

## MY BLOOD IS ON YOUR COAL

Words and music written  
by Tanya Brittain © 2015

My heart it is like granite  
My spirit you have sold  
My body old and broken  
My blood is on your coal,  
my blood is on your coal

Take me to the smelter  
When I'm dead and gone  
For there's copper plenty in my lungs  
But in my pocket I have none

My heart it is like granite  
My spirit you have sold  
My body old and broken  
My blood is on your coal  
My blood is on your coal

My father was a miner  
And so was his before  
Their blood is on your coal Sir  
They don't mine anymore  
So think of me in winter  
When your fire burns bright  
'Cos I'll be working underground  
My face as black as night.

My heart it is like granite  
My spirit you have sold  
My body old and broken  
My blood is on your coal  
My blood is on your coal

## OW GOEZ YMA Y'TH GLOW

Translated into Cornish  
by Ken George, March 2017.

Ow holonn yw 'vel growan;  
A'm spyryz kevsys prow;  
Ow horf-vy koth ha krommyz;  
Ow goez yma y'th glow,  
Ow goez yma y'th glow.

Gorr vy byz dhe'n teudhji  
Pan ylliv vy dhe goll;  
Y'm skevenz yma kober palz,  
Mez y'm poket travyth oll.

Ow holonn yw 'vel growan;  
A'm spyryz kevsys prow;  
Ow horf-vy koth ha krommyz;  
Ow goez yma y'th glow,  
Ow goez yma y'th glow.

Den-bal yth o ow thaz-vy,  
Y daz an keth, defri;  
'Ma aga goez y'th glow, syrra,  
Namoy ny balonz-i.  
'Tho tyb orthiv y'n gwavaz,  
Dha dan ow leski gluw,  
Rag yn-dann dhor y hweythav,  
Ow thremynn pup-pryz du.

Ow holonn yw 'vel growan;  
A'm spyryz kevsys prow;  
Ow horf-vy koth ha krommyz;  
Ow goez yma y'th glow,  
Ow goez yma y'th glow.

And think of me in springtime  
When your ship comes in  
'Cos her bow is lined with copper  
And you paid for her with tin  
And in the heart of summer  
When sun shines on your lands  
I'll be working in the darkness  
With arsenic on my hands

My heart it is like granite  
My spirit you have sold  
My body old and broken  
My blood is on your coal  
My blood is on your coal

And give me a thought in autumn  
As sun sets in the sky  
I've spent my life beneath the earth  
So spare me when I die  
And take me to the smelter  
When I'm dead and gone  
For there's copper plenty in my lungs  
But in my pocket I have none.

My heart it is like granite  
My spirit you have sold  
My body old and broken  
My blood is on your coal  
My blood is on your coal

Ha tyb orthiv y'n gwenton  
Dha worhel pan dheu tre,  
Y benn a-rag a gober  
Ganz sten y hwrussys pe.  
Porth kov jy, war dha diryow  
Pan splann an Howl yn hav  
Y'n tewlder my a ober  
Ganz arsenek warnav.

Ow holonn yw 'vel growan;  
A'm spyryz kevsys prow;  
Ow horf-vy koth ha krommyz;  
Ow goez yma y'th glow,  
Ow goez yma y'th glow.

Ha tyb orthiv y'n kynnyav  
An Howl pan nes dhe'n min  
Re spenis bewnanz yn-dann dhor,  
'Tho spar vy orth ow fin.  
Ha gorr vy byz dhe'n teudhji  
Pan ylliv vy dhe goll;  
Y'm skevenz yma kober palz,  
Mes y'm poket travyth oll.

Ow holonn yw 'vel growan;  
A'm spyryz kevsys prow;  
Ow horf-vy koth ha krommyz;  
Ow goez yma y'th glow,  
Ow goez yma y'th glow.