

Deg karrven warn ugenz woza hanternoz:
Pana bryz rag viach! Ple'monzi ow moz?

Tri pub deg mynyzenn ow moz war-tu ha'n west;
yw an gampva igor lemmyn rag pub gwest?

Deg karr-tan warn ugenz; melhwez ow kul lergh,
puphuni ow tenna krogenn war-dhelergh.

Ynna an havyzi; palz, martesen kanz:
Parys oz, Porthia? Kemmer with, Pennsansz!

Loundres re beu gezyz hanter woza hwegh;
woza seythun ober, oll an byz a degh.

Arwudh agan oez-ni yw an dra, dhe wir;
monez der an nozweyth, kafoz kosk le hir.

Fatell vydh a-vorow? Euthyk skwith, po gweth,
puphuni ow kodhav *jet-lag* war an treth.

(literal translation)

Thirty caravans after midnight:
What a time for a journey! Where are they going?

Three every ten minutes going westward;
Is the camp-site open now for every guest?

Thirty cars; snails making a track,
all towing a shell behind.

In them the summer visitors, a lot, perhaps a hundred:
Are you ready, St Ives? Take care, Penzance!

London was left at half past six;
after a week's work, the whole world flees.

The happening is a sign of our times, for sure;
travel throughout the night, have shorter sleep.

What will tomorrow be like? Dreadfully tired, or worse,
everyone suffering jet-lag on the beach.