

BEHIND THE LACE  
by Tanya Brittain

She stood before the altar  
All white and pure and chaste  
She paused between her vows  
And blushed behind the lace  
And somehow it protects her  
It keeps the world at bay  
A barrier between them  
A veil and her bouquet

And no-one knows, 'cause no-one goes  
And no-one sees her face  
And no-one sees the tear that falls  
Behind the lace

She stood behind the curtain  
The pain her fingers traced  
Tears and blood and hatred there  
Hidden by the lace  
She packed her bag to leave him  
But she was too afraid  
So she dries her eyes and stays inside  
Until the bruises fade

She's standing at his graveside  
Her heart begins to race  
She keeps her anger deep inside  
And covers up her face  
Another veil to hide her  
And this one all in black  
Her mourning short, she soon discards  
The widow's funeral hat

A-DRYV AN LAS  
translated into Cornish  
by Ken George

A'y sav a-rag an alter  
oll gwynn ha pur ha chast  
yn mysk ambozow hok  
ha rudha 'dryv an las  
yn neb fordh y's difrez ev  
erbynn an byz hy skoez  
hy lett yth yw yntredha  
hy hudhlenn ha'y thoes

Ha ny woer den, nynz er nahen  
ha den ny wel hy fas  
ha den ny wel an dhagrenn dynn  
a-dryv an las

A'y sav a-dryv an groglenn  
dagrow goez ha kas  
bys ow tresa paynys gluw  
kudhyz dre an las  
hy sagh o leun dh'y aza  
mes ownek dhe voz 'mes  
y sygh lagazow erna vo  
an brewyon gyllyz 'ves

A'y sav a-barth y vedh ev  
hy holonn 'lamm yn fras  
y hwith y honnar down ynni  
a gudh yn ta hy fas  
vayl nowydh rag hy hudha  
ha homma du hy liw  
ha hynvann berr y skon yn ferr  
an kogh a wedhwes wiw