

Cornwall my home
(Harry Glasson, 1997)

I've stood on Cape Cornwall
In the sun's evening glow,
On Chywoone Hill at Newlyn
To watch the fishing fleet go,
Watched the sheaved wheels at Geevor
As they spun around,
And heard the men singing
As they went underground.

Chorus

And no-one will ever
Move me from this land,
Until the Lord calls me
To sit at his hand,
For this is my Eden
And I'm not alone,
For this is my Cornwall
And this is my home!

I've left childish footsteps
In the soft Sennen sand,
I've chased the maids down there
All giggly and tanned,
I've stood on the cliff top
In a westerly blow,
And heard the waves thunder
On the rocks far below.

Chorus

First thing in the morning,
on Chapel Carn Brea
I gaze at the Scillies
in the blue far away.
And this is my Cornwall
and I'll tell you why
Because I was born here
and here I shall die.

Chorus

KERNOW OW THRE
(Cornish translation by Ken George ©)

Kilgoedh o ow savla
yn howlsplann ha liw,
ha Chiwoen yn Lulynn,
rag mirez an lu,
ha mirez yn Gever
an trelyanz pub roz,
ha klewez kan vebyon
war-woelez ow moz.

BURDHEN

*Ny wra denvydh nefra
ow thenna a'm bro,
ma's galow an Arloedh
dh' esedha ganzo;
rag hemm yw ow Eden,
ragov ha ken re,
rag hemm yw ow Hernow,
ha hemm yw ow thre!*

Yn tewed a Senen
re ezis ow ol,
re jasyis an myrghez
howlleskыз yn foll;
yn awel a'n Lethez
war alzyow a-vann
re glewis an tonnow
war'n kerrek a-dhann.

BURDHEN

War Japel Karn Bre 'th yw
yn bora a-varr
y firav an enys;
an wel yw hep par;
ottomma ow Hernow,
displetyav vy dhiz;
y'n vro may feuv genyz
y farwav kefryz.

BURDHEN