

Words: William Shakespeare, from *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act 4 Scene 2
Music: Franz Schubert, Opus 106 no. 4 / D. 891, 1826.
Translation into Cornish: Ken George, 2010 Jan 19

Who is Silvia? What is she,
that all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair and wise is she;
the heaven such grace did lend her
that she might admired be.

Piw yw Sylvya ? Pyth yw hi
may fydh ganz peub meurgeryz?
Fethus, fur ha sanz yw hi;
ganz gras a'n nev kemmeryz
may fo gordhyyz genen ni.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness:
love doth to her eyes repair,
to help him of his blindness;
and being helped, inhabits there.

Yw hi hweg ha teg kefryz?
rag tekter a ganz hwekter:
ha kerenza dhal a byz
a'y lagaz kolonnekter;
didhallhyyz, y trig pup-pryz.

Then to Silvia let us sing.
That Silvia is excelling;
she excels each mortal thing
upon the dull Earth dwelling;
to her let us garlands bring.

'Tho dhe Sylvya kenyn ni,
rag Sylvya yw an gwella;
war an norvyz gwell yw hi
ez puptra owth anella;
dhedhi gwren ni toesow dri.