

CORNISH ASSOCIATION OF N.S.W

SONG SHEETS

1. Hail to the Homeland (Kenneth Pelmear)

Hail to the Homeland, great bastion of the free,
Hear now thy children proclaim their love for thee,
Ageless thy splendour, undimm'd that Celtic flame,
Proudly our souls reflect the glory of thy name.

Sense now the beauty, the peace of Bodmin Moor,
Ride with the breakers, toward the Sennen shore,
Let firm hands fondle the boulders of Trencrom,
Sing with all fervour then the great Trelawny song.

Hail to the Homeland, of thee we are a part,
Great pulse of freedom in every Cornish heart,
Prompt us and guide us, endow us with thy power,
Lace us with liberty to race this changing hour.

(fourth verse - just humming)

Kernow bys vyken!

2. Guide Me O Thou Great Jehovah

Cornish (Unified) English
(Byth Dhym Lewyas Ow Dasprenyas)

Byth dhym lewyas, ow Dasprenyas;
Palmor of y'n tyr segh-ma.
My yu gwan, ty yu gallosek:
Y'th torn cref ow synsy gwra.
Bara bewnans, bara bewnans!
Sosten nef byth dhym pupprys,
Sosten nef byth dhym pupprys.

Ygor dhym an fenten ylyn,
Frosow yeghes a dhenwa;
Pul a dan ha mok aragof,
Oll an kerth ow ledya gwra.
Mur dhelyfrer, mur dhelyfrer,
Byth dhym nerth ha scos kefrys,
Byth dhym nerth ha scos kefrys.

My pan gerdhaf war lan Jordan,
Argh dhym mos yn rak hep own;
Ledhyas ancow, coll yffarnow,

Guide me O Thou Great Jehovah
Pilgrim through this barren land
I am weak but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven, bread of heaven
Feed me till I want no more,
Feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream doth flow:
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong deliverer, strong deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fear subside;
Death of deaths and hell's destruction,

Gor vy dres an avon down.
Canow gormel, canow gormel
My a's can yn Canaan dhys,
My a's can yn Canaan dhys.

Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises, songs of praises,
I will ever give to thee,
I will ever give to thee.

3. Sweet Nightingale

My sweetheart, come along,
Don't you hear the sweet song,
The sweet notes of the Nightingale flow?
Don't you hear the fond tale
Of the sweet Nightingale,
As she sings in the valley below,
As she sings in the valley below.
Pretty Betty don't fail
For I'll carry your pail,
Safe home to your cot as we go;
You shall hear the fond tale of the sweet Nightingale,
As she sings in the valleys below,
As she sings in the valleys below.

Pray leave me alone,
For I have hands of my own,
Along with you Sir I'll not go,
For to hear the fond tale of the sweet Nightingale
As she sings in the valleys below,
As she sings in the valleys below.

Pray sit yourself down, with me on the ground,
On this bank where the primroses grow;
You shall hear the fond tale, of the sweet Nightingale
As she sings in the valleys below,
As she sings in the valleys below.

The couple agreed, to be married with speed,
And soon to the Church they did go;
No more she's afraid,
For to walk in the shade,
Or to sit in those valleys below,
Or to sit in those valleys below.

4. Little Eyes

The other night, I had a dream, the funniest dream of all;
I dreamt that I was kissing you, behind the garden wall,

And she said, Little eyes I love you (honey), Little eyes I love you,

I love you in the spring time and the fall (honey, honey)
Little eyes I love , little eyes I love,

I love you best of all, (honey, honey, honey)

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

The other night I had a dream; her bulldog flew at me;
and bit me by the old back door; right by the maple tree.

5. The White Rose

I love the white rose in it's splendour,
I love the white rose in it's fall,
I love the white rose, so fair as she grows,
It's the rose that reminds me of you. (over page)
The first time I met you my darling, your face was as pale as the rose,
and now your face has grown paler, as pale as the lily white rose.

(repeat first verse)

6. Goin' Up Camborne Hill (ie. Fore St. going to Beacon)

Cornish

English

(Bre Cambron)

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.

Goin up Camborne Hill, comin down,
Goin up Camborne Hill, comin down,
The horses stood still
The wheels went around
Goin up Camborne Hill, coming down.

Hy lodrow, hy lodrow o gwyn
Hy lodrow, hy lodrow o gwyn
Hy lodrow o gwyn, hy lodrow o gwyn,
Owth yskynna Bre Cambron, war nans.

White stockings, white stockings she wore
White stockings, white stockings she wore
White stockings she wore, the same as before
Goin up Camborne Hill, comin down.

Yth aswonyh hy thas-hy den coth
yth aswonyh hy thas-hy den coth
yth aswonyh hy thas
Y'n band y wharyas
Owth yskynna Bre Cambron, war nans.
Anglow oll yn ethen yth eth
An glow oll yn ethen yth eth
Oll ethen an glow
Ha'n eth oll adro
Owth yskynna Bre Cambron, war nans.

I knawed 'er father, old man
I knawed 'er father, old man
I knawed 'er old man, he plawed
in the band,
Going up Camborne Hill, coming
He 'eaved in the coal inthe steam
He 'eaved in the coal in the steam
He 'eaved in the coal,
The steam hit the beam,
Going up Camborne Hill, coming down

7. The Blackbird Song

Where be that black-bird to? I Know where 'ee be.

'Ee be up yon myrtle tree, and I be after 'ee
'Ee sees I, and I sees 'ee, And 'ee know I be after 'ee.
With a dirty great stick I'll hammer thee; Blackbird ... I'll 'ave 'ee

8. Lamorna

So now I'll sing to you, about a maiden fair,
I met her the other evening at the corner of the square.

She had a dark and roving eye and her hair was covered over,
We rode all night in the pale moonlight, Way down to Lamorna.

(Refrain)

T'was down in Albert Square, I never shall forget,
her eyes they shone like diamonds,
and the evening it was Wet Wet Wet
And her hair hung down in curls, her face was covered over,
we rode all night in the pale moonlight, way down to Lamorna.

As we got in the cab I asked her for her name,
and when she gave it me, for with mine it was the same,
so I lifted up her veil for her face was covered over,
to my surprise, it was my wife I took down to Lamorna.
She said I know you know, I knew you all along,
I knew you in the dark; For I did it for a lark;
And for that lark you'll pay, for the taking of your your donna,
You'll pay the fare, I do declare, away down to Lamorna.

9. The Oggy Song

Half a pound of flour and lard makes a lovely clacker,
Just enough for you and me, poor beggar Jacka;
Oh how happy we shall be when we get to the West Country
Where taaty oggies grow on trees, poor beggar Jacka.
And we'll all go back to Oggy land, to Oggy land, to oggy land,
and we'll all go back to Oggy land
where they can't tell sugar from tissue paper, tissue paper,
marmalade or jam.

Oggy, Oggy, Oggy, Oi, Oi, Oi,
Oggy, Oi, Oggy, Oi, Oggy, Oggy, Oi, Oi, Oi.

10. James Ruse (Gendall)

James Ruse is my name, and from Cornwall I came,
A husbandman born in times that were poor.
Two watches I stole and a few shillings more,

And for this was sentenced to seven years
Far, far, far from my own native shore.

(Refrain)

My mother reared me tenderly, with me she took much pains,
And when I arrived in this colony I sowed the first grains,
and now with my heavenly Father I hope for ever to remain.

They put me aboard of the 'Scarborough' then,
And off to Australia with many poor men,
Across the two oceans we zigzagged our way,
With good Captain Phillip a-sailing,
Far, far, far to Botany Bay.

"I'll give you a garden James Ruse he did say,
"And thirty more acres if you'll make it pay."
So I sowed the first grain in this far distant strand,
And when it was ripe a first harvest I
Saw, saw, saw, in this far distant land.

O' many the troubles that I had to bear
From drought and from flood and hard labouring fare;
And I wed Lizzie Perry down under, to share
The first farming country that ever was
Here, here, here in this hot dusty air.

And now I do lie in St. John's Campbelltown,
Beside my good wife in Australian ground...
We had a good life, but I'm proud to proclaim
I was the first gardener and husbandman
Here, here, here in this distant domain.

11. Hymn of the Cornish Saints (abridged)

God, who for the world's new framing, Set His Son as corner stone,
Builds a temple, shining, gleaming, With the men he calls his own !
Piran, Petrock, Paul Aurelian, Euny, Samsom, Winwalow!

All these Cornish shores are holy,
Here the saints in prayer did dwell, raising font and alter lowly
Preaching far with staff and bell !
Piran, Petrock, Paul Aurelian, Euny, Samson, Winwaloe!

Now the Church in fervour founded, Honours here those Saints of old
Mighty they, their power abounded - God himself made them bold!
To this age thy Truth impart-
Piran, Petrock, Paul Aurelian, Euny, Samson Winwaloe!

12. Silver Net (Gendall) Abridged

O, would there be a sea from Rame to Marsland,
And Tamar were as wide as wide could be,
And Cornwall were an island in the ocean,
Surrounded by the ever-changing sea,
If I had the strength to lead an army; or the wit to argue well,
and win the day; I'd cast a silver net around my country,
And let ker children take their own again.

O' could I see the future of my country,
As plainly as the glass reveals it me,
And could you see the Crowdy Crawn lay empty,
Well might you weep for things that used to be.
For the voices by the harbour of an evening,
And the cry that calls the cattle from the hill,
They seem to have an unfamiliar ringing,
That strikes into my heart an icy chill.

13. Maggie May (abridged)

The spring has come, the flow'r's in bloom,
The birds sang out their lay; Down by a little running stream,
I first saw Maggie May.

(Chorus)

My little witching Maggie -
Singing all the day; Oh how I loved her none can tell,
My little Maggie May.

Her hair was gold, her eyes where blue, and shining like the day;
Her heart was ever pure and true, My little Maggie May.

The years have flown, my eyes are dim, My hair is scant & grey,
Yet never shall I cease to love, My long lost Maggie May.

14. Green Hill

There is a green hill far away, Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified, Who died to save us all

We may not know, we cannot tell, What pains he had to bear,
But we believe it was for us he died and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiv'n, He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven, Saved by his precious blood.

There was no other good enough, To pay the price for sin;

He only could unlock the gate, Of heaven & let us in.

O' dearly, dearly was he loved, And we must love him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood, And try his works to do!

15. The Old Grey Duck

The old grey duck, she stole her nest and laid up in the fields
And when the young ones they came forth, they had no tails or beels
They had no tails nor beels, they had no tails nor beels,
They had no tails nor beels.
And when the young ones they came forth, They had no tails nor beels

Now one was haddled and one was brock, And they they thraw'd away.
The young ones couldn' clunk nor swem,
They all died that same day, They all died that same day, etc.

Now them that wadden haddled nor brock, they dedd'n know what to do,
They dedd'n even have the sense to chew their shells right through.

Next time we'll put her in the barn, Or tie her by the heels.
The young ones then may have a chance,
To grow their tails and beels, To grow their tails and beels, etc.

16. Tom Bawcock's Eve

A merry place you may believe, Tiz Mouzel 'pon Tom Bawcock's Eve.
To be there then who wouldn't wesh, To sup o' sibm soorts o' fesh!

When morgy brath had cleared the path, Comed lances for a fry.
And then us had a bit o' scad, An' starry-gazy pie!

As aich we'd clunk, E's health we drunk, in bumpers bremmen high,
And when up caame Tom Bawcocks name, We prais'd 'un to the sky!

17. Cornish Australian (Gendall)

I've a notion you don't know me, As well as you might say,
Though I'm found all through the country, from Tasman to Shark Bay
I'm a true Australian Cornishman, And I want you all to know:
I'm proud to be Australian, While yet I'm Cornish too!

(Refrain)

With my pack on m' back, My pasty in m' hand, I'm just a Cousin Jack
Whose travelling through the land,

And I hope you'll agree, It's a fine thing to be;
Cornish Australian just like me!

Now some their land forsaking, Have come from overseas,
New homes and friends soon making, They're quickly at their ease.
And some all in the dust and sun, have grown where they were bred,
And glad to be Australian, though they have Cornish blood!

18. Kerra Kernow

Kerra Kernow,	Dearest Cornwall, thief of my heart
ladras a holan,	I love thee! Thera ve cara che!
Tha dyr, tha vor,	Thy land, thysea, hillside meneth hag avon, and river,
Veath nevra ker dhe ve.	Will be always dear to me.

19. Cadgwith Anthem

Come fill up your glasses and let us be merry,
For to rob and to plunder it is our intent,
As we roam through the valleys where the lillies and the roses,
And the beauty of Kashmir lay drooping his head.
Then away, then away, then away,
To those caves in yonder mountain where the robbers retreat.

Hush, hush, in the distance there's footsteps approaching,
Stand, stand and deliver, it is our watch cry,
As we roam through the valleys where the lillies and the roses,
And the beauty of Kashmir lay drooping his head,
Then away, then away, then away,
To those caves in yonder mountain where robbers retreat.

20. Cornish Counting Song

Un bys, deu bys, try bys ow tonsya; peswar bys, pymp bys, whegh bys
ow tonsya; seyth bys, eth bys, naw bys ow tonsya; dek bys ow tonsya
lowen!

21. Kemer Ow Ro *(Take my gift)*

Ystyn dha luf 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.
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 cro, dehen cro, arweth ow bro.
Ystyn dha luf kemer ow ro, kemer ow ro, kemer ow ro:
Pyth yu an ro ys lemmyn genes? Dysqua dha dhorn ha gas dhym gweles.
Dhyso y rof-vy bar kykesow, bar kykesow, arweth ow bro.
Ystyn dha luf ha kemer ow ro, kemer ow ro, kemer ow ro:

Pyth yu an ro ys lemmyn genes? Dysqua dha dhorn ha gas dhym gweles.
Dhyso y rof-vy sten an balow, sten an balow, arweth ow bro.
Dun-ny warbarth abarth Kernow, arbarth Kernow, arbarth Kernow:
Pyth yu an ro us lemmynm genen lemmyn?
Pandryllyn ry dhedhy yn offryn?
Dhedhy y ren colon caradow, colon caradow, arweth an bro!

22. Morvah Fair (Abridged)

Oh Morvah Fair's a very fine feast, Good sport and eating's there
for man and beast; We're all some proud the biggest with the least,
A-riding off to Morvah Fair, Off to Morvah Fair.
In all this world for nothing I'do care, If feastentide could last
Around the year, For we do jog-trot, Three upon a mare. A-riding ...

23. St. Keverne Feast Song

Round the table we did spread, eating up the Rambuck's head,
Tom and Dick and Sue and May, on St. Keverne's Faisting Day

(Chorus)

Oh how we all did grin, when the Rambuck's Head cum in,
Aw dedd'n us all tuck in on Keverne's Faisting Day.

There was Granfer up from Paul, come to see the fun and play,
Grammer too in Kep and shawl on St. Keverne's Faisting Day.

Uncles, aunts and cousins more, some 'ad trapsed a braa' long way,
Come to pick a bone for sure, on St. Keverne's Faisting Day.

When we did the Buck's Head greet, faather made a speech to we,
"Ooaldraw foorth", twas short and sweet,
On St. Keverne's Faisting Day.

24. Truro Agricultural Show

Good people all who hear my voice, you now have reason to rejoice;
For off to Truro you may go, to see the Agricultural Show;
But don't go kissing the girls you know, at Truro Agericultural Show.

Amotleycrew you will see there, fat farmers and their wivesso rare
Theirbounc'n daughtersneat & clean, wi' aporkpie hat&a crinoline
So don't go kissing the girls you know at Truro Agericultural Show.

From Newlyn east and Saint Columb too, there's Humpback'd Jim
and Carrot Joe; and a special train upon the rail,

to bring all the thieves from Bodmin Gaol.
So don't go kissing the girls you know at Truro Agericultural Show.

They've got a band from Plymouth down, the best that ever was in the town; and all
the gentry will be there -
'Tis most as pretty as Whitsun Fair!
But don't go kissing the girls you know at Truro Agericultural Show.

There's horses, ponies, cows and calves, for Truro don't do things by halves - there be
Devon bulls, sheep, pigs, and geese;
You can see it all for a shilling a piece!
But don't go kissing the girls you know, at Truro Agericultural Show!

There's things up there that'll make you laugh,
there's a two-legg'd cow and a nine-legg'd calf;
A billiy-goat that comes from Wales, with 16 eyes & 17 tails.
So don't go kissing the girls you know, at Truro Agericultural Show!

Now all around I hear you say, "we'll see that show this very day..
So off we go, all in a row, to Truro Agericultural Show!"
And don't go kissing the girls you know, at Truro Agericultural Show

25. Trelawney (usual Australian version)

A good sword and a trusty hand, A merry heart and true!
King James's men will understand, What Cornish lads can do.
And have they fixed the where and when? And shall Trelawney die?
Here's twenty thousand Cornish men, Will know the reason why!

(Chorus)

And shall Trelawney live? Or shall Trelawney die?
Here's twenty thousand Cornishmen will know the reason why!

Out spake their captain brave and bold, a merry wight was he,
If London's Tow'r were Michael's hold, we'd set Trelawney free.
We'll cross the Tamar, land to land, the Severn is no stay,
With "one and all", and hand in hand, and who shall bid us nay?

And when we come to London wall, a pleasant sight to view,
Come forth! come forth, ye cowards all! Here's men as good as you!
Trelawney he's in keep and hold, Trelawney he may die,
But here's twenty thousand Cornish bold will know the reason why!

26. Trelawney (Pelynt Church Tapestry version)

A good sword and a trusty hand, a merry heart and true.
King James's men shall understand what Cornish lads can do.

And have they fixed the where and when? And shall Trelawney die?
Then twenty thousand Cornish men will know the reason why!

(Chorus)

What! Will they scorn Tre, Pol, and Pen, and shall Trelawney die?
Then twenty thousand Cornish men will know the reason why!

Out spake the captain brave and bold, a merry wight was he,
'Though London's Tower were Michael's hold, we'll set Trelawney free
We'll cross the Tamar hand to hand, the Exe shall be no stay,
We'll side by side, from strand to strand, and who shall bid us nay?

And when we come to London Wall, we'll shout with it in view,
"Come forth, come forth, ye cowards all, we're better men than you!"
Trelawney, he's in keep and hold, Trelawney he may die,
But here's twenty thousand Cornish bold will know the reason why!

27. Trelawney (in the Cornish language)

Gans Cledha da yn dorn yu lel; Gwyr, lowen an golon,
Yth aswon Myghtern Jamys fel, Pandr' wrello Kernewon.
Yu ordnys le ha prys ancow? Trelawney dos dhy'n fyn!
Mes ugans myl an dus Kernow, Gothfos an praga 'vyn.

(Chorus)

Verow Trelawney bras? Verow Trelawney bras?
Otomma ugans myl Kernow, A woffyth oll an cas.

Yn meth an Capten, bew y vos, Gwas jolyf yn mysk cans -
"Tour Loundres kyn fe Carrek Los, Y'n dylersfen dewhans!"
Ny a dres Tamar, tyr dhe dyr, By'ny vyth Havren let;
Ha scoth ryp scoth, cowetha gwyr, Pyu orthyn-ny a set? ..

Devedhys bys yn Fos Loundres, Gwel dek dhyn, ny a gry -
"Deugh mes, ownegyon oll, deugh mes! Gwell on agesough-why!"
Trelawney yu avel felon, fast yn cargharow tyn,
Mes ugans myl a Gernewon, Gothfos an ken a vyn.



CHRISTMAS CAROL



1. The Holly and the Ivy

The Holly and the Ivy,
When they are both full grown,
of all the trees that are in the wood,
The holly bears the crown.

*O the rising of the sun
and the running of the deer,
The playing of the merry
organ,
Sweet singing in the choir.*

O the holly bears a blossom,
As white as any flower,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
To be our sweet Saviour,

O the risingetc..

O the holly bears a berry,
as red as any blood,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
To do poor sinners good.

O the risingetc..

O the holly bears a prickle,
As sharp as any thorn,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
On Christmas Day in the morn,

O the risingetc..

O the holly bears a bark,
As bitter as any gall,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
For to redeem us all.

O the risingetc..