav a wres ta an gothman y'm gwelav Ny esedh wri dell ova dre veni.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">3.</p> <p>Ogh my a vydh skoodhys gwennel wynn A-barth dhymm yn kynnyav y gortydh unn lamm Ogh ni a'th pols byghan ughentel a viaj Nyns y tehwelav y'n gwenton my a dhedhow.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">4.</p> <p>An voren aswonydh a dhyghow y'n woon La la la la, la la la la... Ha du dha dhewlagas, ha grewyew yn dhugh hir Mes a dhrog homma na dhriven dell grysaf!</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">2.</p> <p>Otomma dha vyth a wennol wyn Yn scryver a wortha yn trester ha len U'm gwelaf a wrasta an gothman u'm gwelaf Nyeseth wry delova dreveny.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">3.</p> <p>Ogh mya vys scothys gwennol wyn Abarth dhym in kynnyaf a gortyth un lam Ogh ny ath pols byghas ughentel a vyas Nyns y tewhelaf y'n gwaynten me a dhedhow.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">4.</p> <p>An voren aswoneth a dhyghow in oon La la la la, la la la la... Ha dew dhadewlagas, ha grewyew yn dhuhr Mes a droghomma na dryfen del grysaf!</p>
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<p><b><u>White Swallow (English)</u></b></p> <p style="text-align: center;">1.</p> <p>Where might you have been so far away oh white swallow The winter has been long and cold was the hill you were to the south a little while, oh friend, There won't be the dronefly of the harvest buzzing.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">2.</p> <p>Here you will be white swallow In writing above in trust and loyalty I see myself that you were, the friend I see Do not sit and weave as I do, through envy.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">3.</p> <p>Alas, I will be supported white swallow In my name, in Autumn, awaits one jump Alas, there isn't one small high moment of the journey I do not return in spring I may lay eggs.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">4.</p> <p>The maid knows you go south into downland La la la la, la la la la... And black your eyes, and black your eyes, tears in long grief Out of this sadness I was not driven, I believe!</p> <p><i>[The original English is missing, and there is some difficulty with the language here]</i></p>
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*'The last day of the school year comes the day before I would have gone mad. It is a very, very salutary thing to have the safety valve of you and the music functioning smoothly. I find myself wishing bitterly that I could have done more for Cornwall and the Cornish language...'*

Richard, letter to Brenda, 8<sup>th</sup> July 1976





48 Gm Gm7 Dm B $\flat$  Am Gm Dm B $\flat$  Am

jee. Jan, Jan\_\_\_\_\_ La, la, la, la, la,

jee Jan, Jan\_\_\_\_\_ Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

58 Gm Dm Dm6 B $\flat$  Gm7 Dm Gm B $\flat$  Gm F

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, lo. 3.A fay nep

la

69 Gm7 F C7 F Gm Gm7 C F B $\flat$

pao lo - wen - der, ha mee\_ ar - hes - cop mure\_ mure\_ Uth gres - sen vee migh

78 Gm7 C7 B $\flat$  Gm Gm7 Dm B $\flat$  Am

tern\_ draze all\_ ganz cu - ren ao-wer, Jan, Jan\_\_\_\_\_

Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

87 Gm Dm B $\flat$  Am Gm Dm Dm6 B $\flat$  Gm7 Dm

La, la,

la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

97 Gm B $\flat$  Gm *D.S.* Dm Gm B $\flat$  Dm

la, la, la, la, la, la, lo\_\_\_\_\_ La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, lo\_\_\_\_\_

The arrival of Brenda's second grandchild, Jan Gwavas Luscombe, in 1980, prompted another beautiful, gentle lullaby from Richard – 'Jan Jan' was Brenda's pet name for him. This song was not published on an LP, but we discovered a tape of a concert with a choir, probably recorded in Brittany.

Words & Music / Geryow hag ilow: ©Richard Gendall

Arrangement / Aray: Brenda Wootton

<b><u>Cusk Cusk, Jan Jan (SWF)</u></b>	<b><u>Cusk Cusk, Jan Jan (Richard's Cornish)</u></b>
<p style="text-align: center;">1.</p> <p>Kosk Kosk, Jan Jan, ow melder, Kosk Kosk, Jan Jan, yn nos. Kosk Kosk, wak wak dha das ha mamm an kommol nos yn-dann.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Chorus</i></p> <p>Tra la la...la la la... la la la... la la la Tra la la...la la la... la la la... la (repeat)</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">1.</p> <p>Cusk Cusk, Jan Jan, ow melder, Cusk Cusk, Jan Jan, in noaze. Cusk Cusk, waik waik tha daze ha mam an comol noaze indan.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Chorus</i></p> <p>Tra la la...la la la... la la la... la la la Tra la la...la la la... la la la... la (repeat)</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">2.</p> <p>An howl a dhrehevis myttin ha sevel a yew yn- bann, Mes my pan viris arta tin yth esta jy, Jan Jan</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Chorus</i></p>	<p style="text-align: center;">2.</p> <p>An howl a thruhevies mittin ha sevel a yew inban, Maze me pan virries arta tin ith esta jee, Jan Jan</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Chorus</i></p>
<p style="text-align: center;">3.</p> <p>A fe neb pow lowender ha my argheskop meur, Y'th grewssen vy myghtern dres oll gans kurun a owr, Jan Jan.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Chorus</i></p>	<p style="text-align: center;">3.</p> <p>A fay nep paoo lowender ha mee arheskop mure, Uth grewssen vee mightern draze all ganz curen aower, Jan Jan.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Chorus</i></p>

<p><b><u>Sleep Sleep, Jan Jan (English)</u></b></p> <p style="text-align: center;">1.</p> <p>Sleep sleep, Jan Jan, my darling, Sleep sleep, Jan Jan this night Sleep sleep sweet sweet of thy da and mam, the clouds of night beneath.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Chorus</i></p> <p>Tra la la...la la la... la la la... la la la Tra la la...la la la... la la la... la (repeat)</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">2.</p> <p>The sun got up in the morning and rose up high above, But I, when I looked again sharply, it was thee, Jan Jan</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Chorus</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">3.</p> <p>If there were some country of happiness and I an archbishop great, I thee would make king over all with crown of gold, Jan Jan.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Chorus</i></p>
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## 31. De Sul Vyttyn – Sunday Morning

CD 2, Track 15

Music & Lyrics: Richard Gendall

Arrangement: Brenda Wootton

**♩ = 120**

Dm      Gm      C      F      Dm      Gm      C      C7

1. De sul vyt - tyn, ty\_\_y'm gwe - ly, go - low deth yu nam - ny - gen,  
 2. An cro - glen - now yu\_\_y - ge - rys, new glaw war an qua - rel yeyn,  
 3. My a vyr wha - re\_\_ow ur - yor, eth ur pass - es so - la - brys,

9      Dm      Gm      C      F      Gm      Dm      Gm      Dm

Wath yth e - sos - ta\_\_owth hu - na, tom ha clos ryb ow\_\_the - new - an,  
 Bes - yas noth an e - tlen da - now us ow cra - vas los\_\_an e - bren,  
 A'th dy - fu - naf gans\_\_ow hus - syn, ty ma tryl - lyf tre\_\_y'm bew - nans?

17      Gm      Dm      Gm      Dm      Gm      Dm      B♭      Dm      B♭

Kel - lys yn\_\_neb bys a - bell, pell dres gwe - les a\_\_dhy - fun. Ty  
 Dres am to\_\_an gwyns a don hun - gan gwaf\_\_dhe'm cuf\_\_co - lon.  
 A'th dy - fu - naf ogh na! na! An pols gwyn - vys - ma\_\_my dhur!

26      F      Gm      Dm      Dm      Dm      C      Dm

a ga - raf, ty an gwy - thyas oll\_\_ow bew.

Richard's notes explain:

*“Sunday morning, beside a sleeping lover...how long can the precious moment last? One would like to waken the lover and share a common plane of awareness, yet it would spoil something rare and delicate. One is in a cocoon of time in one's protected surroundings, while the world, perhaps harsh, continues its way, relentlessly, outside. Enjoy the moment of happiness, which is only fleeting. Outside, there will be regrets.”*

This 1979 song appeared on Brenda's 'Lyonesse' album, produced by RCA France (37656/PL 70299) in 1983, with accompanist Dave Penhale. It was also recorded for the 1970s BBC show, 'Louis Robinson, Down the Club' – and can be seen on Youtube under the perplexing title 'Cornish Folk Song', with Chris Newman on guitar.

Words & Music / Geryow hag ilow: ©Richard Gendall (2/12/79)

Arrangement / Aray: Brenda Wootton; Guitarist: Dave Penhale

**Dy' Sul Vyttin (SWF)**

1.

Dy' Sul vyttin, ty y'm gweli,  
golow dydh yw namnygen,  
Hwath yth esos ta owth huna,  
tomm ha klos ryb ow thenewen,  
Kellys yn neb bys a-bell,  
pell dres gweles a dhifun.  
Ty a garav – ty an gwithyas oll ow bewnans.

2.

An kroglennow yw ygerys,  
niwl glaw war an kwarel yeyn,  
Besies nooth an edhlen danow  
eus ow kravas loos an ebron,  
Dres an to an gwyns a don  
hungan gwaf dhe' m kuv kolon.  
My a vir hware ow euryor,  
eth eur passyes seulabrys,  
A'th difunav gans ow hussyn,  
ty may tryllyf tre y'm bewnans?

3.

My a vir hware ow euryor  
Eth eur passyes seulabrys  
A'th difunav gans ow hussyn  
Ty may tryllys tre y'm bewnans  
A'th difunav? Ogh! Na, na!  
An pols gwynvys ma ny dhur  
Ty a garav – ty a'm gwithyas oll ow bew.

**De Sul Vyttyn (Richard's Cornish)**

1.

De Sul vyttyn, ty y'm gwely,  
golow deth yu namnygen,  
Wath yth esos-ta owth huna,  
tom ha clos ryb ow thenewan,  
Kellys yn neb bys abell,  
pell dres gweles a dhyfun.  
Ty a garaf – ty an gwythyas oll ow bew.

2.

An croglennow yu ygerys,  
new glaw war an quarel yeyn,  
Besyas noth an etlen danow  
us ow cravas los an ebren,  
Dres am to an gwyns a don  
hungan gwaf dhe' m cuf colon.  
My a vyr whare ow uryor,  
eth ur passyes solabrys,  
A'th dyfunaf gans ow hussyn,  
ty may tryllyf tre y'm bewnans?

3.

My a vyr whare ow uryor  
Eth ur pasfyes solabrys  
A'th dyfunaf gans ow kussyn  
Ty may tryllys tre y'm bewnans  
A'th dyfunaf? Ogh! Na, na!  
An pols gwynvys-ma ny dhus  
Ty a garaf – ty am gwythyas oll ow bew.

**Sunday Morning (English)**

1.

Sunday morning, thou in my bed,  
light of day is only just,  
Yet art thou a-dreaming,  
warm and snug by my side,  
Lost in some world afar,  
far beyond sight that wakens,  
Thou that I love – thou the keeper of all my  
living.

2.

The curtain is opened,  
mist-rain on the pane, cold,  
Fingers, bare, of the poplar slender,

that is scratching the grey of the sky...  
Over the roof, the wind intones,  
a lullaby of winter to my dear-heart,  
Thou that I love – thou the keeper of all my  
living.

3.

I look soon my watch,  
eight-o'clock past already,  
Do thee I wake with my kiss,  
thee that I may bring back into my life?  
Do thee I wake? Oh, no, no!  
The moment blessed here not lasts,  
Thou that I love – thou the keeper of all my  
living.

**Sunday Morning (English – metric version)**

1.

Thou and I on Sunday morning  
Light of day has scarcely dawned,  
Still art thou, so peaceful dreaming,  
By my side, so snugly, warmly,  
Wandering in some world afar,  
Far beyond my wakening sight...  
Thou my loving... thou the keeper of my life...

2.

Through the window, curtains opened,  
Drizzle on the cold panes falls,  
Poplar fingers bare and slender

Scratch against the sky so grey,  
Across the roof the wind is crooning  
Winter lullaby to my dear...  
Thou my loving... thou the keeper of my life...

3.

Presently my watch is telling  
Eight o'clock already gone –  
Shall I wake thee with my kissing  
So I bring thee back to living?  
Shall I wake thee? Oh! No, no!  
This blest moment will not last,  
Thou my loving... thou the keeper of my life...



*Sun over Zennor Church, photograph courtesy of Tim Pearson*

*'When I wake up in the morning I always have music in my head – and this has always made me wonder where music comes from. It may be someone else's tune, or it might be something of mine, but it's always there, as if someone has turned on a radio in my head.*

*There was always music in the house when I was growing up, mother playing Chopin or Mendelssohn and father bringing home the popular music of the day. Music was being burned into my subconscious, and I'm sure I was 'writing' tunes in my head in the garden at St Blazey when I was a four-year-old.'*

Richard, interviewed for the Western Morning News, June 2010

## 32. Kernow ha Breizh – Cornwall and Brittany

CD 2, Track 16

Music & Lyrics: Richard Gendall

Arrangement: Brenda Wootton

$\text{♩} = 80$  C#m B C#m C#m B

1. Oh you may take the old high road but I will take the  
 2. We hois - ted up our an - chor then, we hois - ted up our  
 3. So ga - ther in my kith and kin, and all u - ni - ted

4 C#m B A B

sea And you may fare to Ex - e - ter, but I to Brit - ta -  
 yards, And the good north gale it filled our sails and soon we cleared the  
 be, We'll drink a toast to our gen - tle host, the land of Brit - tan -

8 C#m C#m B B C#m C#m B

ny The road it tum - bles a - cross the hills one hun - dred miles or  
 roads And forged we on a - cross the sea, a - long the un - seen  
 ny Yn - sol, yn - sol, Bre - ton - y - on oil, ha deugh a - barth dhyn -

3. Yn - sol, yn - sol, Bre - ton - y - on oil, ha deugh a - barth dhyn -

12 C#m B A

more But my ship she'll tum - ble from wave to wave un -  
 track Till when day and night had passed a - way we  
 ny Ker - now ha Breizh ha on - en a vyth a -

ny Ker - now ha Breizh ha on - en a vyth a -

Another rousing song to celebrate the strong friendship between the sister Celtic nations, Cornwall and Brittany. Written mostly in English, it juxtaposes the native names for the two countries in their own languages, with a chorus in Breton. It was recorded on Brenda's album for the French market, 'La Grande Cornouaillaise', produced by Burlington Records (BURL007) in 1980, with guitarist Dave Penhale.

Words & Music / Geryow hag ilow: ©Richard Gendall

Arrangement / Aray: Brenda Wootton; Guitarist: Dave Penhale

<b><u>Kernow Ha Breizh (English, Breton, Cornish)</u></b>	<b><u>Cornwall and Brittany (English)</u></b>
<p>1.</p> <p>Oh, you may take the old high road but I will take the sea,            And you may fare to Exeter, but I to Brittany,            The road it tumbles across the hills one hundred miles or more,            But my ship she'll tumble from wave to wave until she come to shore.</p>	<p>1.</p> <p>Oh, you may take the old high road but I will take the sea,            And you may fare to Exeter, but I to Brittany,            The road it tumbles across the hills one hundred miles or more,            But my ship she'll tumble from wave to wave until she come to shore.</p>



<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Refrain</i></p> <p>Ynsol, ynsol, Bretonyon oll, ha deugh abarth dhyn-ny, Kernow ha Breizh onen a vyth alemma rak defry.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">2.</p> <p>We hoisted up our anchor then, we hoisted up our yards, And the good north gale it filled our sails and soon we cleared the roads, And forged we on across the sea, along the unseen track, Till when night and day had passed away, we come to Aberwrac'h.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Refrain</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">3.</p> <p>So, gather in my kith and kin, and all united be; We'll drink a toast to our gentle host, the land of Brittany</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Refrain (x 2)</i></p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Refrain</i></p> <p>Standing, standing, all the Bretons and accompany us, Cornwall and Brittany will be united for sure</p> <p style="text-align: center;">2.</p> <p>We hoisted up our anchor then, we hoisted up our yards, And the good north gale it filled our sails and soon we cleared the roads, And forged we on across the sea, along the unseen track, Till when night and day had passed away, we come to Aberwrac'h.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Refrain</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">3.</p> <p>So, gather in my kith and kin, and all united be; We'll drink a toast to our gentle host, the land of Brittany.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Refrain (x 2)</i></p>
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<b><u>La Cornouaille et La Bretagne (French)</u></b>	
<p style="text-align: center;">1.</p> <p>Vous vous pouvez p'prendre le vieux chemin mais moi, je prendrai la mer, Et vous, vous pouvez vous rendre a Exeter, mais moi en Bretagne, Le chemin roule a travers les collines cent miles et plus, Mais mon bateau il roulera d'une onde a l'autre jusqu' a ce qu'il arrive a terre</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Refrain</i></p> <p>Debout, debout, tous les Bretons et accompagnez-nous, La Cornouaille et La Bretagne seront unies a jamais c'est sur.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">2.</p> <p>Alors nous levèmes l'ancre, nous levèmes les vergues, Et le bon vent du nord remplit les voiles et bientot nous quittèmes la rade. Nous allèmes a grand'erre sur la mer par la voie invisibles, Jusqu'a ce que grand la nuit et le jour furent passés, nous vinmes a Aberwrac'h.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Refrain</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">3.</p> <p>Donc rassemblez-vous mes parents et amis et soyez tous unis; Nous porterons la santé de notre gentil hôte, le pays de Bretagne.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Refrain (x 2)</i></p>

### 33. Kenavo – Farewell

CD 2, Track 17

Traditional Breton

Arrangement: Brenda Wootton

$\text{♩} = 60$

So, "One and All" for you we sing, To fur-ther joy and dry all tears, And  
So, "One and All" for you we sing, To fur-ther joy and dry all tears, and  
So, "One and All" for you we sing, To fur-ther joy and dry all tears, and  
So, "One and All" for you we sing, To fur-ther joy and dry all tears, and  
So, "One and All" for you we sing, To fur-ther joy and dry all tears, and

5  
from the e - cho we have learned, That there is friend-ship on this earth. So  
from the e - cho we have learned, That there is friend-ship on this earth. So  
from the e - cho we have learned, That there is friend-ship on this earth. So  
from the e - cho we have learned, That there is friend-ship on this earth. So  
from the e - cho we have learned, That there is friend-ship on this earth. So

A final goodbye – Brenda sings this mostly in English, incorporating the word ‘Farewell’ in both Breton and Cornish. Pol Hodge has kindly supplied a full translation into SWF.

A lovely traditional Breton song to end an evening, or a CD... fittingly, it appeared on Brenda’s final album, ‘Seagull’, with Praze Male Voice Choir accompanying, produced by Vogue France (VG406 506223) in 1990, although copies are rarer than hen’s teeth. So, farewell, god go with you, and thanks for listening. I hope you enjoyed the music. 😊

*Traditional Breton / Hengovek Bretonek*

*Arrangement / Aray: Brenda Wootton; Accompanists / Keveylor: Praze Male Voice Choir*

*Breton: Kenavo*

*Cornish: Duw genowgh hwi*

*English: God Go With You (Goodbye)*

**Kenavo – Duw genowgh hwi (SWF)**

1.

"Onan hag Oll" ragowgh 'kenyn,  
rag lowender, segha dagrow  
Ha dyworth an dason 'tyskyn,  
yma kowethas war'n bys ma.

2.

Ha Kenavo, kowetha wir,  
hag ow pewa, yn pub kolon,  
yn pub kolon, joy dell welir,  
agan gras dhywgh... Duw genowgh hwi.

**Kenavo – Goodbye (English)**

1.

So, "One and All" for you we sing,  
To further joy and dry all tears,  
And from the echo we have learned,  
That there is friendship on this earth.

2.

So Kenavo, good friends and true,  
There flourishes within each heart,  
Within each heart, joy as you've seen,  
Our thanks to you... Dewgenawee.



*Brenda in full voice in Germany, early 1980s*

## Afterwords

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### **Richard's 'Shout to the World'...**

*Extracts from a letter to Brenda written in August 1975. Reading through Richard's correspondence, I was struck by one particular letter (written from on board his lugger 'Alargh' in Lelant estuary) where Richard reflects on much of his motivation and history. I think these extracts from it reveal a lot about the writer of these beautiful songs:*

"I am looking forward very much to seeing something of you in September... I have a lot of music to present to you, including possibly the songs from the previous time that you probably did not have time to examine... I feel much more confident over my later songs, and 'like them better' (if I'm allowed to say that!) than the earlier ones. Perhaps that is a bad sign; anyway, I'd be interested to know what you yourself think about them.

I have made a first list of 40 songs for Donald Rawe's book<sup>14</sup>, but it'll probably need some attention. I made different lists and then put together a) songs you have recorded b) songs you have found went down well and c) songs of my own preference – with some preponderance of the more recent ones. This last group will be the one that will need careful consideration, as one's own choice is not necessarily that of the public. And then, one has to weigh up the pros and cons of giving the public what it wants and giving it what you want yourself. Anyway, your opinion will be invaluable in this respect.

At this moment it is appropriate to reflect that these songs of mine only came to be written as a result of Donald and others putting me in touch with you. I have written quite a lot of music in the past, though not many songs, but I have buried it all years ago. It was of no particular style, I think, and I have forgotten most of it; occasionally a tune comes to mind. In fact this opportunity to express myself came at a fortunate time for me because I was becoming more and more frustrated with my 'situation', and so bottled up, but with no foreseeable way of removing the tension. I never push – or I try never to push – my songs with you, preferring to leave it and see whether you take to them or not, but I would like you to know that however little I say, normally, your use of these songs is a tremendous joy to me. I would say it makes me feel proud, only that is not the right word; indeed, I don't know what word to use, it's more a matter of being amazed to see these songs 'work'; I have served such a long apprenticeship of seeing things not work that I have come to expect not too much out of life.

The irony of it is that when I was on the verge of leaving school, there were three things I should like to have been – an artist, an actor, or a musician. The thing that was closest to my heart was the latter, and I used to live for music. In fact, I can vividly remember wandering around our garden at St Blazey when I was about six years old, making up 'sad music' and feeling lonely. When sent away to public school in Surrey I longed to be picked for the choir, but in a C of E school for parsons' sons, there were so many potential choristers that as I happened to be low down on the list by some turn of fate, I got no place in the choir stalls, and was of course, too reticent to push myself forward. One of the episodes which taught me to be self-contained.

When, after the School Certificate exams were over, I was given the luxury of two terms' piano tuition, the first direct musical teaching of my life, I caught the attention and I believe stung the conscience of my music master, a lazy but brilliant organist called Dr Reed, who in my final term

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<sup>14</sup> It appears this book was never published

at school gave me completely free of extra charge, a daily harmony lesson (which normally would have been once a week): and that is where I first was initiated into the delicious mysteries of harmony; and as every composer naturally does, I longed to be heard, but never was, except for about two isolated occasions, until you began to sing me. Something like a gap of thirty years frustration, Brenda! It is what makes me smile to myself when young people show impatience or intolerance.

I hope you will bear with me when I seem hard to convince. Do I in fact appear disinterested in the success or failure of my songs? In fact, their impact concerns me very deeply; it is just that I have developed a reaction to encouragement, it seems to make me disbelieve praise and success. It has probably been a bad enemy to me, but it has become ingrained in my nature after so many years, and I do want you to realise that I do feel more concerned about things than I no doubt appear. I suppose it could be called just plain lack of self-confidence; and it has two or three times spoiled what might have been interesting developments in my life.

So you, and to be quite fair, Donald Rawe and others in the 'Cornish Movement', have given me my first and probably last chance to shout to the world. Nevertheless, the musical side means more to me than the various bits of writings I have had published, and I believe music always will be my most important means of self-expression. Everybody needs to express themselves, what? My basic musical style is admittedly inclined to be mournful, and that is partly due to introspection, partly perhaps to the inborn Celtic streak – my mother used to tell me thirty years ago that my tunes were so 'Welsh'! I think though that I have my more cheerful moments, and who knows but that one day the more cheerful side may not predominate?

I will tell you one thing that I have come to realise, and it could be to your advantage too, and that is that I am a 'supplier', in that I tend to rise to the occasion, but only when the occasion arises – there's something in me that responds when somebody says we need this or that, that spurs me into thought and action, where otherwise I'd be sitting around dreaming or watching the birds. I respond better to situations in life, perhaps, than to life itself. Thus it is, that if you 'order' a song, you usually get it – some of the more successful of my songs have been the ones you ordered: the ones that succeed least well are probably the ones that are a product of my own melancholy.

What with one thing and another, I have galloped round the world like a horse tied to a peg, in somewhat unproductive circles. Looking back on life, it begins to seem like a long sleep full of dreams, in which I have struggled to find myself."



*Cartoon sketch from one of Richard's letters to Brenda, 4<sup>th</sup> February 1976; note the owl sitting on his toe, and the po beneath his fanciful bed of dreams...*

Richard's final handwritten note in Cornish there is:

*"Wel, res yu dhym mos dhe'n gwely – Dursona dheugh-why, ha byth da agas cher! a'm colon, Richard"*

[In SWF spelling: *Well, res yw dhymm mos dhe'n gweli – Dursona dhewgh-hwi, ha bydh da agas cher! a'm colon, Richard*

Translation: *Well, I must go to bed – God bless you, and be in good cheer! From my heart, Richard*]

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## Guest artists

### Gwenno Saunders

Gwenno Saunders is a music producer, composer, and singer from Cardiff, Wales. Raised in a Cornish and Welsh speaking household, Gwenno explores themes of language, landscape, community and cultural identity through song and sound.

She has released two critically acclaimed albums on Heavenly Recordings - *Y Dydd Olaf*, written in Welsh, and *Le Kov* written in Cornish. Gwenno's composing work includes a live score inspired by patchwork quilt artist Edrica Huws for Wales Millennium Centre, a new original score of Bertolt Brecht's *Caucasian Chalk Circle* for Theatr Genedlaethol Cymru, and a new live score for Mark Jenkin's BAFTA- winning film *Bait*.



*Gwenno, contributed and taken by herself*

Gwenno can be contacted via her website:  
[gwenno.info](http://gwenno.info)

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## Hilary Coleman and Neil Davey...



are both well known as members of the renowned Cornish band Dalla and have done much to revive and celebrate the Celtic music of Cornwall, both being made bards of the Cornish Gorsedh for their services to Cornish music. As Dalla, they have toured nationally and internationally and have released five albums.

*'Dalla brings together the multi-talented Neil Davey (bouzouki, fiddle, accordion, mandolin) and the expressive clarinet and magic voice of Hilary Coleman, who sings in Cornish and English'*

Although Dalla disbanded in 2018 they continue to perform in the nos lowen dance band Skillywidden.

Neil has fond memories of working with Brenda in his teens with the band Bucca; he subsequently went on to gain a wealth of experience with bands in the wider Celtic scene, including Anam, and the Lorraine Jordan Band. He has played throughout the

world, appearing alongside legendary names such as Altan, Donal Lunny, Dougie Maclean, Martin Hayes, Solas, Patrick Street and La Bottine Souriante. He now plays and records with the duo Davey & Dyer and has produced two books on traditional Cornish music: Foch 1 & 2.

When Hilary first began singing Cornish songs over 30 years ago, Brenda was an inspiration to her. Hilary is the music director of the Red River Singers and led the Man Engine choirs at Geevor and Heartlands in 2018. She has recently led the innovative Hypatia Trust's 'Women in Cornish Music' project, leading to a comprehensive book which will be published this summer, 2021.

Through her research she and colleague Sally Burley have produced several books of Cornish songs and music, including 'Shout Kernow, Cornish Pub Songs' and 'Hark! The Glad Sound of Cornish Carols', both of which won Holyer An Gof Awards in 2016 & 2017.

Hilary can be contacted via her new website, which should be operational soon:

[www.fentenmusic.co.uk](http://www.fentenmusic.co.uk)

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## Richard Gendall - Songs in Cornish

The majority of these songs below were written by Richard Gendall, bar a handful of traditional, local or pub songs for which Richard has transcribed the English or Breton words into Cornish. The recordings we have are mostly taken from the audio cassettes given to Brenda by Richard, or from the Sentinel reel-to-reel studio tapes bought at David Lay's auction in Penzance in November 2017 by a local consortium (of which I am a member). Some have been previously recorded on Brenda's LPs or CDs, and those in bold are recorded on the attached CDs. Of those not emboldened, most are practice tapes recorded by Richard for Brenda, with his voice and guitar, intended as learning tools and are not meant for public performance. All of these tapes have subsequently been digitised by the indefatigable Richard Prest and Mic McCreadie, and I am very grateful to both for helping to make the songs available to others. Some are sung in English (e), although Cornish words are usually available; unfortunately, the quality is sometimes poor – but there may be enough for a listener to make out the tune. The digitised tracks, the original manuscripts, lyrics and scores, and the cassettes, will ultimately be stored at Kresen Kernow – but I will keep copies at my home for anyone enquiring and wishing to take it further. We have tried to ensure the details below are correct, though there may be a few errors. But don't forget – these are only the Cornish language songs – there are at least another 300, written for Brenda by Richard, in English and other languages!

The cycle of 9 Sacred Songs (9SS) was given to Brenda as a birthday present I believe, and has complete recordings, lyrics with both literal and English translations, as well as musical scores. I believe Richard hoped to publish it, but there is no evidence that it ever was. Other sets/cycles he produced included Trystan & Iseult, Anne Jeffrey & the Little People, the China Clay Land, and the Winwallow cycle – none of which are included below, although the Anne Jeffrey and the Winwallow stories were performed (this must have brought his total output for Brenda to around 500 songs!). There are a few that we have neither recordings nor music for, which effectively makes them poems.

If you would like copies of any of the unpublished tracks below in particular, we will have to make a small charge for each track, as it will mean isolating the track required (most are taken from cassettes with many tracks on each), copying the digitised track, and scanning the music score, manuscript, lyrics etc, depending on what is available – copies of which can then be sent to you by email.

Please email me on [sueellery@hotmail.com](mailto:sueellery@hotmail.com) with any queries, when I can update you on the quality of the audio track/s you're interested in, and the music/lyrics available.

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Rec: Recording available (cassettes, now digitised; quality variable)

Lyr: Lyrics/words; Mus: Music score or dots

Lang: Language (b = Breton; c=Cornish; e=English)

(9SS) = Cycle of 9 Sacred Songs;

Songs in bold are on the accompanying CDs.

	Cornish Title	English Title	Rec	Lyr	Mus	Lang
1	A Cleweugh Why Mebron	Hear, Boys [or Sons]	x			c
2	A Honnen (9SS)	My Self [e]	x	x	x	c
3	<b>A Wennol Wyn</b> [Gwennol]	White Swallow	x	x	x	c
4	Adrus Oll Dhe'n Dourow	Across all the waters	x			c
5	An Byscadores	The Fishergirl	x	x		c
6	An Da	The Fallow Deer		x		c
7	<b>An Duren</b> /An Durzunell	The Turtledove [Breton Trad]	x	x	x	c/b
8	<b>An Eos Hweg</b>	The Sweet Nightingale [Trad]	x	x	x	c
9	An Gan Olow	The Song Splendid		x		c
10	An Golom Eth Dhe Stray	The Dove That Went Astray	x	x		c
11	An Golom Olow	The Bonny Dove?	x			c
12	<b>An Hos Los Coth</b>	The Old Grey Duck [Trad]	x	x	x	c
13	An Nonnen	The Little Stream	x	x		c
14	An Owrbyrk	The Goldfish		x		c
15	An Strethow Nantyan	The Streams of Lovely Nancy		x	x	c
16	An Tecka Dra (9SS)	The Most Beautiful Thing	x	x	x	c
17	An Tour Ughel	High Tower	x	x	x	c
18	Awel Dres An Un	Wind Across/Over the Plain	x	x	x	c
19	Awoles Y'n Nans	Down in the Valley	x			c
20	Bal Bal A Golon Grom	Beat Beat Numb Heart	x	x		c
21	Banner Perran	Peran's Flag	x			c
22	Benen/Bennen	Woman, La Femme	x	x		c/f
23	Bonnyk	The Meadow Pipit		x		c
24	Bonnyk Ha My	Bonnik and I	x			c
25	<b>Bre Cambron</b>	Camborne Hill [Trad]	x	x	x	c
26	Cala Majyna	Marry a Fisherman	x	x		c
27	<b>Cala Me</b>	May 1st	x	x	x	c
28	Calan Genver/Calarn Gwenver	New Year [literally 1 <sup>st</sup> January]	x			c
29	Can Constentyn	St Constantine	x			c
30	Can Sygerneth	Song of Idleness	x	x		c
31	<b>Can Yffarn</b>	Song of Hell [Breton Trad]	x	x	x	c
32	Cares Ker	Dear Love	x			c
33	<b>Carillon</b>	Peal of Bells	x	x	x	c
34	Chryst a Dhyesyn	Christ Comes Down		x		c
35	<b>Clegh/Cleah</b>	Bells	x	x	x	c
36	Clehtour Lanstefan	St Stephen's Belltower	x	x		c
37	Cok Dha Das	Your Father's Fishing Boat	x	x		c
38	Cres Y'n Bys (9SS)	Peace in the World	x	x	x	c
39	Cucu, Colon	Cuckoo, My Love	x	x		c
40	<b>Cusk Cusk Jan Jan</b>	Sleep, Sleep, Jan Jan	x	x	x	c
41	Cusk Ow Whegyn	Sleep my sweet one	x			c
42	Cuth A'm Bys Arluth/Eddrack Mear, Arléth (9SS)	I'm Sorry Lord	x	x		c
43	<b>De Sul Vytty</b>	Sunday Morning	x	x	x	c

44	<b>Delyo Syvy (Trad)</b>	Leaves of Strawberries	x	x	x	c
45	Denithez En Gwave (9SS)	Born in Winter [e?]	x	x	x	c
46	Derowen	Oak Tree	x	x		c
47	Deryvas Yn Mystery	Story of the Mystery	x			c
48	<b>Deugh Deugh Deugh</b>	Come Come Come	x	x	x	c
49	Deves Y'n Volvra (Lullaby)	Sheep on the Bare Hill	x	x	x	c
50	Dew Genoughwhy Ow Bro	Goodbye My Country	x	x		c
51	Doro Dhym Dha Vay	Give Me Thy Kiss	x	x	x	c
52	<b>Doro!</b>	Bring!	x	x	x	c
53	Dres Am Fos	Over My Wall	x	x		c
54	Durdadhawhy Kentrevak	Hello How Do You Do? [e]	x	x		c
55	Durnostadha Whegen	Goodnight Sweet Girl	x	x		c
56	<b>Durzona Dhe Whe/ Dheugh-Why</b>	God Bless Thee	x	x	x	c
57	Dus Snell, A Nos	Come Quickly Night	x	x		c
58	<b>Dus Tre</b>	Come Home	x	x	x	c
59	Dynargh Dhe'n Gwlasow	Welcome to the nations	x			c
60	Dywwyl Vyldyr Moy!	2000 Miles More!		x		c
61	Edregow	Themes [?]	x			c
62	<b>Eles/Elez</b>	She Angel	x	x	x	c
63	Enevow	Souls [Classical melody]	x	x		c
64	Err War An Burn	Snow Upon the Hill		x		c
65	Eskelly	Wings	x	x		c
66	Ewlbos Ughel	Good appetite!	x	x	x	c
67	<b>Farwel</b>	Farewell	x	x	x	c
68	Fenten Sans	Holy Well	x	x		c/e
69	Gallas Lowr Genef-Vy	I've Had Enough		x		c
70	Geryow - Pavana	Words	x	x		c
71	Geseughe Dhe Gerdes	Keep It Going		x		c
72	Gol Sen Valentyn	St Valentine's Feast	x	x		c
73	Goty/Coty, Ywerdhon	Alas for Thee Ireland	x	x		c
74	Gwennol	Swallow	x			
75	Gwennol Dhu	Black Swallow	x	x		c
76	Gwidn Go Henwin (9SS)	Blessed/Bright Their Names	x	x	x	c
77	Gwyskeugh agas cota	Wear your coat	x	x	x	c
78	Ha My Ow Mos	While I was going [?]	x			c
79	Ha'n Glaw Ow Codha	While the Rain Falls		x		c
80	<b>Hedheugh E Genough!</b>	Take It Away!	x	x	x	c
81	Hun, Tegen, Hun	Sleep, My Jewel, Sleep	x	x		c
82	Hungan Mor/Heengan Mor	Sea Lullaby	x	x		c
83	Ishnyanavor	[Irish or Manx?]		x		c
84	Jowan Tek	Fine / Handsome John	x	x	x	c
85	Kaourintinig Ha Marivonig	[Breton names]	x	x		b
86	<b>Kemer Ow Ro</b>	Take My Gift	x	x	x	c
87	Kemmys Myrghes	So Many Girls	x	x		c
88	<b>Kenavo</b>	Goodbye [Breton Trad]	x	x	x	b/c/e
89	Kerensa Yn Gruk	Love in the Heather	x	x	x	c

90	<b>Kernow ha Breizh</b>	Cornwall and Brittany	x	x	x	c
91	Kerra Jesu (9SS)	Dearest Jesus	x	x	x	c
92	<b>Kerra Kernow</b>	Beloved Cornwall	x	x	x	c
93	Kerry!	Cars		x		c
94	Kevryn Kel	Hidden Secret	x	x		c
95	Kristina, Genes Farwel	Farewell Kristina		x	x	c
96	Lagas Kernow	The Eye of Cornwall	x	x		c
97	Lamorna	Lamorna	x	x	x	c
98	Lazar	Lazarus	x	x		c
99	Loeizaig Ha Perig	[Plougastel/Perig?]	x	x		b
100	Lowarn Lowarn Lowarn!	Fox Fox Fox!	x	x		c
101	<b>Lul Ha Lay (Cornish Lullaby)</b>	Hush-a-Bye (Trad)	x	x	x	c/e
102	Margh Dall	Blind Mans Buff/Blind Horse		x		c
103	<b>Marya</b>	Mary	x	x	x	c
104	Meez Kavarthue (Kevarthiu)	December Month	x	x		c
105	Melyon Bryally	Pretty Young Lady [e]	x	x		c
106	Merians An Awhesyth/Aswersyth	Lark	x	x		c
107	Michael Joseph	Michael Joseph	x			c
108	Molgh Dhu	Blackbird	x	x		c
109	<b>Mordonnow</b>	Sea Waves	x	x	x	c
110	Moren Dhu	Girl Dark	x	x		c
111	Nadelek/Nadeleg Looan	Happy Christmas	x	x		c
112	Ny Won (Nywon) Pyth Ellen	I Do Not Know Where I Should Go	x	x		c
113	Nyhewer	Last evening	x			c
114	Ny'm Be Gwayna Hy Holon	I Could Not Gain Her Heart		x		c
115	Ogh! Y'th Caraf, Defry, Y'th Caraf	Oh! I Love You I Do, I Love You (e)	x	x		c
116	Ola Y'n Tewlgow Tew	8th May/Crying in the Dark Deep		x		c
117	<b>Onen Deu Try</b>	One Two Three	x	x	x	c
118	Ow Hothman/Ow Gothman	My Comrade	x	x		c
119	Ow Rosya	Wandering	x	x		c
120	<b>Pensevyk Byghan</b>	Little Prince	x	x	x	c
121	<b>Pryas Awen</b>	The Bride of Inspiration	x	x	x	c
122	Py Le?	Where?	x	x		c
123	Py Tu Eth Helen? Pyth Eth Helen?	Which Way Went Helen?	x	x		c
124	Pypetty Pew [Paggetypaw]	Dialect: Newt [literally: 4-paws]	x			c
125	Pyth Yu Henna Wordha Ben?	What is that upon your head?	x	x	x	c
126	<b>Pyu A Wor?</b>	Who Knows?	x	x	x	c
127	Rondo	If I Were a Young Man Again	x	x		c
128	Senneugh an Trybots	Sound the Trumpets	x			c
129	Skyla Kyny	There's a Reason to Lament		x		c
130	Spaven Mor	Sea Calm	x	x		c
131	Spyrys Mabden	Spirit of Man	x	x		c
132	<b>Steren Yn Nos/ Dadn an Ster</b>	Stars in the Night	x	x	x	c
133	Tewens, Pup Sojeta Ancow	[Let's be Quiet?]	x			c
134	<b>Towl Rus!</b>	Cast Net!	x	x	x	c
135	Tranjyak	Trance	x	x		c

136	Tro Ha Tro	Twist and Twist	x	x		c
137	Tyryow Abell	Lands Afar	x	x		c
138	<b>Ughelvar</b>	Mistletoe	x	x	x	c
139	Ula Ula	Owl Owl	x	x		c
140	Vagior, Lowena (9SS)	Traveller, Hello!	x	x	x	c
141	War Yew, Hala!	Onward, heave!	x			c
142	Wethew! Wethew! (Wetheugh)	Blow! Blow!	x	x		c
143	Whyleugh-vy	Seek Me	x	x		c
144	Worrians Alleluyah (9SS)	Glory Alleluia	x	x	x	c
145	Yndan an Derow	Under the oaks	x	x		c
146	Yth Caraf-Vy	I love you	x			C
			128	124	53	

## Cassette recordings made by Peter Kennedy in the 1970s

In the 1970s a controversial 'folk song collector' named Peter Kennedy recorded three audio cassettes of Cornish material on his Folktrax label, two of which featured Richard Gendall singing in the Cornish language. These two copies are held at Kresen Kernow, but are not playable unfortunately. The third cassette, '**FTX-010 - Camborne Hill - Songs & Customs from Cornwall**' also features Cornish songs by a variety of performers, but not Richard - two are in Cornish; I have a copy of this, which has been digitised, and is also held at Kresen Kernow.

<b>FTX-125 Songs in Cornish; RICHARD GENDALL (with guitar)</b>	
20 songs with guitar, mainly traditional, collected in Cornwall, but some of his own making which use traditional tunes, including some poached from Celtic neighbours: Wales, Ireland, Scotland and from Brittany. Spoken introductions give details of origins, meanings and the importance of the songs as representing Cornish musical heritage.	
Recorded by Richard Gendall 1975. Edited by Peter Kennedy and first published on Folktrax Cassettes 1975. <a href="https://folktrax-archive.org/menus/cassprogs/125gendall%20.htm">https://folktrax-archive.org/menus/cassprogs/125gendall%20.htm</a>	
1. Pelea era why moaz, moes fettow? (Where Are You Going, My Pretty Maid?)	2. Ow heryades (my Darling)
3. Lul-ha-lay (Hush-A-Bye)	4. Nancy hegar (Lovely Nancy)
5. Map ker dew (God's Dear Son)	6. Cusk, ow whegyn (Sleep, My Sweet One)
7. Carol an mys yow (Carol of the Months)	8. An gwandryas (The Rover)
9. Dursona anengh-why (God Bless You)	10. An mynfen blutha (A Charm with Yarrow)
11. Kemer ow ro (Take My Gift)	12. Hun, tegen, hun (Sleep, My Jewel, Sleep)
13. An edhen olew (The Bonny Bird)	14. Mar ughd an gwyth (The Trees They Are So High)
15. An golom gerys (The Beloved Dove)	16. Lan yffarn (A Song of Purgatory)
17. 'Ma grun war'n gelynen (The Holly Bears a Berry)	18. Dynargt a he'n gwlasow (Welcome to the Nations)
19. Dowrow nantsyan (The Streams of Nantsyan)	20. An eos whek (The Sweet Nightingale)

**FTX-009 - Bryn Cambron - Songs in Cornish; RICHARD GENDALL (WITH GUITAR)**

Richard GENDALL, foremost authority and teacher in the present revival of the Cornish language, sings a selection of twenty songs accompanying himself on guitar. 11 of the songs are included in the book, #85-#96, FOLKSONGS OF BRITAIN & IRELAND Edited by Peter Kennedy. #12-20 presented here are folk songs from Cornwall translated into Cornish.

1 Bryn Cambron	2 Can Cala Me
3 Can Wassel	4 Dus Ha My A Gan Dhys
5 An Eos Whek	6 Glaw Keser Ergh Ow-Cul Yma
7 'Ma Grun War'n Gelynen	8 Hal-An-Tow
9 Jowan Bon	10 Trelawny
11 An Wedhen War An Vre	12 Nancy Hegar
13 Map Ker Dew	14 Carol An Mysyow
15 An Gwndryas	16 An Edhen Olow
17 Mar Ughel Yn An Gwyth	18 Dowrow Nantyan
19 Pyth Yn Henna War Dha Ben?	20 Helghya Arscott A Detcott

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