

No hoppers, jokers and rogues

CHORUS

Come, all you no hoppers, you jokers and rogues,
we're on the road to nowhere, let's find out where it goes;
it might be a ladder to the stars, who knows?
Come, all you no hoppers, you jokers and rogues.

- 1 Leave all your furrows in the fields where they lie,
your factories and offices, kiss them all goodbye.
Have a little faith in the dream maker in the sky;
there's glory in believing him and it's all in the beholder's eye.
- 2 Turn off your engines and slow down your wheels,
suddenly your master plan loses its appeal.
Everybody knows that this reality's not real,
so raise a glass to all things past and celebrate how good it feels.

Awash on the sea of our own vanity
we should rejoice in our individuality.
Though it's gale force, let's steer a course to sanity.

Translation into Cornish by Ken George

BURDHEN

Dewgh, peub heb govenek, hwi mebyon an pla,
oll war an fordh dhe le vyth, gwren ni hwilaz ple'th a;
y hyll bonez skeul ow moz dhe'n ster, prag na?
Dewgh, peub heb govenek, hwi mebyon an pla,

Gezewgh erewi 'berth y'n praz may monz i
gweythvaow, soedhvaow, gezewgh puphuni.
Fydhyewgh hwi yn neb a wra hunroez 'ughon ni
rag kloz yma yn kryjyantz da, yn lagaz neb a vir, defri.

Gwrewgh ladha 'gas jynnow ha kelli 'gas toeth,
tromm y hwra dha wella towl dalleth ganz y goedh.
Puphuni a woer boz an gwirder ma yn noeth,
'tho eva gwren dhe buptra hen, omlowenhe nag yw mar stroeth.

Dre valghder dhe goll 'th ezon ow monez sur
mes dre boz agan honan y hwra donez kur.
Dre'n kreffa gwynz y lewyn hynz dhe vonez fur.