

AN HENWYN BYGHAN

— The Small Names —

M · C · ALCHEMIST

AN HENWYN BYGHAN

THE SMALL NAMES

COMPANION BOOKLET · M C ALCHEMIST · 2026

SPEAK THE SMALL NAMES

An Henwyn Byghan begins from a simple idea: when a being is no longer named, it becomes smaller in memory and may eventually disappear from it. Speaking a name is therefore treated as an act of preservation - not ownership, proof or taxonomy.

The figures gathered here do not form a tidy bestiary. Cornish collectors often record overlapping categories, uncertain names and stories bound tightly to a house, cove, mine, field or warning. The booklet distinguishes the documented core of each tradition from the album's imaginative treatment.

The finished lyric texts are presented side by side for comparison. Production prompts, performance directions, speaker labels and drafting notes have been omitted. The Cornish texts are creative song lyrics in broadly Standard Written Form, not certified translations or formal teaching material.

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PROLOGUE



An Henwyn Koth

THE OLD NAMES / THE MAP

BACKGROUND AND SOURCES

The opening treats the Cornish landscape as a store of memory. Place-name elements for carn, stone, heath, moor, valley, cove, mine, well and path are arranged as a spoken map. This is the album's own framing device rather than a recovered traditional chant: the land holds the shapes first, and the names give them voice. [5]

KERNOWEK	ENGLISH
Karn. Men. Ros. Goon. Nans. Porth. Sawen. Bal.	Carn. Stone. Heath. Moor. Valley. Cove. Cliff chasm. Mine.
THE FIRST MAP	THE FIRST MAP
Penn. Poll. Tre. Bos. Lan. Koos. Fenten. Gover. Mor. Tir. Henwyn war an tir. Henwyn yn-dann an men. Henwyn orth an mor. Henwyn yn kov an nor.	Headland. Pool. Settlement. Dwelling. Sacred enclosure. Wood. Well. Stream. Sea. Land. Names upon the land. Names beneath the stone. Names beside the sea. Names within the earth's memory.
STONE AND HEIGHT	STONE AND HEIGHT
Karn ughel. Karn dhu. Karn wenn. Men hir. Men kloos. Men yn niwl. Krug war an ros. Penn dres an goon. Karn. Men. Ros. Tir.	High carn. Black carn. White carn. Long stone. Closed stone. Stone in mist. Barrow upon the heath. Headland above the moor. Carn. Stone. Heath. Land.
WATER AND HOLLOW	WATER AND HOLLOW
Porth byghan. Porth kellys. Porth yn nos. Sawen hir. Sawen dhu. Sawen yn-dann an als. Poll down. Fenten yeyn. Gover ow resek. Nans leun a niwl. Dowr. Mor. Sawen. Kov.	Little cove. Hidden cove. Cove at night. Long cliff chasm. Dark cliff chasm. Chasm beneath the cliff. Deep pool. Cold well. Running stream. Valley filled with mist. Water. Sea. Chasm. Memory.
DWELLING AND BOUNDARY	DWELLING AND BOUNDARY
Tre war an ros. Bos yn-dann an goon. Lan orth an gover. Koos a-dhia an chi. Daras orth an tir. Amal yn-dann an loor. Fordh dres an men. Fordh dhe'n mor. Fordh heb troos. Fordh heb hanow. Yma an fordh. Yma an kov.	Settlement upon the heath. Dwelling beneath the moor. Sacred enclosure beside the stream. Wood behind the house. Doorway beside the land. Boundary beneath the moon. Path across the stone. Path to the sea. Path without footsteps. Path without a name. The path is here. The memory is here.
MINE AND UNDERLAND	MINE AND UNDERLAND

KERNOWEK	ENGLISH
Bal dhu. Bal koth. Bal yn-dann an men. Bal heb golow. Gwythien yn karrek. Kov yn pridd. Son yn-dann an nor. Dornow heb gweles. Troosow heb skeus. Henwyn heb lev. Bal. Gwythien. Pridd. Tewelder. An nor a glev.	Black mine. Old mine. Mine beneath the stone. Mine without light. Vein within rock. Memory within soil. Sound beneath the earth. Hands unseen. Footsteps without shadows. Names without voices. Mine. Vein. Soil. Darkness. The earth hears.
THE NAMES COMBINE	THE NAMES COMBINE
Penn an ros. Porth an mor. Karn yn niwl. Bal yn-dann an men. Fenten y'n nans. Sawen orth an als. Koos dres an gover. Krug war an goon. Penn. Porth. Karn. Bal. Fenten. Sawen. Koos. Krug. Ros. Goon. Nans. Mor. Men. Pridd. Dowr. Tir.	Head of the heath. Cove of the sea. Carn in mist. Mine beneath stone. Well in the valley. Chasm beside the cliff. Wood above the stream. Barrow upon the moor. Headland. Cove. Carn. Mine. Well. Chasm. Wood. Barrow. Heath. Moor. Valley. Sea. Stone. Soil. Water. Land.
THE LIVING MAP	THE LIVING MAP
Nyns yw an tir folen wag. Nyns yw an men heb kov. Nyns yw an porth heb lev. Nyns yw an fordh heb skeus. Pub karn a berghenn hanow. Pub sawen a berghenn son. Pub bal a berghenn kov. Pub fordh a wortos. An tir a berghenn an henwyn. An henwyn a berghenn an furv. An furv a wortos rag lev.	The land is not an empty page. The stone is not without memory. The cove is not without a voice. The path is not without a shadow. Every carn possesses a name. Every chasm possesses a sound. Every mine possesses memory. Every path waits. The land possesses the old names. The names possess the shapes. The shapes wait for voices.
THE SHAPES BEFORE THE BEINGS	THE SHAPES BEFORE THE BEINGS
Korf yn karrek. Dorn yn gwreydh. Lagas yn dowr. Anel yn niwl. Troos yn fordh. Lev heb ganow. Kens an korf, yma an furv. Kens an lev, yma an hanow. Kens an hanow dhe vos leverys, an tir a'n perghenn.	A body within rock. A hand within root. An eye within water. Breath within mist. A foot within the path. A voice without a mouth. Before the body, there is the shape. Before the voice, there is the name. Before the name is spoken, the land possesses it.
FINAL MAP	FINAL MAP

KERNOWEK	ENGLISH
Karn.	Carn.
Sawen.	Chasm.
Bal.	Mine.
Porth.	Cove.
Ros.	Heath.
Goon.	Moor.
Nans.	Valley.
Men.	Stone.
Mor.	Sea.
Tir.	Land.
An henwyn koth.	The old names.
Ymons yn fyw.	They are alive.
Ymons ow kortos.	They are waiting.
Gwedha aga henwyn.	Speak their names.



Gwedha an Henwyn Byghan

SPEAK THE SMALL NAMES

BACKGROUND AND SOURCES

This collective invocation is original to the album. It gathers the recurring folkloric territories - house, heath, cliff, sea, well and mine - and establishes the album's rule that a name may act as key, path, warning or doorway. The caution against calling lightly reflects the wider reserve surrounding encounters with Cornish fair folk. [1][2][5]

KERNOWEK	ENGLISH
Gwedha an henwyn byghan. Gwedha aga henwyn yn lent. Na wra aga leverel yn fals. Na wra aga leverel heb gras. Hanow yn nos. Hanow yn men. Hanow yn dowr. Hanow yn nor.	Speak the small names. Speak their names slowly. Do not speak them falsely. Do not speak them without grace. A name in night. A name in stone. A name in water. A name in earth.
FIRST CALLING	FIRST CALLING
Kens an chi, yth esens. Kens an daras, yth esens. Kens an bell ha'n skrif, aga son a gerdhas dre'n tir. Kens den dhe vos ow klywes, an awel a glevas. Kens den dhe vos ow kovhe, an men a berhennas kov. Yth esens. Yma y'ga henwyn.	Before the house, they were here. Before the doorway, they were here. Before bell and writing, their sound travelled through the land. Before humanity listened, the wind heard. Before humanity remembered, the stone possessed memory. They were here. Their names remain.
FIRST LITANY	FIRST LITANY
An re orth an chi. An re yn-dann an men. An re y'n bal. An re orth an mor. An re y'n niwl. An re heb skeus.	Those beside the house. Those beneath the stone. Those in the mine. Those beside the sea. Those in the mist. Those without shadows.
FIRST REFRAIN	FIRST REFRAIN
Gwedha an henwyn byghan. Ro lev dhe bob hanow. Gwedha an henwyn byghan. Na wra aga ankevi. Ni a glev.	Speak the small names. Give a voice to every name. Speak the small names. Do not forget them. We hear.
THE FADING	THE FADING
Neb hanow a veu skrifys war folen loos ha yeyn. Neb hanow a veu leverys saw unwaith orth an tan. Neb hanow a gollas y dre. Neb hanow a gollas y fordh. Neb hanow a dheuth byghan dres pub blydhen heb kov. Byghan. Byghan. Byghan.	Some names were written upon a grey and cold page. Some names were spoken only once beside the fire. Some names lost their dwelling. Some names lost their path. Some names became smaller through every year without memory. Smaller. Smaller. Smaller.
THE LAW OF NAMES	THE LAW OF NAMES
Nyns eus hanow heb son. Nyns eus son heb skovarn. Nyns eus kov heb kolon. Nyns eus kolon heb gras. An hanow yw alhwedh. An hanow yw fordh. An hanow yw golow orth an daras kloos. Alhwedh. Fordh. Golow. Daras.	There is no name without sound. There is no sound without an ear. There is no memory without a heart. There is no heart without grace. The name is a key. The name is a path. The name is a light beside the closed door. Key. Path. Light. Door.
SECOND CALLING	SECOND CALLING

KERNOWEK	ENGLISH
Gwedha an hanow orth an fenten. Gwedha an hanow y'n bal. Gwedha an hanow dres an ros. Gwedha an hanow orth an als. Gwedha an re a wra gwitha. Gwedha an re a wra hwithra. Gwedha an re a wra kortos. Gwedha an re na welir. Gwitha. Hwithra. Kortos. Na welir.	Speak the name beside the well. Speak the name in the mine. Speak the name across the heath. Speak the name beside the cliff. Speak those who guard. Speak those who search. Speak those who wait. Speak those who are not seen. Guard. Search. Wait. Unseen.
SECOND REFRAIN	SECOND REFRAIN
Gwedha an henwyn byghan. Ro lev dhe bob hanow. Gwedha an henwyn byghan. Na wra aga ankevi. Ni a glev. Ni a gov. Ni a wortheb.	Speak the small names. Give a voice to every name. Speak the small names. Do not forget them. We hear. We remember. We answer.
THE WARNING	THE WARNING
Na wra galwa rag didhan. Na wra galwa rag mones. Na wra kemeres hanow heb perthi kov dhe'n re. Na wra ygeri an daras mar nyny os parys dhe wortheb. Na wra dihuna an re gelli ha mos kyny aga dos. Pub galow a wra mos. Pub galow a yll dos tre.	Do not call for amusement. Do not call for profit. Do not take a name without remembering its bearer. Do not open the doorway unless you are ready to answer. Do not awaken the lost and leave before they arrive. Every call travels outward. Every call may return home.
THE GATHERING	THE GATHERING
A'n chi. A'n ros. A'n bal. A'n mor. A'n fenten. A'n als. A'n niwl. A'n tewolgow. Dre wreydh ha men. Dre dhowr ha mor. Dre daras ha toll. Dre hanow ha kov.	From the house. From the heath. From the mine. From the sea. From the well. From the cliff. From the mist. From the darkness. Through root and stone. Through water and sea. Through doorway and hollow. Through name and memory.
THIRD REFRAIN	THIRD REFRAIN
Gwedha an henwyn byghan. Ro lev dhe bob hanow. Gwedha an henwyn byghan. Na wra aga ankevi. An re byghan a glev. An re gelli a gov. An henwyn a dhihun.	Speak the small names. Give a voice to every name. Speak the small names. Do not forget them. The small ones hear. The lost ones remember. The names awaken.
CLOSING INVOCATION	CLOSING INVOCATION
Ni re whedhas yn nos. Ni re whedhas orth an men. Ni re whedhas orth an mor. Ni re whedhas orth an nor. Ni re ros lev dhe'n henwyn. Ni re ros kov dhe'n re. Ni re ygor an daras. Pw a wra gorthyp? Ni. Ni a glevas.	We have spoken in the night. We have spoken to the stone. We have spoken to the sea. We have spoken to the earth. We have given voices to the names. We have given memory to their bearers. We have opened the doorway. Who will answer? We will. We have heard.



Brownie

GUARDIAN OF THE HOUSE AND THE BEES

BACKGROUND AND SOURCES

Robert Hunt describes the Brownie as a kindly household spirit who had largely vanished, but could still be summoned when bees swarmed: a mistress or maid beat a bell-metal vessel or tin pan and called “Brownie, Brownie” until the bees settled. The song keeps that compact tradition at its centre, then imaginatively extends it through bread, honey, hearth-work and the memory of the house. [1]

KERNOWEK	ENGLISH
Browney... Browney... Klyw an lestrenn. Klyw an chi. Klyw an gwenenen ow tevi ynni. Klyw ni ow seni. Dos dhe'n chi.	Browney... Browney... Hear the vessel. Hear the house. Hear the bees growing within it. Hear us ringing. Come to the house.
THE MORNING WORK	THE MORNING WORK
Ygor an fenester. Dilha an tan. Daskorr an lestri. Golgh an pan. Ygor. Dilha. Daskorr. Golgh. Bara war an bord. Leth y'n hanaf. Mel y'n lestrenn. Goolow y'n chi. Bara rag an teylu. Mel rag an gwenenen.	Open the window. Kindle the fire. Gather the vessels. Wash the pan. Open. Kindle. Gather. Wash. Bread upon the table. Milk in the cup. Honey in the vessel. Light in the house. Bread for the family. Honey for the bees.
THE HOUSE THAT LISTENS	THE HOUSE THAT LISTENS
Orth an daras yth esa skovarn. Orth an tan yth esa dorn. Yn-dann an prenn yth esa skeus. Yn-kichen an fos yth esa kov. An chi a glev. An chi a gov. An chi a wodhya pana os yn ogas.	Beside the door there was an ear. Beside the fire there was a hand. Beneath the wood there was a shadow. Behind the wall there was a memory. The house hears. The house remembers. The house knows when you are near.
THE BEE WORK	THE BEE WORK
An howl a dheuth war an ros. An blodhow a ygor aga fenn. An gwenenen a nijas dhe-ves. An mel a dhallas ow tos yn-mes. Nija dhe'n blodhow. Daskorr an mel. Dos tre gans an howl. Dos tre dhe'n chi. Un eskell. Dew eskell. Kans eskell yn awel. Un son. Dew son. Kans son yn chi.	The sun came upon the heath. The flowers opened their heads. The bees flew outward. The honey began to come forth. Fly to the flowers. Gather the honey. Come home with the sunlight. Come home to the house. One wing. Two wings. A hundred wings in the air. One sound. Two sounds. A hundred sounds in the house.
THE FIRST OFFERING	THE FIRST OFFERING
Krambla bara war an leur. Tamm mel orth an tan. Ger da yn-dann an anel. Nyns eus res dhe gewsel bras. Tamm bara. Tamm mel. Ger da. Kolon gwir. Nyns yw tal. Nyns yw gwerth. Yw kov a'n re orth an chi. Kov rag an chi. Gras rag an gwithyas.	A crumb of bread upon the floor. A little honey beside the fire. A kind word beneath the breath. There is no need to speak loudly. A little bread. A little honey. A kind word. A sincere heart. It is not payment. It is not a price. It is remembrance of the one beside the house. Memory for the house. Grace for the guardian.
MIDPOINT INVOCATION	MIDPOINT INVOCATION

KERNOWEK	ENGLISH
Browney, Browney, dos arta. An gwenenen a sevel. Browney, Browney, gwith an chi. Gwith an mel ha'n teylu. Ni a wra seni. Ty a wra klywes.	Browney, Browney, come again. The bees are rising. Browney, Browney, guard the house. Guard the honey and the family. We shall ring. You shall hear.
THE HIDDEN TASKS	THE HIDDEN TASKS
Pan dheuth an glaw dre'n to— Piw a wodhya le mayth esa'n toll? Pan varvas an tan y'n nos— Piw a worras prenn war an gols? Pan worras an flogh y droos yn kamm— Piw a wodhya kens y godha? Dorn heb korf. Troos heb skeus. Gwithyas heb galow. Kov heb skrif.	When rain came through the roof— Who knew where the hole was? When the fire died in the night— Who placed wood upon the embers? When the child placed his foot badly— Who knew before he fell? A hand without a body. A foot without a shadow. A guardian without a summons. A memory without writing.
THE SILENT YEARS	THE SILENT YEARS
An lestrenn a dhewelas. An pan a dheuth loos. An tan a varvas. An gwenenen a nijas pell. An hanow a veu ankevys. Mes an chi a govas.	The vessel became silent. The pan became grey. The fire died. The bees flew far away. The name was forgotten. But the house remembered.
THE RETURN OF THE NAME	THE RETURN OF THE NAME
Un venen a ygor an fenester. Un venen a dhilha an tan. Un venen a worras mel y'n lestrenn. Un venen a dhorras an pan. Un ger yn lent. Un ger yn gwir. Un hanow koth ow tos arta dhe'n chi. Klyw an lestrenn. Klyw an chi. Klyw an gwenenen. Klyw ni.	One woman opened the window. One woman kindled the fire. One woman placed honey in the vessel. One woman struck the pan. One word spoken slowly. One word spoken truthfully. One old name returning to the house. Hear the vessel. Hear the house. Hear the bees. Hear us.
THE SWARM	THE SWARM
Dorr an lestrenn. Dorr an pan. Dorr an bord. Dorr an leur. Gasa an chi dhe gana. An gwenenen a sevel. An awel a dheuth leun. An howl a dheuth dhu. An chi a grena. An gwenenen a sevel. An mel a drelerya. An lestrenn a seni. An hanow a dhihuna.	Strike the vessel. Strike the pan. Strike the table. Strike the floor. Let the house sing. The bees rise. The air becomes full. The sun grows dark. The house trembles. The bees rise. The honey shines. The vessel rings. The name awakens.
FINAL INVOCATION	FINAL INVOCATION
Browney, Browney, dos arta. An gwenenen a sevel. Browney, Browney, gwith an chi. Gwith an mel ha'n teylu. Ni re seni. Ty re glevas. Ni re ros mel. Ty re dheuth tre. An chi a'gas kovhe. My a'gas gwith.	Browney, Browney, come again. The bees are rising. Browney, Browney, guard the house. Guard the honey and the family. We have rung. You have heard. We have given honey. You have come home. The house remembers you. I guard you.



Skillywidden

THE NAME THAT CALLS HIM HOME

BACKGROUND AND SOURCES

Hunt records a Zennor tale in which a tiny sleeper is found among furze, carried home and called Bobby Griglans by the children. When a distressed fairy mother searches the furze-rick for “my dear and tender Skillywidden,” he answers her and disappears with his parents. The lyric relocates the emotional centre to the true name crossing the heath and calling him home. [1]

KERNOWEK	ENGLISH
Kosk, flogh byghan. Kosk orth an tan. An glaw yw a-ves, ha'n nos yw hir. Dha dhornow yw yeyn. Dha dhewlagas yw poos. Nyns eus ger yn dha ganow. Kosk, flogh byghan.	Sleep, little child. Sleep beside the fire. The rain is outside, and the night is long. Your hands are cold. Your eyelids are heavy. There is no word in your mouth. Sleep, little child.
THE CHILD ON THE HEATH	THE CHILD ON THE HEATH
Y'n ros yth eses yn-dann an eythin. Dha benn war an nor, dha wiskas gans glaw. Nyns esa golow yn ogas. Nyns esa fordh dhe'n chi. Saw an awel a gerdhas dres dha vos byghan.	On the heath you were beneath the gorse. Your head upon the earth, your clothes wet with rain. There was no light nearby. There was no path to the house. Only the wind travelled across your small being.
THE HUMAN HOUSE	THE HUMAN HOUSE
Ni a'th gemeras dhe'n chi. Ni a dhilhas an tan. Ni a ros bara dhis, ha leth y'n hanaf. Ni a ros gwely dhis yn-kichen an fos tomm. Ni a ros gerow tener, mes ty a viras a-ves. Dha lagas a holyas fordh heb golow. Dha skovarn a wortos rag lev heb korf.	We took you into the house. We kindled the fire. We gave you bread, and milk in the cup. We gave you a bed beside the warm wall. We gave you tender words, but you looked outside. Your eyes followed a path without light. Your ears waited for a voice without a body.
THE FIRST CALLING	THE FIRST CALLING
Skillywidden... Dha benn a sevelas. Dha anel a dheuth skav. An tan a grenas, ha'n fenester a ganas. Nyns eses ow kosk. Nyns eses ow hunrosa. Ty a glevas hanow na wodhya den y'n chi.	Skillywidden... Your head rose. Your breath became light. The fire trembled, and the window sang. You were not sleeping. You were not dreaming. You heard a name that nobody in the house knew.
THE TWO NAMES	THE TWO NAMES
Ni a ros hanow dhis rag an bord ha'n tan. Hanow dhe'th hwelas pan dheuth an myttin. Mes an hanow roys genes ni nyns ygor dha kolon. Ev a dhalghas yn chi, kepar ha skrif war dowr. An hanow a dheuth a-bell a gerdhas dre dha wos. Ev nyns esa ger hepken. Ev esa fordh.	We gave you a name for the table and the fire. A name by which to find you when morning came. But the name we gave you did not open your heart. It remained in the house, like writing upon water. The name that came from afar travelled through your blood. It was not merely a word. It was a path.
THE SECOND CALLING	THE SECOND CALLING
Skillywidden... Ty a sevelas heb ger. Ty a worras dha droos war an leur. Nyns esa son a gam, mes an chi a grenas. An daras a dhalghas kloos. An alhwedh nyns movyas. Mes an niwl a dheuth yn-mes dre pub toll y'n chi. Dha gorf a dheuth skav kepar ha haneth war wydh. Dha skeus a gerdhas a-rag dhis dhe'n ros.	Skillywidden... You rose without a word. You placed your foot upon the floor. There was no sound of a step, but the house trembled. The door remained closed. The key did not move. But mist came forth through every opening in the house. Your body became light like breath upon glass. Your shadow walked before you towards the heath.

KERNOWEK	ENGLISH
THE PATH OPENS	THE PATH OPENS
An eythin a omseparyas. An men a worras le. An ros a ygor fordh na welas den vyth. Kensa cam: an tan a varvas. Nessa cam: an chi a bellas. Tressa cam: an nos a dheuth golow. Peswora cam: ty a govas. Ty a govas an awel. Ty a govas an ros. Ty a govas an lev a'th gemeras kysn den.	The gorse parted. The stone made room. The heath opened a path that no person had seen. First step: the fire died. Second step: the house grew distant. Third step: the night became light. Fourth step: you remembered. You remembered the wind. You remembered the heath. You remembered the voice that held you before humanity did.
THE MOTHER BEYOND THE GORSE	THE MOTHER BEYOND THE GORSE
Ow mab byghan, pele'th eses? Ow mab tener, pandr'a glevydh? An flogh a viras dhe-ves. My a glev dha lev. Dos dre'n eythin. Dos dres an ros. Dos dhe'n re a'th wodhya. Dos tre.	My little son, where have you been? My tender son, what do you hear? The child looked outward. I hear your voice. Come through the gorse. Come across the heath. Come to those who know you. Come home.
THE THIRD CALLING	THE THIRD CALLING
Skillywidden... Skillywidden... An hanow a dheuth leun. An hanow a dheuth gwir. An hanow a dheuth kepar ha golow dre nos heb steren. An flogh a dheuth dhe'n amal. An flogh a droas y benn. Y lagas a ros meur ras dhe'n tan ha'n chi.	Skillywidden... Skillywidden... The name became full. The name became true. The name became like light through a starless night. The child came to the boundary. The child turned his head. His eyes gave thanks to the fire and the house.
THE RETURN	THE RETURN
Dos tre, ow mab. Dha re yw ow kortos. An ros a'th perghenn. An nos a'th kovhe. My a wra dos. My a'th klyw. My a gov ow hanow. My a wra dos tre.	Come home, my son. Your people are waiting. The heath possesses you. The night remembers you. I shall come. I hear you. I remember my name. I shall come home.
THE EMPTY BED	THE EMPTY BED
Dhe'n myttin, an tan a veu loos. An hanaf a veu leun. An bara a veu heb kemeres. Y'n gwely byghan nyns esa korf. War an leur yth esa un delen eythin. Nyns esa troos orth an daras. Nyns esa skeus war an ros. Saw an awel a ganas hanow na leverav. Kosk yn ta, flogh byghan.	In the morning, the fire was grey. The cup was full. The bread was untouched. In the little bed there was no body. Upon the floor lay one gorse leaf. There was no foot beside the door. There was no shadow upon the heath. Only the wind sang a name I shall not speak. Sleep well, little child.



Colman Grey

THE THIRD CALLING

BACKGROUND AND SOURCES

The earliest clear printed account used here is Thomas Quiller-Couch's 1855 record of oral tradition from a Cornish village. A farmer finds a diminutive, half-starved creature on a stone, warms and feeds it, and later hears "Colman Grey" called three times. The lively guest cries that his father has come and escapes through the keyhole. Courtney later notes that the name varies. [2][3]

KERNOWEK	ENGLISH
Un men y'n park. Un flogh war an men. Un nos ow tos. Un den ow mos tre. Dew lagas kloos. Dew dorn yeyn. Dew droos byghan heb nerth dhe sevel. Tri kam dhe'n men. Tri ger heb gorthyp. Tri haneth yeyn a-dhia'n flogh byghan.	One stone in the field. One child upon the stone. One night approaching. One man going home. Two closed eyes. Two cold hands. Two little feet without strength to stand. Three steps towards the stone. Three words without an answer. Three cold breaths from the little child.
THE FINDING	THE FINDING
An den a welas korf byghan war greun an men yeyn. Dyn hevel orth den, mes byghan dres musur. Y wiskas a veu gwlyb. Y fas a veu gwynn. Y lagasow a viras, mes nyns leveras ev ger. "Dos genes vy. Dos dhe'n chi. Yma tan. Yma boos."	The man saw a little body upon the surface of the cold stone. Human in appearance, but smaller than human measure. His clothing was wet. His face was pale. His eyes looked outward, but he spoke no word. "Come with me. Come to the house. There is fire. There is food."
THE HEARTH	THE HEARTH
Un skavel orth an tan. Un hanaf leun a leth. Un tamm bara war an bord. Un flogh heb hanow. Dew zorn orth an hanaf. Dew lagas orth an tan. Dew skovarn ow klywes pub son y'n chi. Tri lonka a leth. Tri krambla a vara. Tri haneth tomm. Ha nerth yn y gorf.	One stool beside the fire. One cup filled with milk. One piece of bread upon the table. One child without a name. Two hands around the cup. Two eyes upon the fire. Two ears listening to every sound in the house. Three swallows of milk. Three crumbs of bread. Three warm breaths. And strength within his body.
THE FIRST DAY	THE FIRST DAY
Dhe'n kensa dydh ev a gerdhas. Dhe'n nessa eur ev a redyas. Dhe'n tressa gwari ev a lamas dres an bord. Nyns esas y droosow le mayth esa an re erel. Nyns esas y dhornow le mayth kortas an lagas. Ev a droas kepar ha delow. Ev a lamas kepar ha tan. Ev a omgelas yn kornel, hag a dheuth dhe-ves arta.	On the first day he walked. At the second hour he ran. At the third game he leapt across the table. His feet were never where the others expected. His hands were never where the eye waited. He turned like an image. He leapt like fire. He hid himself in a corner, and appeared again.
THE SILENT GUEST	THE SILENT GUEST
"Piw os ta?" Taw. "Pele'th eus ta devydhys?" Taw. "Pele yma dha dre?" Taw. "Piw yw dha re?" Taw. Un dorr. Dew dorr. Tri dorr. Ev a wodhya an niver. Mes nyns leveras an hanow.	"Who are you?" Silence. "Where have you come from?" Silence. "Where is your home?" Silence. "Who are your people?" Silence. One knock. Two knocks. Three knocks. He knew the number. But he did not speak the name.
THE THIRD DAY	THE THIRD DAY

KERNOWEK	ENGLISH
Dhe'n tressa dydh an flogh a veu skav. Dhe'n tressa dydh an flogh a veu lowen. Dhe'n tressa dydh ev a redyas dre'n chi, war an bord, yn-dann an skavel, dres an leur, ha'n tan ow terlentrya yn y lagas. An teylu a hwerthas. An flogh a hwerthas heb son. An chi a dheuth leun a wari heb ger.	On the third day the child was light. On the third day the child was joyful. On the third day upon the table, beneath the stool, across the floor, with fire shining in his eyes. The family laughed. The child laughed without sound. The house became full of wordless play.
OUTSIDE THE HOUSE	OUTSIDE THE HOUSE
Y'n tyller a-ves yth esa lev. Nyns esa lev an den y'n chi. Nyns esa lev den orth an daras. Tanow yth esa. Uhel yth esa. Koth yth esa. Ow tos a-bell.	In the yard outside there was a voice. It was not the voice of anyone in the house. It was not the voice of anyone beside the door. It was thin. It was high. It was old. It came from far away.
THE FIRST CALLING	THE FIRST CALLING
Colman Grey! Y droos a dhalghas. Y zorn a dhalghas. Y hwerthin a varvas. Y lagas a ygor bras.	Colman Grey! His foot stopped. His hand stopped. His laughter died. His eyes opened wide.
THE SECOND CALLING	THE SECOND CALLING
Colman Grey! An tan a grenas. An hanaf a grenas. An daras a dhalghas kloos. An alhwedh a droas hanter. An flogh a sevelas war an skavel. Y ganow a ygor. Mes nyns esa ger hwath.	Colman Grey! The fire trembled. The cup trembled. The door remained closed. The key turned halfway. The child stood upon the stool. His mouth opened. But still there was no word.
THE THIRD CALLING	THE THIRD CALLING
Colman Grey! Ho! Ho! Ho! Ow thas re dheuth!	Colman Grey! Ho! Ho! Ho! My father has come!
THE DEPARTURE	THE DEPARTURE
Un cam war an leur. Dew gam dres an bord. Tri cham dhe'n daras— mes nyns ygor an daras. Un dorn orth an fos. Dew lagas orth an toll. Tri haneth skav— ha'n gorf a dheuth tanow. Dre doll an alhwedh, dre brenn kloos, dre le na yll dorn mos, an flogh a dhiankas. Nyns esa troos war an dor. Nyns esa skeus war an leur. Nyns esa korf yn chi. Saw hwerthin a-ves.	One step upon the floor. Two steps across the table. Three steps towards the door— but the door did not open. One hand beside the wall. Two eyes upon the keyhole. Three light breaths— and the body became thin. Through the keyhole, through closed wood, through a place no hand could pass, the child escaped. There was no foot upon the earth. There was no shadow upon the floor. There was no body in the house. Only laughter outside.
THE EMPTY ROOM	THE EMPTY ROOM

KERNOWEK	ENGLISH
Un skavel gwag. Dew grambla war an bord. Tri dorr orth an daras. An leth a veu hwath tomm. An tan a veu hwath byw. An allwedh a veu hwath y'n toll. Mes Colman Grey nyns veu klevys arta.	One empty stool. Two crumbs upon the table. Three knocks beside the door. The milk was still warm. The fire was still living. The key was still in the hole. But Colman Grey was never heard again.



Dicky Danjy

THE NAME IN THE HOLLOW

BACKGROUND AND SOURCES

Dicky Danjy is the least secure name in the booklet. It survives as a localised name associated with a cliff hollow, but the major nineteenth-century collections consulted do not provide a stable narrative or taxonomy for it. The lyric therefore preserves the uncertainty: the name may belong to a keeper, an inhabitant, a warning, the opening itself, or the relationship between all of them. [6]

KERNOWEK	ENGLISH
Piw yma y'n toll? Nyns eus den omma. Piw a glev an mor? An garrek a glev. Piw yw gwithyas an daras? An tewolgow yw gwithyas. Piw a wortos yn-dann an als?	Who is in the hollow? There is no person here. Who hears the sea? The rock hears. Who is the guardian of the doorway? The darkness is the guardian. Who waits beneath the cliff?
Un na welir. Yma toll yn-dann an als, le na dheu an howl. Yma dowr war an leur, ha halen war an fos. An mor a ygor an daras. An mor a'n degea.	One who cannot be seen. There is a hollow beneath the cliff, where the sun does not come. There is water upon the floor, and salt upon the wall. The sea opens the doorway. The sea closes it.
An mor a skrif gans ewyn war an men. Ygor. Kloos. Ygor. Kloos. Piw yma y'n toll?	The sea writes with foam upon the stone. Open. Closed. Open. Closed. Who is in the hollow?
Gwithyas. Pyth a with ev? An daras. Daras dhe ble? Daras heb fordh. Den a dheuth dhe'n als pan esa an mor isel.	A guardian. What does he guard? The doorway. A doorway to where? A doorway without a path. A man came to the cliff when the sea was low.
Ev a welas toll du ryb an dowr. Ryb an dowr. Ryb an dowr. Ev a worras y dhorn war an garrek yeyn. Ev a glevas anal	He saw a dark hollow beside the water. Beside the water. Beside the water. He placed his hand upon the cold rock. He heard a breath
ow tos a'n toll. Nyns esa awel a-ves. Nyns esa gwydh ow movya. Nyns esa den yn ogas. Saw anal yn karrek. Piw a anellas? An toll.	coming from the hollow. There was no wind outside. There were no trees moving. There was no person nearby. Only breath within the rock. Who breathed? The hollow.
Piw a vaga an toll? An mor. Piw a vaga an mor? An loor. Piw a vaga an loor? Taw. Y'n nos, tra wenn a dheuth	Who feeds the hollow? The sea. Who feeds the sea? The moon. Who feeds the moon? Silence. In the night, something pale came
a'n toll yn-dann an als. Nyns esa golow tan, na golow steren. Dewlagas, martesen. Kolosow, martesen. Dowr ow terlentrya, martesen dowr hepken.	from the hollow beneath the cliff. It was not firelight, nor starlight. Eyes, perhaps. Candles, perhaps. Water shining— perhaps only water.
"Piw os ta?" "Pandr'os ta?" "Ple yma dha dre?" Omma. "Piw yw dha hanow?" Un cam dre'n dowr. Dew gam war an men.	"Who are you?" "What are you?" "Where is your home?" Here. "What is your name?" One step through the water. Two steps upon the stone.

KERNOWEK	ENGLISH
Tri cham y'n tewolgow. An daras: ledan. An toll: down. An mor: pell. An nos: kellys. Y'n garrek yth esa merk. Y'n merk yth esa dorn.	Three steps into the darkness. The doorway: broad. The hollow: deep. The sea: distant. The night: lost. In the rock there was a mark. Within the mark there was a hand.
War an dorn yth esa bys ow tiskwedhes dhe-ves. Dhe-ves. Dhe-ves. Dhe-ves. A dheuth an den dhe-ves? Nyns esa gorthyp.	Upon the hand there was a finger pointing outward. Out. Out. Out. Did the man come out? There was no answer.
Dhe'n nessa nos, lev a dheuth a'n als. Nyns esa galow uhel. Nyns esa kri. Yth esa hanow hepken ow tos gans an mor. Dicky...	On the following night, a voice came from the cliff. It was not a loud call. It was not a cry. There was only a name coming with the sea. Dicky...
Danji... Piw a alw? An mor. Piw a wortheb? An toll. Piw a wra mos? An den.	Danji... Who calls? The sea. Who answers? The hollow. Who goes away? The man.
Piw a dheu tre? An hanow a dro orth an als. An hanow a gerdh dre'n dower. An hanow a torr an taw, mes nyns leverir y styr. Dicky Danji orth an mor. Dicky Danji y'n toll.	Who comes home? The name turns beside the cliff. The name travels through the water. The name breaks the silence, but its meaning is not spoken. Dicky Danji beside the sea. Dicky Danji in the hollow.
Dicky Danji, gwith an daras. Dicky Danji, na ygor pub tra. Gwith an toll. Gwith an men. Gwith an re a dheu yn-mes. Gwith an re na dheu tre. Dicky Danji orth an mor.	Dicky Danji, guard the doorway. Dicky Danji, do not open everything. Guard the hollow. Guard the stone. Guard those who come out. Guard those who do not come home. Dicky Danji beside the sea.
Dicky Danji y'n toll. Ygor. Kloos. An hanow a wortos yn-dann an als. Piw yma y'n toll? Ty.	Dicky Danji in the hollow. Open. Closed. The name waits beneath the cliff. Who is in the hollow? You.



An Bobel Vean

THE SMALL PEOPLE

BACKGROUND AND SOURCES

“The Small People” is both a broad Cornish designation and a way of avoiding over-neat divisions between piskies, fairies and related beings. Collectors describe communal appearances, music, dancing and the danger of intruding too closely. The song emphasises beauty, circular movement and respectful distance rather than assigning the dancers a rigid species. [1][2][4]

An Bobel Vean

THE SMALL PEOPLE

KERNOWEK	ENGLISH
Y'n nos, pan yw an loor leun, an bobel vean a dheu. A'n men ha'n karn koth, ymons ow tos dhe-ves. Dhe-ves y'n golow. Dhe-ves y'n nos. Ymons gwiskys yn splann, gans rudh, glas ha gwynn. Ymons byghan yn korf, mes skav yw aga throos. Aga dewlagas a splann. Aga hwerthin a sevel. Aga levow a dheu kepar ha kloghes pell.	At night, when the moon is full, the Small People come. From the stones and the old carn, they emerge. Out into the light. Out into the night. They are brightly dressed, in red, blue and white. They are small in body, but light are their feet. Their eyes shine. Their laughter rises. Their voices come like distant bells.
Un cam dhe'n tu dyhow. Un cam dhe'n tu kleth. Dorn yn dorn. Kelgh war an gwels. Un cam orth an loor. Un cam orth an men. Dorn yn dorn. An kelgh a dro. An kelgh a dro. An kelgh a dro. An kelgh a dro.	One step to the right. One step to the left. Hand in hand. A circle upon the grass. One step towards the moon. One step towards the stone. Hand in hand. The circle turns. The circle turns.
An re kensa a gana. An re nessa a wortheb. An re tressa a hwerth. An re diwetha a dheu. Nyns eus penn dhe'n dons. Nyns eus diwedh dhe'n gan. Pub lev a dheu arta. Pub cam a wra dalleth. Un. Dew. Tri. Tro. Un. Dew. Tri. Tro.	The first ones sing. The next ones answer. The third ones laugh. The last ones enter. There is no beginning to the dance. There is no ending to the song. Every voice comes again. Every step begins anew. One. Two. Three. Turn.
A-dhia'n nans ymons ow tos. Dres an ros ymons ow mos. A-dro dhe'n fenten ymons ow tonsya. Yn-kreis an kelgh ymons ow kana. An awel a dhri aga levow. An loor a with aga skeusow. An men a gov aga hwerthin. An tir a glev aga throosow.	From the valley they come. Across the heath they go. Around the well they dance. At the centre of the circle they sing. The wind carries their voices. The moon guards their shadows. The stone remembers their laughter. The land hears their feet.

KERNOWEK	ENGLISH
Un venen a savas pell, heb movya na kewsel. Hi a welas an kelgh, ha'n kelgh a welas hi. An bobel vean a dewelas. Aga throosow a dhalghas. Aga dewlagas a droas war an venen orth an ros. Na dheu nes. Na dorr an kelgh. Na wra govyn. Na wra holyas. Gwel. Klyw. Kov. Mes gortos pell.	A woman stood far away, neither moving nor speaking. She saw the circle, and the circle saw her. The Small People fell silent. Their feet stopped. Their eyes turned towards the woman beside the heath. Do not come nearer. Do not break the circle. Do not ask. Do not follow. Look. Listen. Remember. But remain far away.
An venen a savas pell. An bobel vean a dhonsyas. An loor a splannas war aga fennow. An nos a ros le dh'aga throosow. Un cam dhe'n tu dyhow. Un cam dhe'n tu kleth. Dorn yn dorn. Kelgh war an gwels. Byghan yn korf. Bras yn kov. Skav war an gwels. Koth yn tir. Byghan yn korf. Bras yn kov. An bobel vean. An bobel vean.	The woman stood at a distance. The Small People danced. The moon shone upon their heads. The night gave room to their feet. One step to the right. One step to the left. Hand in hand. A circle upon the grass. Small in body. Great in memory. Light upon the grass. Ancient in the land. The Small People.
Ymons ow tonsya heb skwitha. Ymons ow kana heb haneth. Ymons ow mos heb fordh. Ymons ow tos heb daras. An nos yw aga chi. An loor yw aga golow. An men yw aga skavel. An awel yw aga haneth.	They dance without weariness. They sing without breath. They go without a path. They come without a doorway. The night is their house. The moon is their light. The stone is their seat. The wind is their breath.
Un steren a gollas. An loor a dheuth gwann. An ebryl a ganas. An golow a dheuth. Nyns eus den war an gwels. Saw olyow byghan war an leur.	One star disappeared. The moon grew faint. The lark sang. The light came. There is no one upon the grass. Only small traces upon the ground.



Meryons

THE ANT-PEOPLE

BACKGROUND AND SOURCES

Courtney records traditions in which piskies diminish through successive transformations until they become “Meryons” - ants - and finally disappear. She also notes the word as a Cornish term of endearment. The song turns that shrinking tradition into its musical law: the line, the voices and the name all become smaller together. [2]

KERNOWEK	ENGLISH
Meryons. Meryons. Ymons ow mos dre'n gwels y'n nos. Troosow byghan. Dornow byghan. Levow tanow.	Meryons. Meryons. They are travelling through the grass at night. Little feet. Little hands. Thin voices.
Olyow war an leur. Ymons ow mos yn linen hir, un orth an nessa, un war lergh an nessa, heb penn, heb diwedh. A-dhia'n men.	Traces upon the ground. They travel in a long line, one beside the next, one following the next, without beginning, without end. From the stone.
A-dhia'n pridd. A-dhia'n gwreydh. A-dhia'n tir. Meryons. Meryons. An re kensa a with an fordh. An re nessa a dhri an boos.	From the soil. From the root. From the land. Meryons. Meryons. The first ones guard the path. The next ones carry the food.
An re tressa a glev an awel. An re diwetha a gloes an linen. Ymons ow mos. Ymons ow teski. Ymons ow karga. Ymons ow kortos. An tir yw aga chi.	The third ones hear the wind. The last ones close the line. They travel. They learn. They carry. They wait. The earth is their house.
An men yw aga to. An gwreydh yw aga daras. An pridd yw aga gwely. Ymons byghan yn korf. Ymons bras yn niver. Ymons tanow yn lev. Ymons koth yn kov.	The stone is their roof. The root is their doorway. The soil is their bed. They are small in body. They are great in number. They are thin in voice. They are ancient in memory.
Den a dheuth dres an gwels. Y droos a dorras an linen. Y skeus a dheuth war an pridd. Y lev a rosownas dres an tir. An Meryons a dhalghas. Nyns esa kri. Nyns esa galow.	A person crossed the grass. His foot broke the line. His shadow fell upon the soil. His voice sounded across the land. The Meryons stopped. There was no cry. There was no call.
Nyns esa dorn ow sevel. Nyns esa lagas ow mires. Saw an pridd a grenas. Dhe-ves a'n skeus. Dhe-ves a'n droos. Dhe-ves a'n lev. Dhe-ves a'n den.	No hand was raised. No eye looked upward. Only the soil trembled. Out of the shadow. Out of the footsteps. Out of the voice. Away from the person.
Arta an linen. Arta an fordh. Arta an boos. Arta an kov. Meryons ow mos. Meryons ow karga. Meryons ow tevi byghan.	Again the line. Again the path. Again the food. Again the memory. The Meryons travel. The Meryons carry. The Meryons become small.
Meryons ow mos dhe vos taw. Byghan yn korf. Byghan yn lev. Byghan yn kov. Byghan yn hanow. Korf byghan. Lev tanow.	The Meryons become silent. Small in body. Small in voice. Small in memory. Small in name. Little body. Thin voice.

KERNOWEK	ENGLISH
Kov koth.	Old memory.
Lev.	Voice.
Kov.	Memory.
Hanow.	Name.
Meryons.	Meryons.



An Hooper

THE HOOPER OF SENNEN

BACKGROUND AND SOURCES

Hunt describes the Hooper, or Hooter, of Sennen Cove as a dense band of mist stretching across the bay. It was understood as a kindly warning that kept fishermen ashore before a severe storm. In Hunt's cautionary example, men who forced a boat through the fog were lost. The track preserves the Hooper primarily as guardian and warning, not monster. [1]

An Hooper

THE HOOPER OF SENNEN

KERNOWEK	ENGLISH
Y'n nos orth Sennen, an mor yw du. An awel a dheu dres an dower. Nyns eus steren. Nyns eus loor. Saw golow gwann war an mor. Ho—	At night beside Sennen, the sea is black. The wind comes across the water. There is no star. There is no moon. Only a faint light upon the sea. Ho—
Piw a alw a'n mor du? Piw a wra seni yn-dann an niwl? Nyns eus lestrenn yn agas gwel. Nyns eus den war an als. Saw an galow a dheu arta. Ho—o—	Who calls from the black sea? Who makes a sound beneath the mist? There is no vessel within sight. There is no person upon the cliff. Only the call comes again. Ho—o—
An mor a sevel. An ewyn a dheu. An als a grena gans pub ton. An ros a glev. An men a gov. An chi pell a gloes y dharas.	The sea rises. The foam comes. The cliff trembles with every wave. The heath hears. The stone remembers. A distant house closes its door.
Piw os ta? Pele yma dha dre? Pandr'ta a wra gwitha? An fordh. Pandr'ta a wra warnya? An re a dheu.	Who are you? Where is your home? What do you guard? The path. What do you warn? Those who come.
Na dheu nes pan alw an mor. Na dheu dhe'n als pan yw an niwl down. Na holy an lev dres an dower. Na wra gorthyp mar nyns os galwys. Ho—o—o—	Do not come nearer when the sea calls. Do not approach the cliff when the mist is deep. Do not follow the voice across the water. Do not answer unless you have been called. Ho—o—o—
An galow yw hir. An galow yw down. An galow a gerdh dres an tonnow. Ev a dheu heb lestrenn. Ev a mos heb fordh. Ev a sevel a'n ewyn gwynn. Ev a dhiskenn yn-dann an mor.	The call is long. The call is deep. The call travels across the waves. He comes without a vessel. He goes without a path. He rises from the white foam. He descends beneath the sea.
Yma den war an als, y lagas war an dower. Ev a wel golow yn-kreiz an niwl. Un golow. Dew olow. Tri golow ow tos dhe'n tir.	A man stands upon the cliff, his eyes upon the water. He sees a light within the mist. One light. Two lights. Three lights coming towards the land.

KERNOWEK	ENGLISH
Na wra gorthos. Na wra galwa. Na wra mos dhe’n golow. An re yw pell. An re yw kellys. An re a holyas an Hooper kynos.	Do not wait. Do not call. Do not go towards the light. Those figures are far away. Those figures are lost. They followed the Hooper before.
Ho— Ho—o— Ho—o—o— An Hooper a alw orth an mor. An Hooper a alw orth an tir. Na dheu nes dhe’n ewyn gwynn. Na holy an golow yn nos. An Hooper a alw orth an als. An Hooper a alw yn-niwl. Gortos war an tir kales. Gasa an mor dhe’n re gelli.	Ho— Ho—o— Ho—o—o— The Hooper calls beside the sea. The Hooper calls towards the land. Do not approach the white foam. Do not follow the light at night. The Hooper calls beside the cliff. The Hooper calls within the mist. Remain upon the solid land. Leave the sea to the lost ones.
An galow a dremen. An niwl a sevel. An mor a dheu sioul. An golow a varw. Nyns eus lestrenn. Nyns eus den. Nyns eus troos war an treth.	The call passes. The mist rises. The sea becomes still. The light dies. There is no vessel. There is no person. There are no footprints upon the beach.
Yma’n myttin ow tos war Sennen. An als yw gwlyb. An mor yw loos. War an treth yth eus un ol. Nyns yw ol troos. Nyns yw ol lestrenn. Yw kelgh hep penn, skrifys gans ewyn, hag yn-kreiz an kelgh yth eus toll du.	Morning comes over Sennen. The cliff is wet. The sea is grey. Upon the beach there is a single mark. It is not a footprint. It is not the mark of a boat. It is a circle without beginning, written in foam, and at the centre of the circle there is a dark hollow.
An Hooper a alwas. Piw a worthebas? Piw a holyas? Piw a dheuth tre? Ho—o—o—	The Hooper called. Who answered? Who followed? Who returned home? Ho—o—o—

Joan an Vaglen

JOAN THE WAD / THE TORCH



BACKGROUND AND SOURCES

Joan the Wad belongs to the Polperro piskie tradition. The dialect word "wad" means a torch, and the old rhyme links Joan's strange light with a maid she tickled and a traveller asking to be shown home through foul weather. Later retellings make her guide or misleader. Here the final Cornish lyric is the master text; the English has been reconstructed directly beside it rather than forced to fit an earlier draft. [3]

KERNOWEK	ENGLISH
Y’n nos war fordh Porthpyra,	At night on the road at Polperro,
hager-awel a dheu.	bad weather approaches.
Nyns eus loor.	There is no moon.
Nyns eus steren.	There is no star.
Saw golow orth an ros.	Only a light upon the heath.
Golow byghan.	A little light.
Golow skav.	A nimble light.
Golow ow mos	A light travelling
heb troos war an leur.	without footsteps upon the ground.
Piw a dalgh an faglen?	Who holds the torch?
Joan a’n dalgh.	Joan holds it.
Piw a gerdh dres an ros?	Who walks across the heath?
Joan a gerdh.	Joan walks.
Piw a hwerth yn tewolgow?	Who laughs in the darkness?
Joan an Vaglen.	Joan the Torch.
Hi a dheu a-dhia’n niwl.	She comes out of the mist.
Hi a dheu a-dhia’n glaw.	She comes out of the rain.
Hi a dheu gans faglen	She comes carrying a torch
yn y dorn byghan.	in her little hand.
Hi a dro dhe’n tu dyhow.	She turns to the right.
Hi a dro dhe’n tu kleth.	She turns to the left.
Hi a dheu nes.	She comes near.
Hi a dheu pell.	She moves far away.
Nyns yw golow chi.	It is not the light of a house.
Nyns yw golow lestrenn.	It is not the light of a vessel.
Nyns yw lugarn war fordh.	It is not a lantern upon the road.
Yw golow Joan	It is Joan’s light
ow teski an nos.	testing the night.
Golow war an men.	Light upon the stone.
Golow war an dowr.	Light upon the water.
Golow war an fos.	Light upon the wall.
Golow—hag ev kellys.	Light—and then it is gone.
Den a gerdhas dhe dre	A man walked home
dre hager-awel ha glaw.	through bad weather and rain.
Y wiskas a veu gwlyb.	His clothes were wet.
Y droosow a veu skwith.	His feet were tired.
Ev a welas golow byghan	He saw a little light
a-rag dhodho war an fordh.	ahead of him upon the road.
Pan hastas ev, hi a hastas.	When he hurried, she hurried.
Pan dhalghas ev, hi a dhalghas.	When he stopped, she stopped.
Na wra hasta.	Do not hurry.
Na wra gortos.	Do not wait.
Na wra mires	Do not stare
orth an golow hepken.	only at the light.
Un fordh dhe’n chi.	One road towards the house.
Un fordh heb penn.	One road without an end.
Un fordh dre’n ros.	One road across the heath.
Un fordh yn-niwl.	One road within the mist.
Pana fordh yw fordh Joan?	Which road is Joan’s road?
An fordh a dhewis hi.	The road that she chooses.
Un voren a dheuth	A woman came

KERNOWEK	ENGLISH
dres an fordh yn nos.	along the road at night.
Hi a glevas hwerthin	She heard laughter
yn-kichen an fos—	beside the wall.
Ryb an fos.	Beside the wall.
Ryb an fos.	Beside the wall.
Dorn byghan war y skoos.	A little hand upon her shoulder.
Dorn skav war y keyn.	A light hand upon her back.
An voren a hwerthas.	The woman laughed.
An voren a griyas.	The woman cried out.
Pan droas hi y fenn,	When she turned her head,
nyns esa den yn ogas.	there was nobody nearby.
Saw Joan gans y faglen	Only Joan with her torch,
ow mos dre’n glaw.	travelling through the rain.
Joan orth an daras.	Joan beside the doorway.
Joan orth an fos.	Joan beside the wall.
Joan a-dhia’n ros.	Joan from the heath.
Joan dhe’n nos.	Joan into the night.
Joan a dhyskydh.	Joan reveals herself.
Joan a guthyl.	Joan hides herself.
Joan a hwerth.	Joan laughs.
Joan a dhiank.	Joan escapes.
Joan an Vaglen!	Joan the Torch!
Omma.	Here.
Pele yma dha wolow?	Where is your light?
Omma.	Here.
Pele yma an fordh?	Where is the road?
Omma.	Here.
A wre’ta ow gidya tre?	Will you guide me home?
Golowya an fordh dhymm.	Light the road for me.
An hager-awel yma.	The bad weather is here.
Golowya an fordh dhymm.	Light the road for me.
Ow chi yw pell.	My house is far away.
Mar myn Joan.	Should Joan wish it.
Mar myn an golow.	Should the light wish it.
Mar myn an nos	Should the night
gasa an den dhe dre.	allow the man to return home.
Joan a gerdh a-rag.	Joan walks ahead.
An den a holy.	The man follows.
Joan a dro orth an men.	Joan turns beside the stone.
An den a holy.	The man follows.
Joan a dremen dre’n niwl.	Joan passes through the mist.
An den a holy.	The man follows.
Joan a dhewel.	Joan falls silent.
An den a dhalgh.	The man stops.
Yma golow dhe’n tu dyhow.	There is a light to the right.
Yma golow dhe’n tu kleth.	There is a light to the left.
Yma golow war an fordh.	There is a light upon the road.
Yma golow yn y lergth.	There is a light behind him.
Piw a gid an den?	Who guides the man?
Joan.	Joan.
Piw a wra y wul kellys?	Who may cause him to become lost?

KERNOWEK	ENGLISH
Joan.	Joan.
Piw a wodhya an fordh?	Who knows the road?
Joan.	Joan.
Piw a wodhya y diwedh?	Who knows its ending?
An glaw a dhalghas.	The rain stopped.
An awel a dhewelas.	The wind became silent.
Y'n tewolgow yth esa daras,	In the darkness there was a doorway,
ha golow tomm yn chi.	and warm light within the house.
An den a dheuth dhe dre.	The man reached home.
Y dhorn a dhalghas an daras.	His hand took hold of the door.
Ev a droas dhe weles Joan.	He turned to see Joan.
Nyns esa hi war an fordh.	She was no longer upon the road.
Joan an Vaglen, Joan an Vaglen,	Joan the Torch, Joan the Torch,
golow skav a Borthpyra.	nimble light of Polperro.
Diskwedh an fordh dre hager-awel.	Show the road through the bad weather.
Gasa an den dhe dheuth tre.	Allow the man to return home.
Joan an Vaglen, Joan an Vaglen,	Joan the Torch, Joan the Torch,
faglen fyw war an ros.	living flame upon the heath.
Dha wolow a yll gidya.	Your light may guide.
Dha wolow a yll keles.	Your light may conceal.
Dha wolow a yll dos nes.	Your light may come near.
Dha wolow a yll mos pell.	Your light may travel far away.
Joan an Vaglen, golowya an fordh—	Joan the Torch, light the road—
mes Joan a dhewis an fordh.	but Joan chooses the road.
Joan an Vaglen.	Joan the Torch.
Golow war an men.	Light upon the stone.
Golow war an dowr.	Light upon the water.
Golow dre'n niwl.	Light through the mist.
Golow heb diwedh.	Light without an end.

Dorcas

THE VOICE IN THE MINE



BACKGROUND AND SOURCES

Hunt records Dorcas as the spirit of Polbreen Mine, associated with warnings and danger underground. The song leaves her nature uncertain: woman, ghost, knocker, warning voice, or the mine itself learning to speak. The English has been reconstructed in the exact order of the final Cornish lines. [1]

KERNOWEK	ENGLISH
Dorr an men.	Strike the stone.
Dorr an pridd.	Strike the earth.
Tenn an keth.	Pull the chain.
Gwith an golow.	Guard the light.
Piw a dhorras ow thre?	Who struck my home?
Dorr an men.	Strike the stone.
Dorr an pridd.	Strike the earth.
Piw a dhorras ow thre?	Who struck my home?
Y'n bal, yn-dann an tir,	In the mine, beneath the land,
yth esa ow hanow.	there was my name.
Nyns esa skrifys war folen.	It was not written upon a page.
Nyns esa leverys orth an tan.	It was not spoken beside the fire.
Yth esa y'n dowr.	It was in the water.
Yth esa y'n pridd.	It was in the soil.
Yth esa y'n gwythien	It was in the vein,
ow keskerdhes gans an sten.	travelling together with the tin.
Gwythien wenn.	White vein.
Gwythien du.	Black vein.
Gwythien down.	Deep vein.
Gwythien kloos.	Closed vein.
Na wra galwa an gwythien	Do not call the vein
mar nyns os parys dhe glev.	unless you are prepared to hear.
Dhe'n kensa den,	To the first man,
my a ros skovarn.	I gave an ear.
Dhe'n nessa den,	To the second man,
my a ros golow.	I gave a light.
Dhe'n tressa den—	To the third man—
Gortos!	Wait!
Dhe'n tressa den,	To the third man,
my a ros gwarning.	I gave a warning.
Mes ev a dhorras an men.	But he struck the stone.
Ev a dhorras an men.	He struck the stone.
Ev a dhorras an fos.	He struck the wall.
Ev a dhorras an taw	He broke the silence
a-dhia'n bal koth.	of the old mine.
Y dhorn a veu kales.	His hand was hard.
Y dhorn a veu bras.	His hand was large.
Y lagas a welas an sten,	His eye saw the tin,
mes nyns welas an skeus.	but did not see the shadow.
My a savas yn y fordh.	I stood in his path.
Piw a savas?	Who stood there?
My.	I did.
Piw os ta?	Who are you?
Dorcas.	Dorcas.
Dorcas y'n dowr.	Dorcas in the water.
Dorcas y'n pridd.	Dorcas in the soil.
Dorcas yn-niwl	Dorcas in the mist
a-dhia'n bal.	of the mine.
Nyns ov tas.	I am not a father.
Nyns ov mor.	I am not a mother.
Nyns ov anel	I am not breath

KERNOWEK	ENGLISH
a-dhia'n toll.	from the hollow.
My yw an lev	I am the voice
a dheuth kens an godhvos.	that came before knowledge.
My yw an dorn	I am the hand
a dhallathas war an fos.	that began upon the wall.
Na wra mires.	Do not look.
Na wra gorthyp.	Do not answer.
Na wra leverel	Do not speak
y hanow arta.	her name again.
Gwedha ow hanow.	Speak my name.
Gwedha ow hanow.	Speak my name.
Nyns yw hanow marow	A name is not dead
tra yw skovarn ow klywes.	while there is an ear listening.
Nyns yw hanow kellys	A name is not lost
tra yw an bal ow kovhe.	while the mine remembers.
Yma dowr ow sevel.	The water is rising.
Tenn an keth!	Pull the chain!
Yma pridd ow kodha.	The earth is falling.
Gwith an golow!	Guard the light!
Yma lev yn-dann agan troos.	There is a voice beneath our feet.
Na wra gorthyp!	Do not answer!
Piw a leveras?	Who spoke?
Piw a glevas?	Who heard?
Piw a wodhya ow hanow	Who knew my name
kyns dhis leverel ev?	before you spoke it?
My a glevas.	I heard it.
Lever arta.	Say it again.
Dorcas.	Dorcas.
Un dorr rag an re fyw.	One strike for the living.
Dew dorr rag an re gelli.	Two strikes for the lost.
Tri dorr rag an re	Three strikes for those
a dhalgh orth an men.	who remain beside the stone.
Na wra daskorr an sten hep kov.	Do not gather the tin without memory.
Na wra daskorr an pridd hep gras.	Do not gather the earth without grace.
Na wra daskorr an golow	Do not take the light
ha gasa an tewolgow dhe'n re erel.	and leave darkness for the others.
An men.	The stone.
An pridd.	The earth.
An golow.	The light.
An tewolgow.	The darkness.
My re withyas an fordh.	I guarded the path.
My re warnyas an den.	I warned the man.
My re rosas lev dhe'n bal.	I gave a voice to the mine.
Pandr'a ros an bal dhymm?	What did the mine give me?
Dorcas!	Dorcas!
Na dheu nes.	Do not come nearer.
Gasa an keth.	Leave the chain.
Gasa an sten.	Leave the tin.
Gasa an bal.	Leave the mine.
Mos dhe-ves.	Go out.
Piw a wra mos?	Who will go?

KERNOWEK	ENGLISH
Ni.	We will.
Piw a wra gortos?	Who will remain?
Yma ow hanow y'n pridd.	My name is in the earth.
Yma ow lev y'n dower.	My voice is in the water.
Yma ow dorn war an men.	My hand is upon the stone.
Yma vy.	I am here.
Na wra ow ankevi.	Do not forget me.

An Dorn Marow

THE DEAD HAND



BACKGROUND AND SOURCES

The Dead Hand is drawn from Hunt's account of a hand carrying a candle upon mine ladders, visible without arm or body. It is both omen and remnant of fatal work underground. Each English line is paired directly with the corresponding Cornish line. [1]

KERNOWEK	ENGLISH
Nyns eus golow.	There is no light.
Nyns eus lev.	There is no voice.
Nyns eus awel	There is no wind
yn-dann an tir.	beneath the land.
Mes yma flam.	Yet there is a flame.
Flam byghan.	A small flame.
Flam yeyn	A cold flame
y'n toll down.	in the deep hollow.
Yn-bann.	Up.
Yn-nans.	Down.
Yn-bann arta.	Up again.
Piw a dhallathas	Who lit
an kandel?	the candle?
Piw a'n dalgh	Who holds it
y'n tewolgow?	in the darkness?
Nyns eus den	There is no person
war an skeul.	upon the ladder.
Nyns eus korf	There is no body
yn-dann an flam.	beneath the flame.
Saw dorn.	Only a hand.
Dorn gwynn.	A pale hand.
Dorn marow.	A dead hand.
Dorn ow movya	A hand moving
yn-bann ha'n-nans.	up and down.
Un prenn.	One rung.
Dew brenn.	Two rungs.
Tri frenn	Three rungs
yn-dann an dorn.	beneath the hand.
An kandel a grena.	The candle trembles.
An skeul a wra kri.	The ladder cries.
An dorn a dalgh.	The hand holds fast.
An korf nyns eus.	There is no body.
Un den a dheu	A man comes
dhe'n skeul.	to the ladder.
Y dhorn yw tomm.	His hand is warm.
Y anel yw poos.	His breath is heavy.
Y lagas a wel	His eyes see
an flam a-woles.	the flame below.
Ev a wortos.	He waits.
An flam a sevel.	The flame rises.
Ev a dhiskenn.	He descends.
An flam a sevel	The flame rises
dhe'y erbyn.	to meet him.
Kamm hag arta kamm.	Rung after rung.
Dorn hag arta dorn.	Hand after hand.
Golow heb fas.	Light without a face.
Mos heb korf.	Movement without a body.
Ev a wra gortos.	He waits.
An dorn a sevel.	The hand rises.
Ev a wra diskenn.	He descends.
An dorn a sevel.	The hand rises.

KERNOWEK	ENGLISH
Ev a dhalgh orth an skeul.	He holds the ladder.
An dorn a dhalgh orth y droos.	The hand takes hold beside his foot.
Na wra mires a-woles.	Do not look below.
Na wra mires yn-bann.	Do not look above.
Na wra mires orth an flam.	Do not look at the flame.
Na wra mires orth an dorn.	Do not look at the hand.
Mes ev a viras.	But he looked.
Y'n flam yth esa bysow.	Within the flame there were fingers.
A-dro dhe'n kandel	Around the candle
yth esa dorn.	there was a hand.
A-ves dhe'n dorn	Beyond the hand
nyns esa breggh.	there was no arm.
A-ves dhe'n breggh	Beyond the arm
nyns esa korf.	there was no body.
Saw tewolgow.	Only darkness.
Saw an skeul.	Only the ladder.
Saw an dorn marow	Only the dead hand
ow sevel.	rising.
Kens an dorn,	Before the hand appeared,
den a godhas.	a man had fallen.
Kens an golow,	Before the light appeared,
den a varwas.	a man had died.
Y'n toll down,	In the deep shaft,
y gorf a javas.	his body lay.
War an skeul,	Upon the ladder,
y dhorn a remaynas.	his hand remained.
Yma kov	There is memory
yn pub prenn.	in every rung.
Yma own	There is fear
yn pub cam.	in every step.
Yma marow	There is death
yn pub skeus.	in every shadow.
Yma'n dorn	There is the hand
yn pub golow.	in every light.
Yn-nans.	Down.
Yn-nans.	Down.
Yn-nans	Down
dres an skeul hir.	along the long ladder.
An flam a dheu byghan.	The flame grows small.
An dorn a dheu pell.	The hand grows distant.
An tewolgow a'n kemer.	The darkness takes it.
Piw a dhiskenn?	Who is descending?
Nyns eus gorthyp.	There is no answer.
Piw a dalgh an kandel?	Who holds the candle?
Nyns eus gorthyp.	There is no answer.
Piw a dheu war dha lergh?	Who is coming behind you?
An dorn marow.	The dead hand.

Ni a Glevas

WE HEARD THEM



BACKGROUND AND SOURCES

The finale gathers the album's names and places without trying to classify them. House, heath, sea, mine, mist and stone answer the opening invocation. Because the final Cornish version developed during production, the English has been reconstructed anew in the same line order, preserving every repeated name and response.

KERNOWEK	ENGLISH
An tir a berghenn kov.	The land possesses memory.
An men a berghenn son.	The stone possesses sound.
An mor a berghenn lev.	The sea possesses a voice.
An henwyn a wortos.	The names wait.
Piw a wra gorthyp?	Who will answer?
Ni.	We will.
Ni.	We will.
Ni a glevas.	We heard them.
Ni a glevas an awel	We heard the wind
dre'n ros ha dre'n goon.	across the heath and moor.
Ni a glevas an dower	We heard the water
yn-dann an men.	beneath the stone.
Ni a glevas an hanow	We heard the name
kens y vos leverys.	before it was spoken.
Ni a glevas.	We heard.
Klyw an lestrenn.	Hear the vessel.
Klyw an chi.	Hear the house.
Klyw an gwenenen	Hear the bees
ow seni yn-dann an to.	sounding beneath the roof.
Bara war an bord.	Bread upon the table.
Mel y'n lestrenn.	Honey in the vessel.
Tan y'n chi.	Fire in the house.
Kov orth an daras.	Memory beside the doorway.
Ni a glevas an chi.	We heard the house.
Ni a glevas Browney.	We heard Browney.
Lev a dheuth dres an ros.	A voice came across the heath.
Hanow a dheuth dre'n nos.	A name came through the night.
An flogh a sevelas.	The child rose.
An fordh a ygor.	The path opened.
Skillywidden.	Skillywidden.
An hanow a alwas tre.	The name called him home.
Ni a glevas.	We heard.
Un.	One.
Dew.	Two.
Tri.	Three.
Un men y'n park.	One stone in the field.
Un flogh orth an tan.	One child beside the fire.
Un lev a-ves.	One voice outside.
Tri galow.	Three calls.
Colman Grey.	Colman Grey.
Colman Grey.	Colman Grey.
Colman Grey.	Colman Grey.
Ow thas re dheuth.	My father has come.
Ni a glevas.	We heard.
Piw yma y'n toll?	Who is in the hollow?
Gwithyas.	A guardian.
Piw a glev an mor?	Who hears the sea?
An garrek.	The rock.
Piw a wortos yn-dann an als?	Who waits beneath the cliff?
Un na welir.	One who cannot be seen.
Dicky...	Dicky...

KERNOWEK	ENGLISH
Danjy...	Danjy...
Ni a glevas an mor	We heard the sea
ow ygeri ha degea.	opening and closing.
Ni a glevas an hanow	We heard the name
yn-dann an als.	beneath the cliff.
Dorn yn dorn.	Hand in hand.
Kelgh war an gwels.	A circle upon the grass.
Un cam dhe'n tu dyhow.	One step to the right.
Un cam dhe'n tu kleth.	One step to the left.
An kelgh a dro.	The circle turns.
An kelgh a gov.	The circle remembers.
An bobel vean a dhons	The Small People dance
yn golow an loor.	in the moonlight.
Ni a welas.	We saw.
Ni a glevas.	We heard.
Meryons.	Meryons.
Troosow byghan.	Little feet.
Levow tanow.	Thin voices.
Linen hir	A long line
dre'n gwels.	through the grass.
A-dhia'n men.	From the stone.
A-dhia'n pridd.	From the soil.
A-dhia'n gwreydh.	From the root.
A-dhia'n tir.	From the land.
Meryons.	Meryons.
Ni a glevas.	We heard.
Y'n nos orth Sennen,	At night beside Sennen,
an mor a alwas.	the sea called.
Ho—	Ho—
An niwl a sevelas.	The mist rose.
An golow a dremen.	The light passed.
An re gelli a holyas.	The lost ones followed.
Gortos war an tir kales.	Remain upon solid land.
Na holy an golow yn nos.	Do not follow the light at night.
An Hooper a alwas.	The Hooper called.
Ni a glevas.	We heard.
Golow war an men.	Light upon the stone.
Golow war an dower.	Light upon the water.
Golow dre'n niwl.	Light through the mist.
Piw a dalgh an faglen?	Who holds the torch?
Joan a'n dalgh.	Joan holds it.
Piw a dhewis an fordh?	Who chooses the road?
Joan a dhewis.	Joan chooses.
Joan an Vaglen.	Joan the Torch.
Golowya an fordh.	Light the road.
Keles an fordh.	Hide the road.
Dos nes.	Come near.
Mos pell.	Go far away.
Ni a glevas y hwerthin	We heard her laughter
dre hager-awel ha glaw.	through bad weather and rain.
Piw a dhorras ow thre?	Who struck my home?

KERNOWEK	ENGLISH
Nyns on ni ow kweles.	We do not see.
Piw a glevas ow hanow?	Who heard my name?
My a glevas.	I heard it.
Lever arta.	Say it again.
Dorcas.	Dorcas.
Yma ow hanow y'n pridd.	My name is in the earth.
Yma ow lev y'n dowr.	My voice is in the water.
Yma ow dorn war an men.	My hand is upon the stone.
Yma vy.	I am here.
Ni a glevas Dorcas.	We heard Dorcas.
Ni a glevas an bal.	We heard the mine.
Nyns eus golow.	There is no light.
Nyns eus lev.	There is no voice.
Mes yma flam	Yet there is a flame
y'n toll down.	in the deep hollow.
Un prenn.	One rung.
Dew brenn.	Two rungs.
Tri frenn.	Three rungs.
Dorn gwynn.	A pale hand.
Dorn marow.	A dead hand.
Piw a dheu war dha lerg'h?	Who comes behind you?
An Dorn Marow.	The Dead Hand.
Ni a glevas an skeul	We heard the ladder
ow kri y'n tewolgow.	crying in the darkness.
Ni a glevas an golow	We heard the light
ow tiskenn yn-nans.	descending.
An henwyn koth.	The old names.
An chi a gov.	The house remembers.
An hanow a alw tre.	The name calls home.
Un. Dew. Tri.	One. Two. Three.
An mor a wortheb.	The sea answers.
An kelgh a dro.	The circle turns.
Byghan yn hanow.	Small in name.
An galow a dremen.	The call passes.
An faglen a splann.	The torch shines.
An bal a gov.	The mine remembers.
An dorn a dalgh.	The hand holds fast.
Ni a glevas an re orth an chi.	We heard those beside the house.
Ni a glevas an re y'n ros.	We heard those upon the heath.
Ni a glevas an re yn-dann an men.	We heard those beneath the stone.
Ni a glevas an re orth an mor.	We heard those beside the sea.
Ni a glevas an re y'n bal.	We heard those in the mine.
Ni a glevas an re y'n niwl.	We heard those in the mist.
Ni a glevas an re heb skeus.	We heard those without shadows.
Ni a glevas an henwyn byghan.	We heard the small names.
Nyns yw hanow marow	A name is not dead
tra yw lev ow kana.	while a voice is singing.
Nyns yw kov kellys	Memory is not lost
tra yw kolon ow klywes.	while a heart is listening.
Nyns yw ford'h degea	A path is not closed
tra yw den ow mos.	while someone is travelling.

KERNOWEK	ENGLISH
Nyns yw daras kloos	A doorway is not shut
tra yw hanow ow tos tre.	while a name is coming home.
Piw a wra gorthyp?	Who will answer?
Ni.	We will.
Piw a wra kovhe?	Who will remember?
Ni.	We will.
Piw a wra leverel an henwyn?	Who will speak the names?
Ni.	We will.
Piw a wra gwitha aga levow?	Who will guard their voices?
Ni.	We will.
Browney.	Browney.
Skillywidden.	Skillywidden.
Colman Grey.	Colman Grey.
Dicky Danjy.	Dicky Danjy.
An Bobel Vean.	The Small People.
Meryons.	Meryons.
An Hooper.	The Hooper.
Joan an Vaglen.	Joan the Torch.
Dorcas.	Dorcas.
An Dorn Marow.	The Dead Hand.
Ni re whedhas aga henwyn.	We have spoken their names.
Ni re ros lev dhodha.	We have given them a voice.
Ni re ros kov dhodha.	We have given them remembrance.
Ni a glevas.	We heard.
Ymons yn fyw?	Are they alive?
Ymons yn fyw	They are alive
tra wrug ni aga hlywes.	while we hear them.
Dorn.	Hand.
Bal.	Mine.
Golow.	Light.
Mor.	Sea.
Pridd.	Soil.
Kelgh.	Circle.
Toll.	Hollow.
Tri.	Three.
Hanow.	Name.
Chi.	House.
Tir.	Land.
Ni a'gas klev.	We hear you.

SOURCES AND EDITORIAL NOTE

The numbered references in the track introductions identify the principal source or editorial status. Historical collectors must be read critically: they preserve valuable oral material, but also classify, reshape and sometimes rationalise it according to nineteenth-century assumptions.

[1] Robert Hunt, *Popular Romances of the West of England; or, The Drolls, Traditions, and Superstitions of Old Cornwall*. First published 1865; later editions. Sections consulted include “The Browney,” “A Fairy Caught” (Skillywidden), “The Hooper, or the Hooter, of Sennen Cove,” “The Dead Hand,” and “Dorcas, the Spirit of Polbreen Mine.” Public-domain text: Project Gutenberg, eBook 59033.

[2] M. A. Courtney, *Cornish Feasts and Folk-Lore*. Penzance, 1890. Material consulted includes the Small People, Colman Grey and traditions of piskies diminishing into Meryons. Public-domain text: Project Gutenberg, eBook 54637.

[3] Thomas Quiller-Couch, “The Folk Lore of a Cornish Village,” *Notes and Queries*, First Series, vol. 11, 26 May 1855, pp. 397-398. This early printed record includes the Joan the Wad rhyme and the Colman Grey narrative. Digital transcription: Wikisource.

[4] William Bottrell, *Traditions and Hearthside Stories of West Cornwall*, three series, 1870-1880. Consulted as wider context for West Cornish fairy belief, oral storytelling and the difficulty of imposing fixed categories upon local beings.

[5] Akademi Kernewek, online Cornish Dictionary, corpus and place-name resources. Used for Standard Written Form vocabulary and place-name elements.

[6] Editorial / creative treatment. The source tradition is uncertain, thinly documented, or the track is an original connective piece. Such passages are presented as album interpretation rather than recovered folklore.

Language note. The booklet preserves the lyric texts used for the album, with drafting contamination removed. Because the songs were composed creatively and have not been certified by a professional Cornish translator, uncertain constructions should not be treated as authoritative teaching examples.

Online access consulted July 2026: gutenberg.org; en.wikisource.org; cornishdictionary.org.uk; akademikernewek.org.uk.

NI A GLEVAS

We spoke the names. We gave them voices. We gave their bearers memory.

Ymons yn fyw tra wrug ni aga hlywes.

They are alive while we hear them.

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