

The St Kea Trilogy

From Crown to Sea to Soil

A Companion Dossier to the Three-Album Cycle



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A Note on the Dossier

This dossier accompanies the full St Kea trilogy: three linked albums tracing a movement from power, through exile, to the difficult earth of Cornwall.

It is not a literal edition of the medieval play, nor a scholarly commentary on every surviving line. It is a companion to a musical retelling: a way of following the story, recognising repeated images, and understanding how the trilogy reshapes the legend into a long progressive-folk cycle.

The working material behind the albums included production prompts, pronunciation notes, phonetic singing guides, and practical generation notes. Those are not reproduced here. They belonged to the making of the project.

This dossier is concerned with the finished imaginative structure: the story-world, the selected Cornish lines, the close English renderings, the symbolic images, and the emotional movement of the trilogy.

The cycle follows Kea from the court to the coast, from the coast to the sea, from the sea to Cornwall, and from Cornwall into soil, labour, conflict, grotesque miracle, and uneasy resolution.

It is a story of descent.

But not simply a fall.

Kea loses the crown.

He crosses the water.

He reaches the land.

And only then does the work begin.

A Note on Beunans Ke and Reconstruction

The St Kea trilogy takes its broad imaginative spine from the medieval Cornish play usually known as *Bewnans Ke* or *Beunans Ke*: the Life of St Ke or St Kea.

The surviving play is incomplete. It does not give a neat, continuous modern narrative from beginning to end. It comes to us as a fragmentary medieval witness: damaged, partial, and already dependent on older traditions of saints, kings, voyages, miracles, conflict, and local memory.

That incompleteness matters.

This trilogy does not try to hide the gaps. Instead, it treats them as part of the atmosphere. Kea's

story is approached as something recovered through broken stone, sea-mist, half-preserved drama, saintly legend, and the strange persistence of Cornish memory.

The albums therefore move between known tradition and creative reconstruction. The tyrant, the exile, the stone boat, the crossing, the arrival in Cornwall, the conflict over land and cattle, the yoked stags, and the grotesque bath episode all belong to the legendary field around Kea. But the music reshapes them into a continuous psychological descent: from crown to sea to soil.

This is not intended as replacement folklore, and not as a claim to documentary certainty.

It is a sung reconstruction.

A way of asking what the legend feels like when heard as one long movement: authority stripped away, pride broken, hunger endured, land reached, labour demanded, and power made ridiculous before the stubborn fact of holiness.

A Note on the Trilogy

The trilogy is arranged as three movements.

Each volume has its own landscape, sound-world, and state of mind.

The first volume, **The Iron Tonsure**, belongs to the court. It is the world of crown, law, political speech, threat, ritual stripping, and the hard word that changes a life. Its imagery is metallic and vertical: crown, blade, bough, wall, oath, cliff, altar, and departure.

The second volume, **The Leaden Mirror**, belongs to the sea. It is the world of crossing, deprivation, storm, hallucination, hunger, ancestral voices, grey water, and the strange stone vessel that carries Kea away from one identity and towards another. Its imagery is horizontal and suspended: wave, veil, mirror, hunger, dream-cross, lead, impact, and shore.

The third volume, **The Red Tyrant's Stags**, belongs to the soil. It is the world of Cornwall, settlement, labour, local conflict, stolen oxen, impossible work, animal miracle, comic vengeance, and the difficult clearing of dispute. Its imagery is earthy and bodily: hut, field, cattle, forest, yoke, stag, bath, mud, frost, truth, and truce.

Together, the three volumes form a descent from formal authority into embodied labour.

Kea begins with status.

He is associated with rule, lineage, court, and crown. But the crown becomes weight. The court becomes conspiracy. The word becomes hard. The vow drives him towards the sea.

The sea then removes certainty.

On the stone boat, Kea is no longer kingly in any simple sense. He is exposed to weather, hunger, hallucination, memory, and doubt. The crossing is not merely travel from one coast to another. It is the stripping away of one self before another can be formed.

Cornwall finally gives him ground.

But ground is not rest. The soil is practical, contested, and resistant. Kea must build, labour,

negotiate, suffer insult, lose oxen, and call on a stranger miracle. The saintly figure is not lifted above the mud. He is made to work within it.

That is the shape of the trilogy:

Crown.

Sea.

Soil.

Or, more inwardly:

Status.

Unmaking.

Embodiment.

The Three Movements: Crown, Sea, Soil

Crown

The first movement begins in Gwent, in the world of rule and public identity.

Here Kea is imagined as a king-bishop figure, surrounded by courtly pressure, political whispers, law, oath, and ceremony. The crown is not only a symbol of dignity. It is also a burden, a hardness, a stone-weight above the body.

The title **The Iron Tonsure** holds the contradiction of this volume. A tonsure usually suggests religious dedication, humility, and removal from worldly vanity. But here it is iron: hard, cutting, political, and almost violent. Kea's passage towards holiness begins not in peace, but in stripping.

By the end of the first movement, status has been removed. The court is behind him. The oath has been spoken. Timber is refused. The stone altar waits at the shoreline.

The crown has become exile.

Sea

The second movement belongs to the crossing.

The stone boat is impossible, yet it moves. The sea is both road and ordeal. Kea is carried between places, but he is also held in a state of suspension: without bread, without water, without firm ground, without the old certainty of who he has been.

The title **The Leaden Mirror** gives the sea its emotional force. This is not bright adventure-water. It is heavy, grey, reflective, and oppressive. The sea shows Kea back to himself, but not kindly. It gives him hunger, ancestral voices, doubt, hallucination, and a vision of the path beneath the waves.

This middle movement is the inward dark of the trilogy.

The first volume removes status.

The second removes illusion.

By the time Cornwall appears, Kea has been thinned by weather, hunger, and distance. He arrives

not as a triumphant voyager, but as one who has survived the leaden mirror.

Soil

The third movement begins with arrival, but arrival is not fulfilment.

The Cornish shore gives Kea land, but also conflict. The saint must build a cell. He must face Teudar, the red tyrant. Oxen are taken. Work becomes impossible. The forest answers with stags. The miracle is both holy and strange: beautiful, grotesque, practical, and faintly comic.

The title **The Red Tyrant's Stags** places the final volume between power and absurdity. Teudar is dangerous, but also ridiculous. His authority is eventually trapped in the bath episode, where royal obstruction becomes grotesque comedy. The tyrant who tries to control land, labour, and saintly patience is made bodily, stuck, and foolish.

This final movement grounds the trilogy.

The sacred is no longer a crown above the head or a vision over the water. It is in labour, field, animal strength, local quarrel, stubborn justice, and the clearing of air after conflict.

Kea has descended from throne to soil.

The descent is complete.

But the soil is not low in the sense of worthless. It is low in the sense of real.

A Note on the Words

The Cornish lines in this dossier are presented as part of the album's poetic and musical texture.

They should be read as listener's text rather than as a formal scholarly edition. The English renderings are intentionally close and sometimes slightly strange, because the songs themselves use repeated images, symbolic words, and bardic formulae rather than ordinary conversational prose.

Some terms recur throughout the trilogy like markers in a landscape: crown, stone, iron, frost, lie, truth, weight, word, downward movement, sea, veil, stag, yoke, bath, field, and soil.

These repetitions are deliberate. They help hold together a long cycle in which Kea changes state many times but remains bound to a few central pressures: authority, exile, hunger, vow, land, labour, and truth.

The English renderings therefore do not try to smooth away every roughness. A phrase may sound heavy because the music is heavy. A line may repeat because the story itself is circling a wound. A word may return in different places because the trilogy treats language as part of the architecture of the journey.

This dossier follows that method.

It does not give every production detail.

It listens for the pattern beneath the songs.

A Note on the Two Beginnings

The first volume of the trilogy has two possible beginnings.

This reflects the ambiguity and mobility of Kea's legendary identity. In one version, the story begins in Gwent, with Kea imagined as a king-bishop figure caught in the world of Welsh authority, court politics, crown, oath, and exile.

In the alternate opening, the story begins further north, with Kea imagined through a Scottish or Old North frame: a princely figure whose fall begins from a different landscape of rule, lineage, and displacement.

These two beginnings are not separate endings. They are alternate approaches to the same descent.

On the album page, the listener may begin with the Gwent version of Track 1 and follow that opening arc through its first three movements. Or they may begin with the alternate northern version, Track 1a, and follow that route instead.

The two paths converge at Track 4, **Diyennow — The Stripping**.

From that point onward, the trilogy follows a single shared course: status removed, vow spoken, shore reached, stone boat found, sea crossed, Cornwall entered, and the final movement into soil, labour, conflict, miracle, and settlement.

The two beginnings therefore act like two manuscript witnesses to the same legendary descent. They differ in origin, tone, and political atmosphere, but both lead Kea towards the same stripping-away.

The crown may begin in Gwent.

It may begin in the North.

But by Track 4, it is already being taken from him.

The Story in Brief

The St Kea trilogy begins with a man of authority and ends with a man bound to land.

Its first volume has two possible openings. In one, Kea begins in Gwent, in the world of Welsh court, crown, law, lineage, and public power. In the other, he begins further north, as a princely figure shaped by a Scottish or Old North atmosphere of rule, inheritance, and displacement.

These are not competing endings, but alternate beginnings.

Both routes carry Kea towards the same crisis: the stripping-away of worldly status. By Track 4, **Diyennow**, the two arcs have converged. Whatever the origin — Gwent or the North — Kea is brought to the same threshold of loss.

He is no longer secure in crown, court, or lineage.

Power is not stable.

In the first volume, **The Iron Tonsure**, the world of authority begins to close around him. Words

harden. Secrets move through the hall. The tyrant's decree breaks the old peace. Kea's identity is stripped away piece by piece until the crown becomes less a sign of honour than a weight pressing down upon him.

The tonsure marks the turning point.

It is not presented simply as peaceful renunciation. It is cutting, public, humiliating, and transformative. Hair, status, courtly identity, and worldly power are all removed together. Kea is not merely stepping aside from rule; he is being unmade.

Out of that unmaking comes the hard word: the vow never again to walk on timber.

The vow drives the story toward the shore. Kea leaves the courtly world behind and is drawn towards the impossible object that will carry him away: the stone altar, the stone boat, the thing that should sink and yet does not. By the end of the first movement, the land of power has become a place of departure. The crown lies behind him. The sea waits ahead.

The second volume, **The Leaden Mirror**, belongs to the crossing.

Here the story leaves political conflict and enters ordeal. Kea is carried on stone across the Celtic Sea, exposed to wind, hunger, thirst, silence, and the grey weight of water. The sea is not simply a route from Wales to Cornwall. It is a testing-place, a mirror, and a kind of wilderness.

The stone boat moves, but Kea is almost motionless within it.

He is suspended between identities: no longer the kingly figure of the court, not yet the saintly presence of the Cornish land. The second volume dwells in that middle state. Storm grips the vessel. The sea becomes a leaden mirror. Hunger and thirst thin the body. Hallucinations rise from spray and darkness. Ancestors, memories, and doubts gather around him.

The crossing is therefore both physical and inward.

Kea must endure not only weather but exposure to himself. The old world has been removed. The new one has not yet appeared. Between them lies the grey sea, where vision and fear become difficult to separate.

At last Cornwall appears.

The sight of land is not triumph exactly, but relief sharpened by exhaustion. The stone vessel reaches sand with a heavy impact. The crossing ends. But arrival does not mean rest.

The third volume, **The Red Tyrant's Stags**, begins where the sea leaves Kea on Cornish soil.

Here the story becomes earthy, local, practical, and strange. Kea steps onto the Cornish shore and must begin again. The saint who has passed through crown and sea must now deal with ground: building, labour, settlement, animals, hunger, ownership, and local conflict.

He builds a cell. He begins to root himself in the land.

Then Teudar enters the story.

Teudar, the red tyrant, is the obstructing force of the final volume: a figure of local power, violence, pride, and grotesque authority. The conflict erupts through the theft of Kea's oxen. What might

seem a practical rural dispute becomes the symbolic centre of the final movement. Kea has reached the soil, but even the work of the soil is contested.

Without oxen, labour becomes impossible.

Kea calls into the forest.

The answer is the stags.

This is one of the great transformations of the trilogy. The world that has stripped Kea, carried Kea, and tested Kea now answers him through wild animal strength. The stags are not polite miracle-animals. They are startling, physical, and uncanny: forest-power yoked into the work of the saint.

Under the yoke, they plough.

The miracle is holy, but not delicate. It belongs to mud, strain, breath, antler, field, and rhythm. The third volume grounds sanctity in labour. Kea's holiness is no longer only in vow, endurance, or prayer; it is in work done against obstruction.

Teudar's power is then drawn into grotesque comedy.

The curse of the bath turns authority into absurdity. The tyrant who seemed dangerous is made bodily, trapped, and ridiculous. This does not erase the seriousness of the conflict, but it changes its shape. Power that once threatened the saint becomes comic exposure. The proud body becomes the site of judgement.

By the end of the trilogy, the air begins to clear.

The struggle does not end in simple victory or sentimental peace. It ends in something more grounded: truce, release, exhaustion, and the sense that the story has passed through each necessary element.

Crown.

Sea.

Soil.

The crown gives Kea power, then strips him of it.

The sea takes away certainty, leaving hunger, vision, and endurance.

The soil gives him work, conflict, miracle, and the stubborn reality of place.

The trilogy's descent is therefore not a fall into defeat. It is a descent into incarnation: from public status into bodily labour, from high authority into earth, from crown into service.

Kea begins above the world.

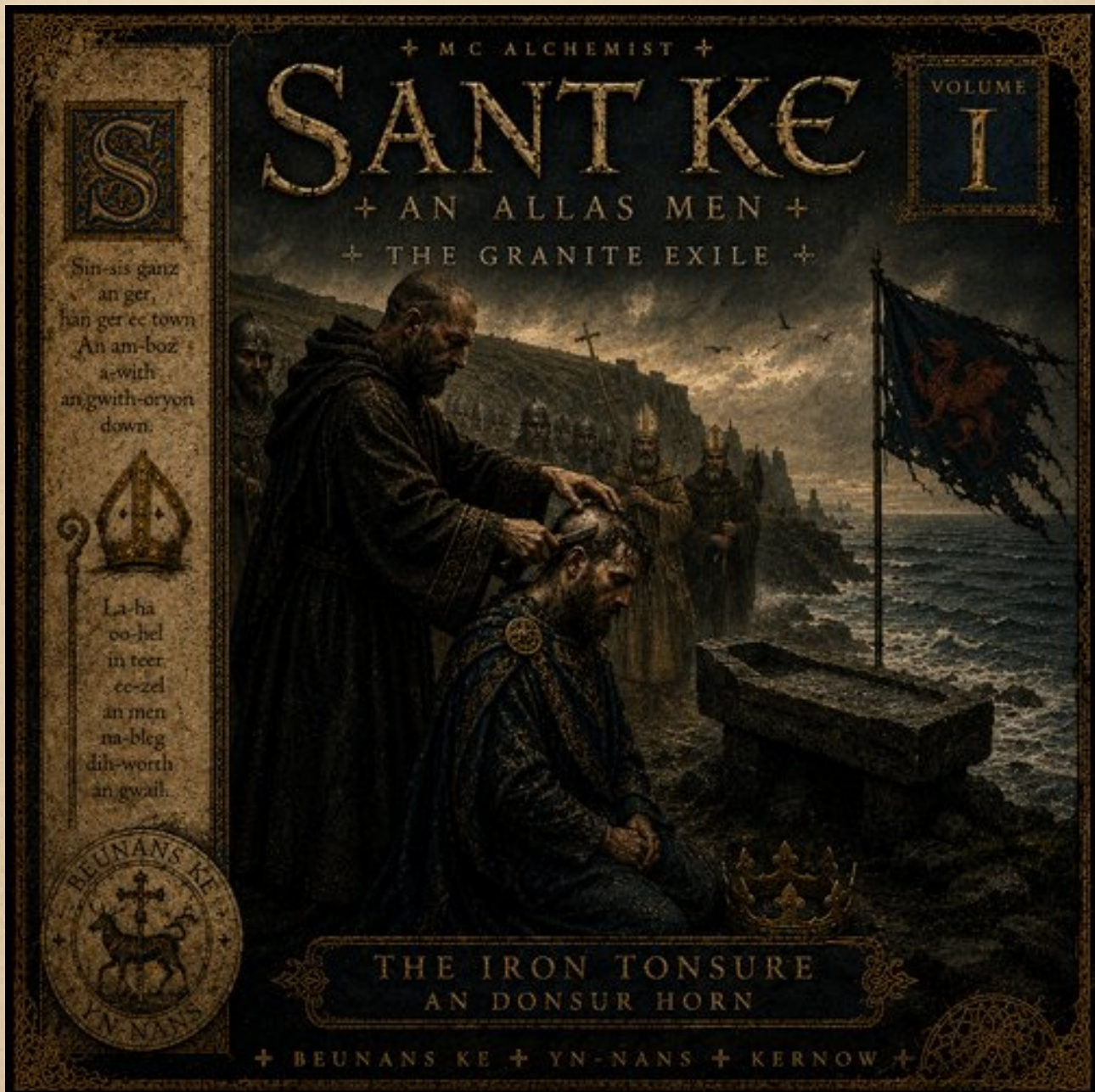
He ends within it.

And that is where the legend finds its force.

Volume I

The Iron Tonsure

An Donsur Horn



Volume I is the fall from power.

It begins with authority: court, crown, lineage, political speech, ritual status, and the hard public world of rule. But this authority is already unstable. The crown is heavy. The court whispers. The

word begins to harden. Kea's first movement is not towards triumph, but towards stripping.

This volume has two possible beginnings.

In the Gwent opening, Kea is framed through Welsh authority: a king-bishop figure caught inside a courtly world of law, crown, secrecy, and tyrannical decree.

In the alternate northern opening, Kea begins from a Scottish or Old North atmosphere: a princely figure shaped by a different landscape of inheritance, power, and displacement.

These openings differ in origin and colour, but they serve the same purpose. Each route leads Kea towards the same crisis.

At Track 4, **Diyennow** — **The Stripping** — the two beginnings converge.

From that point onward, Volume I follows a single downward course. Status is removed. The tonsure cuts away the old identity. The hard word is spoken. Kea refuses timber. He is driven from the courtly world towards the shore, towards sand, altar, cliff, and the impossible sea.

The title **The Iron Tonsure** contains the whole contradiction of the volume.

A tonsure might suggest humility, religious dedication, and the deliberate laying aside of worldly vanity. But here it is iron: hard, cutting, ritualised, and politically charged. Kea's transformation does not begin as a gentle devotional gesture. It begins as loss, exposure, humiliation, and vow.

The imagery of the album is therefore metallic and stony.

Crowns are granite. Words are hard. Boughs become iron. Courts become traps. The cliff waits like judgement. The altar is not only sacred furniture, but the strange stone vessel that will carry Kea away from one life and into another.

Volume I is not simply about Kea leaving power behind. It is about power being made impossible for him.

He is stripped of the world that gave him identity.

He is forced towards the edge.

And at the edge, stone begins to float.

The Shape of Volume I

The first three movements establish the origin crisis. Depending on the chosen opening, the listener follows either the Gwent route or the northern route. Both tell of authority under pressure, political fracture, and the first breaking of Kea's former life.

Track 4, **Diyennow**, is the point of convergence. The stripping removes the distinction between origins. Whether Kea began in Gwent or the North, he now stands exposed before the next stage of the legend.

Track 5, **An Donsur**, makes that stripping bodily and ritual. The tonsure cuts not only hair, but identity. Kea is marked as changed.

Track 6, **Ger Kales**, gives the transformation language. The hard word is the vow: no timber, no

ordinary vessel, no easy road.

Track 7, **Dhe'n Treth**, drags the story towards the sand. Kea moves from court to shoreline, from formal power to exposed body.

Track 8, **An Altar**, introduces the impossible object: the stone altar that will become a vessel.

Track 9, **Yn-ugh an Als**, pauses above the cliff. It is the last view backwards, the last height before departure.

Track 10, **An Porth**, sends the stone into the water. The first volume ends not with rest, but with impossible motion.

The crown has fallen.

The shore has been reached.

The sea has accepted the stone.

Volume I — The Gwent Opening

Track 1

An Gurun Ven

The Granite Crown



Track 1 begins with weight.

In the Gwent opening, Kea first appears within a world of authority: crown, court, law, lineage, ritual speech, and public power. He is not yet the stripped exile, not yet the sea-borne saint, and not yet the figure who will reach Cornish soil. He begins high, formal, and burdened.

The title gives the track its central image: **The Granite Crown**.

This is not a light crown of ceremony. It is stone-heavy, ancient, public, and difficult to bear. It suggests authority, but also pressure.

Kea's status is already becoming a burden before it is removed from him.

The track should feel regal but uneasy. The court still stands. The law still speaks. The bardic voice still holds the line of memory. Yet something dark is already moving in the hall. The wind turns inside the court. A crack is present in the stone, even if no one has yet admitted it.

This is the beginning of Kea's fall from power, but not yet the fall itself. It is the last moment when the crown still appears intact.

Key images

The granite crown — authority as stone-weight; honour already becoming burden.

Gwent — the opening landscape of Welsh power, lineage, and courtly identity.

White-washed halls — formal order, ceremony, and public legitimacy.

The tonsure beneath the crown — holiness already hidden inside rule.

The bardic narrator — memory, witness, and formal announcement.

The court wind — unease moving through political space.

The dark corner — the first suggestion of hidden fracture.

High law in low land — authority descending into difficulty.

The stone that does not bow — Kea's rigidity, dignity, and coming isolation.

Selected lines

Men Gwent yw lagha poos ha kales

*Yn halow an fosow gwynn-lymmys
An donsur ow-powes yn-dan an gurun
Kyns an rewl ha kyns an gwyns.*

*My a-gews an linyeth, an rann ven
Dhyworth an gres dhe'n skorren horn
Mes an gwyns a-dreyl yn an lys
My a-glew an "Inferred" tewl y'n sorn.*

*An Gurun Ven — An gurun ven
Synsys gans an ger, ha'n ger yw town
An Gurun Ven — An gurun ven
An ambos a-with an gwithoryon down.*

*Lagha ughel yn tir isel
An men na-bleg dhyworth an gwayl.*

*An "clavier" a-niver pols an vyghternedh
Yn rithm an seyth-lam kales
Hag an pyporyon a-gan a daklow koth
Kyns an cil-lam muer ha kals.*

*My yw an Bardh, my a-syns an golow
A-ugh an jydh-lynn, a-ugh an houl
Mes an "Rew" a-grep a-ugh an gwedr
Yn-dan an "Gow" ha'n pelyr tewl.*

Close rendering

The stone of Gwent is a law heavy and hard
in the halls of the white-washed walls.

The tonsure rests beneath the crown,
before the rule and before the wind.

I speak the lineage, the stony part,
from the centre to the iron bough.

But the wind turns in the court;
I hear the dark "Inferred" in the corner.

The Granite Crown — the granite crown,
held by the word, and the word is deep.
The Granite Crown — the granite crown,
the promise protects the deep guardians.

High law in a low land,
the stone that does not bow from the view.

The harpsichord counts the pulse of kings
in the rhythm of the hard seven-leap,
and the pipers sing of old things
before the great and hard retreat.

I am the bard; I hold the light
above the day-flood, above the sun.

But the “Frost” creeps above the glass,
under the “Lie” and the dark pillar.

Meaning of the selected lines

The opening line makes Gwent itself feel like law. The land is not merely a setting; it is an order of authority, inheritance, and expectation. Kea belongs to that order, but he is also trapped within its weight.

The “white-washed halls” suggest a world of visible legitimacy. This is not a wilderness or a hidden place. It is public, ordered, and ceremonially clean. Yet the cleanliness is uneasy, because the track immediately begins to place darker forces beneath the surface.

The image of the tonsure beneath the crown is central to the whole first volume. Kea’s saintly transformation is already latent within his kingly identity. The tonsure waits beneath the crown before it is made visible. Holiness is present, but still covered by office.

The bardic narrator’s role is important. The line “I speak the lineage” makes the song feel like a formal proclamation. The narrator is not simply telling a private story. He is announcing descent, authority, and memory before the courtly world begins to break.

The “iron bough” introduces one of the volume’s hard images. A bough should be living wood, but here it has become iron: rigid, metallic, unnatural, and difficult to bend. It points forward to Kea’s later refusal of timber and to the hardening of the world around him.

The wind turning in the court is the first movement of instability. The danger has not yet become open conflict, but the atmosphere has shifted. Something has entered the hall that the crown cannot command.

The word “Inferred” should be read as one of the trilogy’s recurring symbolic markers: the half-seen, the sensed-but-not-yet-declared, the dark implication beneath formal order. Kea’s fall begins not with clear violence, but with something understood before it is openly named.

The chorus gives the crown grandeur and doom at once. It is held by the word, and the word is deep. Authority rests on speech, oath, promise, and recognition. But if the word hardens or is turned, the crown becomes dangerous.

“High law in a low land” captures the beginning of descent. Kea’s authority may be high, but the movement of the trilogy is already downward: from court to shore, from shore to sea, from sea to soil.

The final selected lines bring in the “Frost” and the “Lie,” both of which will recur as symbolic pressures. Frost suggests coldness, hardening, paralysis, and emotional winter. Lie suggests deception, distortion, or false order. Together, they begin to undermine the apparent dignity of the crown.

Listener’s gloss

Track 1 is the crown before the crack becomes visible.

It should feel impressive, but not secure. Kea stands inside authority, but the music and imagery

already know that authority will not hold. The granite crown is both honour and burden. The court is both place of order and place of hidden movement.

This is why the song should not be read simply as praise of power. It is more complicated than that. The crown is real. The law is real. The lineage is real. But their weight is already pressing down.

The track's sadness comes from hindsight. The listener knows this is the beginning of a descent. Kea does not yet stand on the shore. The altar has not yet moved. The sea has not yet taken him. But the language already points towards stripping, hardness, silence, frost, and departure.

In this first movement, Kea is still held by the courtly world.

But the wind has turned in the hall.

The dark implication waits in the corner.

The tonsure is already beneath the crown.

And the granite crown is heavy.

Volume I — The Northern Opening

Track 1a

An Gurun Ven

The Northern Prince



Track 1a is the alternate crown.

Where the Gwent opening begins with Kea inside a Welsh courtly world of law, lineage, and political pressure, the northern opening begins further away: in the world of Lothian, the Old North, and princely inheritance.

The title remains **An Gurun Ven — The Granite Crown** — but the crown has changed atmosphere. It is no longer primarily the burden of a king-bishop in Gwent. It is the crown of a northern prince: bright, inherited, and surrounded by wealth, hall, timber, stone, moonlight, and old expectation.

This version is less immediately conspiratorial than the Gwent opening. The world has not yet closed around Kea in quite the same way. Instead, the tension comes from voluntary refusal. Kea is not only a man trapped by power; he is a man beginning to step away from it.

That makes the northern opening quieter in moral shape, even if the imagery remains heavy. The crown still shines. The hall still stands. The court still recognises him. But the listener already knows that this bright inheritance will not hold him.

Track 1a therefore gives the trilogy a second way to begin the same descent.

In the Gwent opening, the crown becomes politically dangerous.

In the northern opening, the crown becomes spiritually impossible.

Both paths lead to stripping.

Key images

The northern land — the alternate origin-world: colder, more distant, and shaped by Lothian rather than Gwent.

The bright crown — princely inheritance before renunciation.

Lothian — a northern centre of lineage, land, and political expectation.

Gold in timber — wealth framed by the material world of the hall.

The court — not yet a trap, but a place Kea will leave.

The Lothian heart — the emotional centre of the northern route.

The iron bough — hardness entering even this brighter origin.

The old crown — inheritance already becoming memory.

The foul-will in the night — the first darkness gathering around refusal.

Selected lines

*Yn-misk an gogledd, an gurun yw splan
Kea a-wel an tir in an tan
Mytern Lothian, an poos yw town
Ow-sevel dhyworth an isel brown.*

*Nyns eus tewl, nyns eus lenn yn lysen
Saw poos an veyn hag an owr yn prenn
Ni a-wel an pols an gurun splan
Yn-dan an loer ha'n isel tan.*

*An Gurun Ven — an tir ow-leverel "Gwir"
An Gurun Ven — yn an gogledd tir
Ni a-vydh noeth dhyworth an lys
Yn-mysk an veyn ha'n Lowrthen krys.*

*An skorren yw horn, an veyn yw splan
Kea a-sev dhyworth an tan
An gurun ven, an poos yw town
Ow-sevel dhyworth an isel brown.*

*An meyn ow-leverel geryow tewl
An gwyns yn lysen yw pur skwell
Ni a-glew an pols an gurun koth
Yn-mysk an nos ha'n hager-voth.*

Close rendering

Among the northern lands, the crown is bright.
Kea sees the land in the fire.
Prince of Lothian, the weight is deep,
rising from the low earth.

There is no darkness, no veil in the court,
only the weight of stones and gold in timber.
We see the pulse of the bright crown
beneath the moon and the low fire.

The Granite Crown — the land speaking “Truth”.
The Granite Crown — in the northern land.
We shall be naked from the court,
among the stones and the heart of Lothian.

The bough is iron, the stones are bright.
Kea rises from the fire.
The granite crown, the weight is deep,
rising from the low earth.

The stones speak dark words.
The wind in the court is harsh.
We hear the pulse of the old crown
among the night and the foul will.

Meaning of the selected lines

The opening places Kea in the north before it places him in exile. The “northern lands” give this version a colder and more distant atmosphere than the Gwent route. This is not the same court seen from another angle. It is a different legendary threshold.

The crown is described as bright, but brightness does not mean freedom. The crown shines because it is recognised, inherited, and public. It belongs to a world that knows what Kea is supposed to be. That is precisely why leaving it matters.

The reference to Lothian gives the track its northern anchor. In this route, Kea is not first imagined through the pressures of Gwent, but through princely inheritance in the Old North. His descent begins not with political crisis alone, but with the renunciation of a life already laid out for him.

“Gold in timber” is a useful image because it lets the court feel material. The hall is not abstract. It has beams, wealth, weight, and visible splendour. Kea’s departure is therefore not a rejection of nothing. He leaves a world with real substance.

The line “we shall be naked from the court” points forward to the convergence with Track 4, **Diyennow**. The northern path and the Gwent path both move towards exposure. Whether the old life is taken from Kea or laid aside by him, the result is the same: status removed, body marked, crown lost.

The “iron bough” shows that hardness still enters the northern version. Even here, where the opening is less overtly conspiratorial, the living branch has become metallic. The world around Kea

is already stiffening into vow, refusal, and separation.

The old crown pulses beneath the track. It is bright at first, but by the final selected lines it is already “old”. This is the emotional shift of the song. In only one track, inheritance begins to become memory.

Listener’s gloss

Track 1a is not simply an alternate setting. It changes the moral angle of the opening.

The Gwent version begins with Kea caught in a dangerous political world. The northern version begins with Kea as one who could remain within inheritance, wealth, and recognised princely identity — but does not.

That makes this version more inward.

The drama is not only what others do to Kea. It is what Kea refuses to remain.

The crown is still heavy, but it is not heavy in exactly the same way. In Gwent, the crown is burdened by intrigue and decree. In the North, it is burdened by expectation. It tells Kea who he is meant to be, and the song shows the first sign that he cannot accept that answer.

This is why Track 1a works as a true alternate beginning rather than a bonus curiosity. It leads to the same stripping, but by another road.

One road begins in political pressure.

One road begins in spiritual refusal.

Both roads lead downward.

Both crowns become too heavy.

And both Keas will stand, by Track 4, at the same place of removal.

Volume I — The Gwent Opening

Track 2

Kevrin an Lys

Secret of the Court



Track 2 moves from crown to whisper.

If **An Gurun Ven** shows Kea still standing beneath the weight of public authority, **Kevrin an Lys** shows the court beginning to turn against itself. The danger is no longer only atmospheric. It has entered speech.

The title means **Secret of the Court**, and that is exactly where the track lives: inside halls, beneath tongues, behind formal words, and under the polished surface of rule.

This is not yet open violence. No blade has fallen. No final decree has been spoken. But something has begun to move through the court. Words are doubled. Loyalty is uncertain. The walls themselves seem to speak falsely.

Kea's fall is therefore prepared not first by the battlefield, but by language.

The secret is not simply a hidden fact. It is a pressure inside the whole political world around him. The court still has its rituals, bards, moonlight, crown, and law. But the song hears another rhythm underneath: the pulse of betrayal.

Key images

The halls of the court — formal authority turning into enclosed danger.

The secret beneath tongues — speech as concealment, not clarity.

Cold wind — the court's atmosphere losing warmth and loyalty.

Lying walls — the physical world of authority becoming untrustworthy.

Dark bards — memory and praise clouded by politics.

The bright sword — visible power waiting behind hidden speech.

The moon — cold witness over the court.

The wretched granite crown — authority becoming damaged and heavy.

Downward movement — the first clear pull of the trilogy's descent.

The pulse beneath the hall — betrayal as rhythm before action.

Selected lines

*Yn halow an lys, an ger-muer ow-clappya
Kevrin tewl yn-dan an tawasow
An gwyns yw pur yeyn, an rewl ow-stoppya
Meyn an fosow ow-leverel gow.*

*An bardhow yw tewl, an kledha yw splanner
An vyghtern ow-gul an "Rew" yn an guel
Ni a-glew an pols yn an hager-manner
Yn-dan an loer ha'n gurun ven skwell.*

*Kevrin an Lys — an poos ow-tewell
Kevrin an Lys — an gwaylow ow-sevel
Yn-nans dhe'n nos, yn-nans dhe'n tan
Yn-dan an "Seth," ni a-dryl an van.*

*An "Gwir" yw marow, an "Rew" yw tewdhyans
Lowen yw an gorth-aswy yn an guel
Kea a-glew an "Inferred" a-dre vyanans
An gurun ven yw bleyn yn an muhel.*

*An skorren yw horn, an veyn yw kelster
Ni a-vydh keth yn an golow tewl
An gwyns a-ughon yw muer avel mester
Glanyth an fosow, an rewl yw pur skwell.*

Close rendering

In the halls of the court, the great word is talking;
a dark secret lies beneath the tongues.
The wind is very cold; the rule is stopping.
The stones of the walls are telling lies.

The bards are dark; the sword is brighter.
The king is making the "Frost" in the field.
We hear the pulse in an ugly manner,
beneath the moon and the wretched granite crown.

Secret of the Court — the weight is falling.
Secret of the Court — the shadows are rising.
Downwards to the night, downwards to the fire;
under the "Arrow," we turn the peak.

The "Truth" is dead; the "Frost" is melting.
Joyful is the traitor in the field.
Kea hears the "Inferred" through the pain.
The granite crown is a point in the fog.

The bough is iron; the stones are flint.
We shall be slaves in the dark light.
The wind above is great like a master.
Clean the walls: the rule is very wretched.

Meaning of the selected lines

The track begins inside the court, but the court is no longer a place of secure authority. The “great word” speaks, yet the real force of the song lies beneath the tongues. Public language and hidden language have split apart.

The cold wind shows that the atmosphere of rule has changed. This is the same courtly world introduced in Track 1, but now its warmth has gone. Law is not flowing; it is “stopping”. The machinery of authority is beginning to seize.

The lying walls are especially important. Walls usually suggest protection, order, and continuity. Here they become witnesses against themselves. The very stones of the court seem to participate in deception.

The bards being dark is another sign of corruption. In the first track, the bardic voice holds lineage and memory. Here, bardic authority is clouded. The song does not fully trust its own ceremonial world anymore.

The bright sword appears as visible power, but it is not the deepest threat. The real danger is still secretive: coldness, false speech, treachery, and the pulse of hidden movement. Violence is present as possibility before it becomes event.

The “wretched granite crown” links this track back to **An Gurun Ven**. The crown remains, but it has changed. It is no longer only heavy and dignified. It is damaged, compromised, and seen under a colder light.

The chorus makes the descent explicit. “Downwards to the night, downwards to the fire” places the track inside the trilogy’s larger movement of **Yn-nans**: the downward path from status into stripping, exile, sea, and soil.

The “Arrow” may be read as judgement, direction, wound, or political weapon. It gives the secret a sharper edge. The court is no longer merely whispering; it is beginning to aim.

The line “The Truth is dead” is blunt, almost brutal. It does not mean that no truth exists anywhere in the trilogy. It means that truth has died inside this courtly order. Once public speech is no longer trustworthy, Kea’s position within that world cannot hold.

The traitor’s joy in the field opens the court outward. Betrayal is no longer confined to the hall. It has consequences in the wider land.

Kea hearing the “Inferred” through pain continues the symbolic thread from Track 1. The danger is still partly sensed before it is fully declared. He hears what is implied, what is coming, what the court has not yet openly confessed.

By the end of the selected lines, the bough is iron and the stones are flint. The living world has hardened into metal and spark. Everything is becoming more brittle, more dangerous, and more ready to break.

Listener’s gloss

Track 2 is the sound of authority rotting from inside.

Nothing has openly collapsed yet. That is what makes the track tense. The crown still exists. The court still speaks. The bards still have voices. The moon still shines over the hall. But the listener can feel the structure becoming unsafe.

This is the first true political track of the Gwent opening.

Track 1 gave us the burden of authority.

Track 2 gives us the secret that will make authority impossible.

The most important thing is that Kea's fall is not treated as sudden. It is prepared by atmosphere, speech, implication, and betrayal. The collapse begins before the decree. It begins when language itself becomes unreliable.

The court should feel crowded but lonely.

Every word has another word beneath it.

Every wall has learned to lie.

Every ceremonial object has become heavier.

Kea still stands inside the hall, but the hall is already turning into exile.

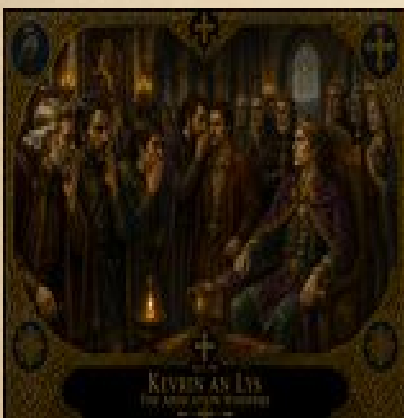
The secret has begun its work.

Volume I — The Northern Opening

Track 2a

Kevrin an Lys

The Abdication Whispers



Track 2a is the court realising what Kea is about to do.

In the Gwent opening, **Kevrin an Lys** is the secret of a court turning dangerous: hidden speech, political coldness, and betrayal moving beneath formal authority. In the northern opening, the same title takes a different shape. The secret is not treachery against Kea. The secret is Kea himself.

He is the scandal.

He is the rumour.

He is the thing the court cannot understand.

The northern court whispers because a prince is beginning to abandon what should have defined him: crown, household, wealth, inheritance, and the expected future of rule. This is not the whisper of assassins or plotters. It is the whisper of astonishment, anxiety, and disbelief.

The court sees an ending before it can name it.

Kea's choice is not yet fully enacted, but it is already being felt. His household senses the failure of the old arrangement. Courtiers murmur in the confined heat of the hall. Gold still gleams in timber. Stone still holds up the visible world of power. But the centre has begun to move away from itself.

Track 2a therefore turns courtly secrecy inward.

The danger is not that the court will destroy Kea.

The danger is that Kea has already ceased to belong to it.

Key images

The court secret — not conspiracy, but the hidden knowledge that Kea will leave.

The royal household — family, lineage, inheritance, and expectation beginning to fail.

Courtiers whispering — public order becoming private alarm.

Gold in timber — the material wealth of the hall Kea is preparing to abandon.

The bright secret — renunciation as something luminous, not merely dark.

Lothian heart — the emotional and political centre of the northern opening.

The iron bough — living inheritance hardening into something Kea cannot accept.

The prince abandoning the crown — the central action of the alternate opening.

The old crown — authority already becoming past tense.

Foul will — resistance, misunderstanding, and the court's inability to bless the departure.

Selected lines

*Yn an lysen, an kevrin ow-talla
An teulu a-wel an diwedh ow-falla
An courtoryon ow-wispray yn an gof
Dhyworth an Altar ha'n hager-kof.*

*Nyns eus tewl, nyns eus lenn yn lysen
Saw poos an veyn hag an owr yn prenn
Ni a-wel an pols an kevrin splan
Yn-dan an loer ha'n isel tan.*

*Kevrin an Lys — an tewl ow-leverel poos
Kevrin an Lys — an diwedh yn an loos
Ni a-vydh noeth dhyworth an lys
Yn-mysk an veyn ha'n Lowrthen kryd.*

*An skorren yw horn, an veyn yw splan
An courtoryon ow-powes dhyworth an tan
An prince ow-gwerthi an gurun town
Ow-sevel dhyworth an isel brown.*

*An meyn ow-leverel geryow tewl
An gwyns yn lysen yw pur skwell
Ni a-glew an pols an gurun koth
Yn-mysk an nos ha'n hager-voth.*

Close rendering

In the court, the secret begins.
The household sees the end failing.
The courtiers whisper in the heat,
from the altar and the foul memory.

There is no darkness, no veil in the court,
only the weight of stones and gold in timber.
We see the pulse of the bright secret
beneath the moon and the low fire.

Secret of the Court — the darkness speaking weight.
Secret of the Court — the end in the grey.
We shall be naked from the court,
among the stones and the heart of Lothian.

The bough is iron; the stones are bright.
The courtiers rest from the fire.
The prince abandons the deep crown,
rising from the low earth.

The stones speak dark words.
The wind in the court is very harsh.
We hear the pulse of the old crown
among the night and the foul will.

Meaning of the selected lines

The opening phrase places the secret directly inside the court. But unlike the Gwent version, this is not primarily a hidden political scheme. It is the beginning of recognition. The court begins to understand that Kea's place within it is failing.

The household matters because this version is more personal than the Gwent route. Kea is not only leaving office or public power. He is leaving family expectation. The "teulu" makes the loss domestic as well as political.

The courtiers whisper because they cannot openly control the event. Whispering is the sound of a court that still believes in hierarchy but suddenly finds itself unable to command the person at its centre. Kea's refusal unsettles the whole room.

The line "from the altar and the foul memory" gives the track a double direction. The altar points towards religious calling and the later stone-vessel miracle. The foul memory suggests that renunciation does not happen in a pure, painless space. It rises through history, pressure, and remembered difficulty.

"There is no darkness, no veil in the court" is striking because it does not make this court

immediately corrupt. In the northern opening, the hall may still be bright, ordered, and materially splendid. The problem is not that the court is obviously evil. The problem is that it is no longer Kea's truth.

The "gold in timber" gives substance to what he is leaving. This is not vague spiritual symbolism. Wealth is visible. The hall has beams. The court has value. The renunciation costs something.

The phrase "bright secret" is central to this alternate track. A secret does not have to be dark. Kea's secret is bright because it is an inward truth not yet fully spoken. The court experiences it as disturbance, but the song lets the listener hear its holiness.

The chorus's "we shall be naked from the court" points directly towards Track 4, **Diyennow**. The stripping has not yet happened, but the line knows it is coming. The northern route is already moving towards the same exposed body as the Gwent route.

The prince abandoning the deep crown is the heart of the track. "Abandoning" should not be read as casual rejection. It is weighty, deliberate, and painful. The crown is deep because it is rooted in lineage, land, and expectation.

By the end of the selected lines, the crown has become old. The court is still present, but the emotional tense has shifted. What was future inheritance is becoming memory.

Listener's gloss

Track 2a is the sound of a court whispering around a decision it cannot prevent.

That makes it different from the Gwent version. In Gwent, the secret is dangerous because others are plotting, hardening, and turning the machinery of power against Kea. In the northern version, the secret is dangerous because Kea's own calling has begun to undo the court from within.

Nobody quite knows what to do with a prince who refuses to remain a prince.

That is why the track should feel tense rather than openly violent. The court is not yet collapsing into confrontation. It is murmuring. The household senses the end. Courtiers whisper. Wealth still glitters. The crown is still deep. But Kea has already begun to move away from the role prepared for him.

The emotional power of the track lies in that gap between recognition and action.

The court sees the end before the end has happened.

The crown still exists, but Kea is no longer wholly inside it.

The gold remains in the timber.

The moon remains over the hall.

But the bright secret has started to pulse.

And the prince is already leaving.

Volume I — The Gwent Opening

Track 3

Ger an Tyrant

The Tyrant's Decree



Track 3 is the hard word made public.

In **An Gurun Ven**, the crown was heavy but still intact. In **Kevrin an Lys**, the court began to whisper and the hidden fracture moved beneath formal speech. In **Ger an Tyrant**, secrecy becomes command.

The tyrant speaks.

The political atmosphere of the Gwent opening now breaks into open decree. The danger is no longer merely inferred, whispered, or sensed through cold wind in the hall. It has a voice. It has force.

It has the weight of iron.

This track should feel sharper and more martial than the first two Gwent movements. The courtly world has not simply decayed; it has become hostile. Speech is now a weapon. Law is dragged into violence. The crown is no longer only burdened or compromised. It is being broken.

Kea stands inside the collision between two forms of authority: the old dignity of crown and vow, and the coercive command of the tyrant.

This is the last Gwent track before the convergence at **Diyennow**.

After this, the route of intrigue and decree joins the route of northern renunciation. Whatever the beginning, the next movement is stripping.

Key images

The tyrant's word — speech as command, coercion, and political violence.

The bright arrow — judgement, threat, wound, and direction.

Fire — decree as heat, anger, and destructive force.

The sword and shame — visible power joined to humiliation.

The enslaved crown — Kea's authority captured and degraded.

The red moon — a cold witness turned violent.

The iron bough — living rule hardened into metal.

The falling word — decree as impact.

The pierced weight — pressure becoming wound.

High to low fire — the downward movement becoming unavoidable.

Selected lines

*An ger yw draylyst, an Seth yw splan
Teudar a-gews dhyworth an tan
Nyns eus rewlyan, nyns eus peth
Saw poos an kledha hag an meth.*

*Kea yw keth yn-dan an dorn
An gurun ven yw meth ha sorn
An Seth a-glewys yn an nans
An "Rew" a-gwava yn an gwyns.*

*Ger an Tyrant — lagha an horn
Ger an Tyrant — yn-dan an sorn
Ni a-dryl an "Gwir," ni a-dryl an van
Dhyworth an ughel dhe'n isel tan.*

*An loer yw rudh, an ebron tewl
An Tyrant ow-gul an "Rew" skwell
Nyns eus lowen, nyns eus borth
Saw skorren horn yn-dan an porth.*

*Kea a-sev orth an fosow
An ger ow-koedha avel klow
An Seth yw gwannys yn an poos
An gurun ven yw keth ha loos.*

Close rendering

The word is dragged; the Arrow is bright.
Teudar speaks from the fire.
There is no ruling, there is no wealth,
only the weight of the sword and the shame.

Kea is a slave beneath the hand.
The granite crown is shame and scorn.
The Arrow is heard in the valley.
The "Frost" winters in the wind.

Word of the Tyrant — law of the iron.
Word of the Tyrant — beneath the corner.
We turn the "Truth", we turn the peak,
from the high to the low fire.

The moon is red; the sky is dark.
The Tyrant is making the wretched "Frost".
There is no joy, there is no harbour,
only an iron bough beneath the gate.

Kea stands against the walls.
The word falls like a hailstone.
The Arrow is pierced in the weight.
The granite crown is enslaved and grey.

Meaning of the selected lines

The opening line gives the track its violence. The word is “dragged”, suggesting that speech has been pulled out of its proper shape and forced into command. Language is no longer ceremonial or trustworthy. It is being used.

The bright Arrow continues the symbolic line from **Kevrin an Lys**. In the previous track, the Arrow sat beneath the secret. Here it shines openly. It may be read as threat, judgement, direction, or wound. Whatever its exact shape, it has become visible.

Teudar speaking from the fire makes the tyrant’s decree feel heated and destructive. This is not cool law. It is command emerging from anger, pride, and force. The courtly atmosphere has become combustible.

“There is no ruling, there is no wealth” suggests the collapse of legitimate order. What remains is not true governance, but pressure: sword and shame. The tyrant’s power is therefore shown as a corruption of rule rather than its fulfilment.

Kea being “beneath the hand” is one of the track’s bluntest images. He is not yet stripped in the full ritual sense, but he is already being pressed down. The downward movement of the trilogy has become bodily.

The granite crown now becomes shame and scorn. This is a crucial change from Track 1. The same crown that was heavy and dignified is now humiliated. The Gwent arc has turned honour into exposure before the actual stripping begins.

The “Frost” wintering in the wind suggests that coldness has become seasonal, atmospheric, and unavoidable. It is not just a passing chill in the court. It has settled into the world.

The chorus names the tyrant’s word as iron law. This is not living justice. It is rigid, metallic, and coercive. The line “from the high to the low fire” places Kea’s fall inside the trilogy’s larger descent: power is moving downward, but through heat, danger, and humiliation rather than peace.

The red moon and dark sky enlarge the decree beyond the court. The tyrant’s speech seems to stain the whole visible world. What began as court politics now has cosmic weather around it.

The loss of harbour is especially important. Harbour implies safety, arrival, shelter, and future crossing. Here there is no harbour yet. Kea has not reached the shore of transformation. He is still trapped in the hostile machinery of the old world.

The iron bough returns as a sign of life made rigid. A branch should bend, grow, and leaf. This one is metal. The world of authority has become hard enough to wound.

The final image of the word falling like a hailstone gives speech physical impact. The decree does not merely mean something; it strikes. It lands on Kea, on the crown, and on the whole Gwent opening.

Listener's gloss

Track 3 is where the Gwent route stops whispering.

The first two tracks prepare the collapse through weight, unease, secrecy, and betrayal. This track declares it. The tyrant's decree brings the hidden danger into the open, and once spoken, it cannot be unspoken.

That is why the track should feel forceful rather than mysterious. The mystery has become command. The dark implication has become iron speech.

The tragedy is that Kea's authority is not simply defeated from outside. It is degraded through the very forms that once gave it meaning: word, law, crown, court, and judgement. The tyrant does not merely attack Kea. He corrupts the language of authority around him.

By the end of the track, the crown is enslaved and grey.

That phrase matters.

It means the Gwent opening has reached the end of public dignity. Kea may not yet have undergone the formal stripping, but the crown has already lost its honour. The next movement can only make visible what this track has made inevitable.

The word has fallen.

The arrow is bright.

The crown is grey.

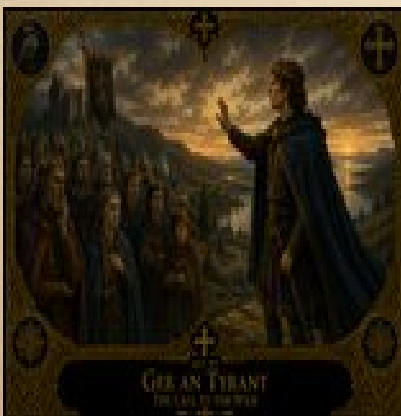
The Gwent path has reached the edge of stripping.

Volume I — The Northern Opening

Track 3a

Ger an Mytern

The King's Word



Track 3a is the declaration.

In the Gwent opening, the third movement is the tyrant's decree: hostile power imposed from outside, iron speech forced upon Kea, and political authority turning openly violent.

The northern opening changes the shape of the crisis.

Here the forceful word does not belong to an external tyrant. It belongs to kingship itself: family duty, royal expectation, inherited authority, and the deep pressure of lineage. Kea is not fleeing a political enemy in the same way. He is refusing the future prepared

for him.

That makes the track a family tragedy rather than a courtly confrontation.

The household sees the old order failing. The court hears the word beginning. The prince stands at the centre of the hall, but no longer as the future the hall expects. His refusal has become public. What was whispered in Track 2a now becomes declaration.

The king's word is therefore double-edged.

It is the word of royal authority.

But it is also the word by which Kea breaks from royal authority.

This is the final northern track before the convergence at **Diyennow**. After this, the distinction between Gwent and the Old North falls away. Whether Kea was driven by tyrannical decree or by his own refusal of inheritance, the next movement is the same: stripping.

Key images

The word beginning — private refusal becoming public declaration.

The failing household — family and lineage unable to hold Kea in place.

The northern crown — inherited authority as a deep burden.

Gold in timber — the material splendour of the hall he is leaving.

The Lothian heart — the centre of the northern origin-world.

The prince rejecting the deep crown — the core action of the track.

The iron bough — living inheritance hardened into duty.

The stones speaking dark words — place and memory witnessing the break.

The old royal word — authority becoming past tense.

Foul rage — the discord released by holy refusal.

Selected lines

*Yn an lysten, an ger ow-talla
Kea a-wel an teulu ow-falla
An gurun ven, an Ger an Mytern poos
Ow-sevel dhyworth an hager-loos.*

*Nyns eus tawl, nyns eus lenn yn lysten
Saw poos an veyn hag an owr yn prenn
Ni a-wel an pols an ger ow-vrayvi
Yn-dan an nos ha'n hager-ly.*

*Ger an Mytern — an lev ow-leverel "Gwir"
Ger an Mytern — yn an gogledh tir
Ni a-vydh noeth dhyworth an lys
Yn-mysk an veyn ha'n Lowrthen krys.*

*An skorren yw horn, an veyn yw splan
Kea ow-sevel dhyworth an tan
An prince ow-grindya an gurun town
Ow-draylya dhyworth an isel brown.*

*An meyn ow-leverel geryow tewl
An gwyns yn lysen yw muer ha skwell
Ni a-glew an pols an Ger an Mytern
Yn-mysk an nos ha'n hager-eytern.*

Close rendering

In the court, the word begins.
Kea sees the household failing.
The northern crown, the heavy Word of the King,
rises from the foul-grey.

There is no darkness, no veil in the court,
only the weight of stones and gold in timber.
We see the pulse of the word braving the court,
beneath the night and the foul flood.

The King's Word — the voice speaking "Truth".
The King's Word — in the northern land.
We shall be naked from the court,
among the stones and the heart of Lothian.

The bough is iron; the stones are bright.
Kea rises from the fire.
The prince rejects the deep crown,
turning away from the low earth.

The stones speak dark words.
The wind in the court is great and wretched.
We hear the pulse of the King's Word
among the night and the foul rage.

Meaning of the selected lines

The opening makes speech the decisive act. The word begins in the court, and once begun it cannot be contained. Track 2a was whisper, rumour, and recognition. Track 3a is the moment when Kea's refusal enters the public air.

The household failing is central to the northern route. Kea's departure is not abstract. It wounds the structure of family and inheritance. The court may be formal, but this version of the story also has domestic grief inside it.

The northern crown is called heavy because it carries more than ornament. It carries expectation, succession, place, and duty. Kea is not casting aside something trivial. He is turning from the deep machinery of his own identity.

The continued image of gold in timber reminds the listener that the hall has substance. This is a

world of visible wealth and recognised power. The beams, stones, and gold all insist that Kea's old life is real. His renunciation has weight because what he leaves behind has weight.

The phrase "the word braving the court" is one of the strongest images in the track. Kea's declaration must stand against the very room that formed him. The word is not whispered safely outside the hall. It is spoken within the structure it challenges.

The chorus names the voice as speaking "Truth". This is not the dead or corrupted truth of the Gwent court. It is truth as inner necessity: the thing Kea must say, even if it breaks household, court, and expectation.

"We shall be naked from the court" points directly towards Track 4. The northern route is now almost at the point of convergence. The court has not yet stripped Kea, but the track already knows that nakedness is coming. Royal covering will be removed.

The iron bough returns as a symbol of inheritance made hard. A living branch should grow and bend. This one has become metal. Kea's lineage has become too rigid to remain alive for him.

The prince rejecting the deep crown is the heart of the alternate opening. The word "rejecting" should not make him sound careless. It is a grave refusal, an act of spiritual violence against his own expected future.

The stones speaking dark words give the scene a wider witness. The court may argue, the household may fail, the wind may rage, but the stones remember. The choice becomes part of place before Kea has even left it.

Listener's gloss

Track 3a is the northern route's point of no return.

In the Gwent opening, Kea is pressed by hostile 11 ptpower. In the northern opening, he becomes the source of disturbance because he refuses to remain what everyone needs him to be.

That makes this track less tyrannical but no less forceful.

The conflict is not between Kea and an obvious villain. It is between Kea and the whole structure of expected life: family, crown, court, land, succession, and identity. The pain comes from the fact that none of these things are meaningless. They are valuable. They have beauty, history, and force.

But they are not his path.

The track should therefore feel solemn, high-stakes, and wounded. It is not rebellion for its own sake. It is the sound of a man speaking a truth that damages the room around him.

The court hears it.

The household feels it.

The crown becomes old while still shining.

The prince turns from the deep crown.

And the northern path reaches the same threshold as the Gwent path.

After this, there is no more alternate opening.

There is only stripping.

Volume I — The Convergence

Track 4

Diyennow

The Stripping



Track 4 is where the two beginnings become one story.

Until this point, Volume I has offered two possible routes into Kea's fall. In the Gwent opening, the pressure comes through courtly secrecy, hostile decree, and tyrannical force. In the northern opening, the pressure comes through inheritance, household, royal expectation, and Kea's refusal of the crown prepared for him.

Those routes differ in origin.

They do not differ in destination.

At **Diyennow**, both paths converge. Whatever Kea has been — Welsh king-bishop, northern prince, public authority, heir, ruler, or man of office — the same process now begins.

He is stripped.

The track is not merely about changing clothes, losing rank, or stepping away from status. It is about exposure. The outer signs of identity fall away. The courtly world can no longer hold him. The old forms of recognition no longer protect him. Kea becomes solitary, visible, and vulnerable.

This is the first truly shared wound of the trilogy.

The crown has either been taken from him or made impossible for him.

Now the body stands where the office used to be.

Key images

The silent bards — public memory falling quiet at the moment of loss.

Weak light — authority fading, not in glory but exhaustion.

Kea alone — the first clear image of solitary descent.

The stripping of harbour — loss of safety, rank, and return.

The stripping of weight — status removed, but not pain.

The grey granite crown — authority degraded into memory.

No crown, no veil — exposure without concealment.

Frost falling in stone — coldness entering what should have endured.

The iron bough — hardened lineage and living authority turned metallic.

The stones speaking dark words — the landscape witnessing what the court cannot repair.

Selected lines

*An bardhow yw taw, an golow yw gwann
Kea yw unnik yn-misk an glan
Diyennow an borth, diyennow an poos
An gurun ven yw keth ha loos.*

*Nyns eus gurun, nyns eus lenn
Saw an Rew ow-koedha yn an men
Ni a-wel an pols an draylyans tewl
Yn-dan an ebron hag an muhel.*

*Diyennow — an powes ow-falla
Diyennow — an diwedh ow-talla
Ni a-vydh unnik, ni a-vydh claf
Yn-dan an "Gow" ha'n hager-haf.*

*An skorren yw horn, an veyn yw splan
Kea a-sev dhyworth an tan
Diyennow an kledha, diyennow an ger
Ni a-vydh keth yn an hager-ber.*

*An meyn ow-leverel geryow tewl
An gwyns a-ughon yw pur skwell
Ni a-glew an pols an diyennow
Yn-misk an nos ha'n hager-vow.*

Close rendering

The bards are silent; the light is weak.
Kea is alone among the shore.
The stripping of harbour, the stripping of weight;
the granite crown is enslaved and grey.

There is no crown, there is no veil,
only the "Frost" falling in the stone.
We see the pulse of the dark dragging
beneath the sky and the fog.

The Stripping — the rest is failing.
The Stripping — the end is beginning.
We shall be lonely¹¹ pt, we shall be sick,
beneath the "Lie" and the foul summer.

The bough is iron; the stones are bright.
Kea stands away from the fire.
The stripping of the sword, the stripping of the word;
we shall be slaves in the foul-spit.

The stones speak dark words.
The wind above is very wretched.
We hear the pulse of the stripping
among the night and the foul cave.

Meaning of the selected lines

The first line removes ceremony. The bards are silent. Earlier tracks used bardic speech, lineage, court language, and public declaration to frame Kea's authority. Here that voice falls away. The silence matters because it leaves Kea without the protection of narrative honour.

The weak light shows that this is not a glorious renunciation scene. There is no bright halo over the loss. The atmosphere is drained, tired, and exposed. Kea is not lifted out of power; he is reduced to himself.

"Kea is alone" is the emotional centre of the track. Whether he came from Gwent or the North, he now stands without the identity that held him in public life. The convergence is therefore not only narrative but psychological. Both versions of Kea arrive at solitude.

The "stripping of harbour" is a strong image because harbour suggests shelter, return, and safety. To strip the harbour is to remove the possibility of easy refuge. Kea is not simply leaving a court. He is losing the idea that he can return unchanged.

The "stripping of weight" is more ambiguous. Status has been a burden throughout Volume I, so its removal might sound like relief. But the song refuses easy comfort. The weight is removed, yet pain remains. Kea is lighter only because he has been cut down.

The granite crown being "enslaved and grey" completes the collapse begun in the Gwent and northern openings. In Track 1, the crown could still be bright, heavy, dignified, or deep. Here it is degraded. It has become an object of loss rather than authority.

"No crown, no veil" is the clearest expression of exposure. There is no office above him and no concealment around him. The body is now visible. This prepares the way for the tonsure, where the stripping becomes even more intimate and ritualised.

The "Frost" falling in the stone suggests coldness entering the deepest structures of the world. Stone should endure, but even stone is not warm enough to protect him. The fall from power has become environmental.

The chorus makes the track transitional. "The rest is failing" looks back to the collapse of authority. "The end is beginning" looks forward to the vow, the shore, the altar, and the sea. This is not the conclusion of the fall. It is the point at which the fall becomes irreversible.

The "stripping of the sword" and "stripping of the word" bring together the physical and verbal worlds of the earlier tracks. Sword and speech both belonged to authority. Both are removed. Kea loses not only power of action, but power of public definition.

The stones speaking dark words give the moment an older witness. The court may have fallen silent, but the land does not. Stone, wind, night, and cave take over as the listeners to Kea's transformation.

Listener's gloss

Track 4 is the hinge of Volume I.

Before it, the album may begin in two ways. After it, there is only one road.

That is why **Diyennow** needs to feel less like an episode and more like a threshold. It is the place where biography becomes ordeal. Kea is no longer primarily defined by where he came from. Gwent and the North both fall behind him. What matters now is what has been removed.

The stripping is painful because it is both loss and preparation.

Without it, Kea could not become the sea-borne figure of the next volume, or the soil-bound figure of the third. But in the moment itself, that future is not yet consolation. All he has is exposure.

The crown is gone.

The veil is gone.

The bards are silent.

The word and sword are being taken away.

By the end of the track, Kea has not yet found the altar, spoken the hard word, or reached the sea. But the old identity has been broken open.

The two beginnings have converged.

The descent has become one path.

And Kea stands alone where the crown used to be.

Volume I

Track 5

An Donsur

The Tonsure



Track 5 makes the stripping physical.

In **Diyennow**, Kea lost the outer structures of status: crown, court, word, sword, and public identity. In **An Donsur**, that loss moves to the body. The tonsure is the visible mark of transformation, the cutting-away of the old life from the head itself.

This is not presented as a gentle devotional image.

The tonsure here is sharp, ritualised, exposed, and almost surgical. It carries religious meaning, but also humiliation, discipline, and irreversible change. Kea is not merely choosing a new appearance.

He is being marked as someone no longer belonging to the world that formed him.

The title of the volume, **The Iron Tonsure**, is fulfilled here most directly.

The cut is holy, but it is also hard.

Hair falls. The crown is gone. The scalp is exposed. The man who once stood beneath public authority is now visibly altered. The old identity cannot simply be put back on.

This track therefore sits at the centre of the first volume's bodily transformation. The descent is no longer symbolic only. It has touched skin.

Key images

The cell — enclosure, discipline, and the narrowing of worldly life.

The heavy stone — endurance, burden, and the world that remains after status.

The cutting tonsure — transformation made bodily.

Kea alone — solitude deepened after the stripping.

Hair falling from the head — old identity removed in visible fragments.

Noeth and glan — nakedness and cleanness, exposure and purification together.

The grey granite crown — royal authority reduced to memory.

The stones speaking dark words — the land witnessing the ritual.

The ticking pulse — the act of cutting as repeated, measured, inescapable motion.

The abrupt stop — the moment after the cut, when nothing can be restored.

Selected lines

*An keshel yw lath, an men yw poos
An donsur ow-trehi an loos
Kea yw unnik yn-misk an ker
Dhyworth an gurun dhe'n hager-ber.*

*An blew ow-koedha dhyworth an penn
Yn-misk an veyn hag yn-misk an lenn
Ni a-wel an pols an draylyans koth
Yn-dan an "Rew" hag yn-dan an voth.*

*An Donsur — trehi an borth
An Donsur — trehi an gorth
Ni a-vydh noeth, ni a-vydh glan
Dhyworth an ughel dhe'n isel tan.*

*An gwedr yw krag, an poos yw splan
Kea ow-powes dhyworth an tan
Diyennow an blew, diyennow an poos
An gurun ven yw keth ha loos.*

*An meyn ow-leverel geryow tewl
An gwyns a-ughon yw pur skwell
Ni a-glew an pols an Donsur koth
Yn-dan an nos ha'n hager-voth.*

Close rendering

The cell is a lath; the stone is heavy.
The tonsure is cutting the grey.
Kea is alone among the fortress,
from the crown to the foul-spit.

The hair falls from the head
among the stones and among the veil.
We see the pulse of the old dragging
beneath the "Frost" and beneath the will.

The Tonsure — cutting the harbour.
The Tonsure — cutting the opposition.
We shall be naked, we shall be clean,
from the high to the low fire.

The glass is a crack; the weight is bright.
Kea rests from the fire.
The stripping of the hair, the stripping of the weight;
the granite crown is enslaved and grey.

The stones speak dark words.
The wind above is very wretched.
We hear the pulse of the old Tonsure
beneath the night and the foul will.

Meaning of the selected lines

The opening makes the scene narrow and heavy. After the wider courtly world of the first tracks, the cell feels reduced, enclosed, and severe. Kea has moved from public height into a constricted space of transformation.

The stone remains heavy because status has gone, but burden has not. This is one of the important emotional turns of the volume. Losing the crown does not make Kea free in any simple sense. It removes one weight and reveals another.

The tonsure “cutting the grey” suggests more than a haircut. Grey is the colour of the degraded crown, the stripped identity, the uncertain threshold between old life and new. The cut moves through that whole condition.

Kea being alone continues the solitude begun in **Diyennow**. The stripping made him isolated. The tonsure confirms that isolation bodily. Whatever audience or ritual surrounds the moment, the transformation is finally his alone.

The falling hair is the track’s clearest physical image. Hair carries identity, age, dignity, and worldly appearance. As it falls, the old Kea falls with it, not in one dramatic collapse, but piece by piece.

The chorus turns the tonsure into cutting on several levels. It cuts harbour, opposition, height, and old covering. A harbour should shelter; here even shelter is cut away. A former social position cannot be re-entered.

The paired words **noeth** and **glan** matter. Nakedness and cleanness are not identical, but the track holds them together. Kea is exposed, but exposure also makes purification possible. The wound and the cleansing cannot be fully separated.

“The stripping of the hair, the stripping of the weight” links this track directly back to Track 4. **Diyennow** removed status; **An Donsur** removes the bodily sign of the person who carried that status. The process is deeper now.

The granite crown remaining “enslaved and grey” confirms that royal authority has not merely been set aside elegantly. It has been reduced, broken, and made unusable. The crown survives only as burdened memory.

The stones speaking dark words give the scene a witness older than court ceremony. Human status has failed, but stone remains. The land hears the ritual even before Kea has reached the shore.

The repeated pulse of the old tonsure suggests rhythm, inevitability, and ritual motion. The cut is not random. It is measured. It is deliberate. It is a process that once begun must be completed.

Listener’s gloss

Track 5 is the body accepting what the story has already done.

The crown has been lost. The court has fallen away. The two beginnings have converged. Now the change becomes visible on Kea himself.

That is why the tonsure should not feel decorative. It is the point where identity is cut into the flesh of the story. The transformation can no longer be mistaken for political misfortune alone. Kea is

being remade.

The track's power lies in its discomfort.

A tonsure can be a holy sign, but this one is not soft. It is iron. It is precise. It is exposing. The music should feel ritualistic because the action is ritualistic, but there is no easy serenity in it. This is holiness reached through loss.

Kea becomes **noeth** and **glan** — naked and clean.

That pairing is the heart of the track.

He is diminished, but also clarified.

He is shamed, but also marked.

He is stripped, but also prepared.

By the end of **An Donsur**, the old royal body has been visibly changed. The crown cannot return to the same head. The next track can now give language to the transformation: the hard word, the vow, and the refusal of timber.

The hair has fallen.

The head is exposed.

The iron tonsure has done its work.

Volume I

Track 6

Ger Kales

The Hard Word



Track 6 gives the transformation a voice.

In **Diyennow**, Kea was stripped. In **An Donsur**, that stripping became bodily and visible. Now, in **Ger Kales**, the change becomes language. Kea speaks the hard word: the vow that will drive him away from ordinary passage and towards the impossible vessel of stone.

This is not simply a promise.

It is a severance.

The vow not to walk on timber cuts Kea off from the ordinary world of boats, bridges, halls, floors, and human-made passage. Timber belongs to settlement, craft, household, and the practical structures by which people move through the world. To reject it is to reject the normal road.

That is why the hard word matters so much. It is the first act by which Kea's future becomes impossible in ordinary terms.

No timber.

No easy vessel.

No return by the same road.

The vow prepares the miracle before the miracle appears. By refusing wood, Kea makes the stone boat necessary. The altar will not seem arbitrary when it comes. It will answer a condition that the hard word has created.

Key images

The hard truth — vow as something difficult but necessary.

The bright stone — endurance, witness, and the material world beyond timber.

The hard word — speech that alters the future.

No timber — refusal of ordinary human passage.

No veil — exposure continuing after the tonsure.

The falling frost — cold pressure entering stone and vow.

The deep promise — Kea's word as binding force.

The iron bough — living wood transformed into something Kea can no longer trust.

The old stones — a deeper support than court, crown, or timber.

The night and foul sweetness — the strange mixture of suffering and calling.

Selected lines

*An "Gwir" yw kals, an men yw splan
Kea a-sev dhyworth an tan
Ger Kales ow-leverel poos
An gurun ven yw keth ha loos.*

*Nyns eus prenn, nyns eus lenn
Saw an Rew ow-koedha yn an men
Ni a-wel an pols an Ger Kales
Yn-dan an nos ha'n hager-vellys.*

*Ger Kales — an ambos yw town
Ger Kales — an Ger yw poos ha brown
Ni a-vydh noeth dhyworth an prenn
Yn-misk an veyn ha'n hager-lenn.*

*An skorren yw horn, an veyn yw koth
Kea ow-powes dhyworth an voth
Ger Kales ow-trehi an borth
Dhyworth an ughel dhe'n hager-gorth.*

*An meyn ow-leverel geryow tewl
An gwyns a-ughon yw pur skwell
Ni a-glew an pols an Ger Kales
Yn-misk an nos ha'n hager-vellys.*

Close rendering

The "Truth" is hard; the stone is bright.
Kea stands away from the fire.
The Hard Word speaks weight.
The granite crown is enslaved and grey.

There is no timber, there is no veil,
only the "Frost" falling in the stone.
We see the pulse of the Hard Word
beneath the night and the foul sweetness.

The Hard Word — the promise is deep.
The Hard Word — the Word is heavy and brown.
We shall be naked from the timber,
among the stones and the foul veil.

The bough is iron; the stones are old.
Kea rests away from the will.
The Hard Word cuts the harbour,

from the high to the foul opposition.

The stones speak dark words.
The wind above is very wretched.
We hear the pulse of the Hard Word
among the night and the foul sweetness.

Meaning of the selected lines

The opening makes truth difficult. “The Truth is hard” is not a slogan of certainty. It means that truth has become something Kea must endure. After the stripping and tonsure, truth is no longer comfortable public identity. It is a burden that demands action.

The bright stone is important because stone now begins to replace the lost crown as Kea’s true material. Earlier, stone was tied to weight, court, wall, and crown. Here it becomes something more enduring and more sacred. It points towards the altar that will soon appear.

Kea standing away from the fire suggests separation from the heated world of decree, shame, and conflict. He is not free of suffering, but he is beginning to stand outside the old field of force.

The Hard Word “speaks weight” because a vow is not light speech. Once spoken, it changes the shape of possible action. Kea’s future narrows and deepens around the word.

The line “There is no timber” is the heart of the track. Timber is practical, ordinary, and human. It is the material of boats, halls, tools, thresholds, and bridges. Kea’s refusal of timber cuts him away from normal passage and normal protection.

The absence of a veil continues the exposure begun in **Diyennow** and **An Donsur**. He is stripped, tonsured, and now bound by speech. There is nowhere for the old self to hide.

The “Frost” falling in the stone suggests that even the enduring world is cold. The vow does not bring warmth or consolation. It brings clarity, but clarity can be severe.

The chorus turns the hard word into a deep promise. This matters because the vow is not merely negative. It does not only say what Kea will not do. It binds him to another kind of road: one that must be found outside ordinary means.

“We shall be naked from the timber” is one of the strongest images in the track. It means Kea is exposed not only from courtly covering, but from the material structures that carry human life. Without timber, he loses the ordinary bridge between land and sea.

The iron bough returns, but now with new force. A bough should be wood, and wood should be available for use. But in Kea’s world, the bough has hardened into iron. Living material has become unfit for trust.

The old stones become the deeper alternative. Kea cannot walk on timber, but stone remains. The song is already moving him towards the stone altar: the impossible answer to an impossible vow.

The Hard Word cutting the harbour shows that the vow removes safety. Harbour is the place of shelter and departure. If the harbour is cut, Kea cannot leave by expected means. The vow makes the coming miracle necessary.

Listener's gloss

Track 6 is where Kea's loss becomes chosen shape.

The earlier tracks strip him, mark him, and drive him downward. But **Ger Kales** gives him agency within that descent. He cannot restore the old world, but he can speak the word that determines how he will leave it.

That is why the track should feel solemn rather than merely bleak.

The vow is hard, but it is not empty.

By refusing timber, Kea refuses the obvious road. He rejects the ordinary vessel before the stone vessel appears. In narrative terms, this is beautifully important: the miracle is prepared by obedience to a difficult word.

The saint does not find the stone boat because it is convenient.

He finds it because timber has been refused.

The track therefore stands between bodily transformation and supernatural passage. The tonsure changed Kea's visible self. The hard word changes the rules of his journey.

After this track, the shore is inevitable.

The court cannot hold him.

Timber cannot carry him.

The promise is deep.

And somewhere ahead, stone is waiting to float.

Volume I

Track 7

Dhe'n Treth

To the Sands



Track 7 is the long walk after the vow.

In **Ger Kales**, Kea spoke the hard word: no timber, no ordinary vessel, no easy road. **Dhe'n Treth** shows the consequence of that word. The story now moves out of court, cell, ritual, and speech, and towards the exposed place where land gives way to sea.

The track should feel heavy and bodily.

This is not a bright pilgrimage to the coast. It is a dragging march. Kea has been stripped, tonsured, and bound by vow. Now he must move through that condition step by step. The sand is not yet the

place of miracle. It is the place of exhaustion before miracle.

The title means **To the Sands**, and the direction matters. Kea is not wandering aimlessly. The whole first volume has been pushing him towards this edge: from crown to court, from court to stripping, from stripping to tonsure, from tonsure to vow, and now from vow to shore.

The sands are a threshold.

Behind him lies the world that has failed.

Ahead lies the sea that cannot yet be crossed.

Between them is the weight of each step.

Key images

The heavy step — Kea's descent made physical and repeated.

The sands — threshold between land and sea, loss and crossing.

The grey body — exhaustion after stripping and vow.

The hard stones — the world that remains beneath pain.

Cold wind — exposure, loneliness, and the absence of shelter.

The foul step — movement as suffering rather than triumph.

The iron bough — the old world still hardened behind him.

The speaking stones — landscape as witness.

The dragging rhythm — the journey as burden.

The shore before miracle — the place where impossibility has not yet answered.

Selected lines

*Yn-misk an treth, an gamm yw poos
Kea ow-kerdhes yn an loos
Dhyworth an lys dhe'n hager-vow
Yn-dan an nos ha'n hager-vow.*

*An meyn yw kals, an gwyns yw yeyn
Ni a-vydh keth yn-misk an vayn
Ni a-wel an pols an hager-gamm
Yn-dan an Rew ha'n hager-lam.*

*Dhe'n Treth — an gamm ow-leverel poos
Dhe'n Treth — an diwedh yn an loos
Ni a-vydh noeth dhyworth an prenn
Yn-dan an nos ha'n hager-lenn.*

*An skorren yw horn, an veyn yw splan
Kea ow-powes dhyworth an tan
Dhe'n treth an poos, dhe'n treth an ger
Ni a-vydh keth yn an hager-ber.*

*An meyn ow-leverel geryow tewl
An gwyns a-ughon yw pur skwell
Ni a-glew an pols an hager-gamm
Yn-misk an nos ha'n hager-lam.*

Close rendering

Among the sands, the step is heavy.
Kea walks in the grey,
from the court to the foul cave,
beneath the night and the foul cave.

The stones are hard; the wind is cold.
We shall be slaves among the stones.
We see the pulse of the foul step
beneath the "Frost" and the foul leap.

To the Sands — the step speaking weight.
To the Sands — the end in the grey.
We shall be naked from the timber,
beneath the night and the foul veil.

The bough is iron; the stones are bright.
Kea rests away from the fire.
To the sands the weight, to the sands the word;
we shall be slaves in the foul-spit.

The stones speak dark words.
The wind above is very wretched.

We hear the pulse of the foul step
among the night and the foul leap.

Meaning of the selected lines

The opening makes movement difficult. Kea's step is heavy because he is carrying everything that has happened to him: crown, stripping, tonsure, vow, humiliation, and separation from ordinary passage.

The sands are not soft comfort here. They are unstable ground. They take the foot but do not fully support it. That makes them the perfect threshold between the solid world Kea has left and the moving sea he has not yet entered.

"Kea walks in the grey" continues the colour of exposure and reduction from the previous tracks. Grey belongs to the enslaved crown, to stripped identity, and now to the body moving towards the shore. He is no longer bright with office. He is weathered by descent.

The movement "from the court" is important. The courtly world is still behind the song, but now as distance. Kea is no longer arguing within it. He is walking away from it. The political and ritual crisis has become journey.

The repeated image of the foul cave is darker and more ambiguous. It suggests both the ugliness of what he leaves and the unknown hollow ahead. The path towards holiness is not cleanly lit. It passes through foulness, shadow, and confinement.

The hard stones and cold wind turn the landscape into a severe companion. Nothing here is sentimental. The world does not soften because Kea has made a vow. The land remains hard; the wind remains cold.

The "foul step" is one of the track's main images. Movement itself has become painful. Each step is necessary, but each step is ugly, burdened, and humiliating. This is not heroic marching. It is endurance.

The chorus links this track back to **Ger Kales** through the line "naked from the timber". Kea's refusal of timber continues to strip him. Without wood, without ordinary vessel or bridge, he walks towards a problem that cannot be solved by normal means.

"To the sands the weight, to the sands the word" shows that both body and vow are travelling together. Kea is not only taking himself to the shore. He is carrying the hard word to the place where it must be answered.

The stones speaking dark words again make the landscape a witness. Human institutions have fallen away, but stone remains attentive. This matters because the next track will reveal stone not merely as witness, but as vessel.

Listener's gloss

Track 7 is the trudge before the miracle.

That makes it easy to underestimate, but it is essential. Without this track, the appearance of the stone altar would feel too sudden. **Dhe'n Treth** gives the listener the bodily cost of reaching the

place where the impossible can happen.

The music should feel slow, dragging, and exposed. The vow has not solved anything yet. It has made ordinary solutions impossible. Kea must walk to the shore without knowing how the sea will be crossed.

This is the condition of the track: obedience before answer.

He has refused timber.

He has not yet been given stone.

The sands are therefore a place of waiting, but not passive waiting. Kea reaches them through effort, pain, and exhaustion. Every step repeats the loss of the earlier tracks.

The crown is behind him.

The court is behind him.

The timber is forbidden.

The shore is ahead.

And beneath each footfall, the sands receive the weight of the hard word.

Volume I

Track 8

An Altar

The Altar



Track 8 is the answer in stone.

In **Ger Kales**, Kea spoke the hard word: no timber. In **Dhe'n Treth**, he carried that vow to the sands step by step. Now, at the shoreline, the impossible answer appears.

The altar is stone.

It should not float.

It should not carry a man.

It should belong to land, weight, worship, stillness, and burial-deep permanence. Yet this is the object that will become Kea's vessel. The track therefore turns the whole logic of the first volume upside down.

Timber, the normal material of boats, has been refused.

Stone, the least likely material of passage, is given.

That is the miracle.

But the track should not feel playful or triumphant. It should feel awestruck, resonant, and strange. The altar is not convenient. It is not a neat solution. It is heavy, old, sacred, and unnerving. It answers Kea's vow by deepening the mystery rather than making the journey easy.

This is the moment when stone stops being only burden.

Stone becomes road.

Key images

The bright stone — revelation, weight, and impossible possibility.

The old altar — sacred object becoming vessel.

The sands — threshold where land, vow, and sea meet.

No timber — the vow still binding the shape of the miracle.

The weight of stones — burden transformed into means of passage.

The stone speaking "Truth" — matter itself answering the hard word.

The low land — humility, descent, and the place where miracle appears.

The iron bough — ordinary wood still rejected and hardened.

The old altar pulsing — holiness as vibration beneath the visible object.

The stones speaking dark words — the landscape recognising what is about to happen.

Selected lines

*Yn-misk an treth, an men yw splan
Kea a-wel an tan yn an tan
An Altar veyn, an poos yw town
Dhyworth an ebron dhe'n isel brown.*

*Nyns eus prenn, nyns eus gow a-weder
Saw poos an veyn hag an hager-der
Ni a-wel an pols an Altar koth
Yn-dan an "Rew" hag yn-dan an voth.*

*An Altar — an men ow-leverel "Gwir"
An Altar — an poos yn an isel tir
Ni a-vydh noeth dhyworth an prenn
Yn-misk an veyn ha'n hager-lenn.*

*An skorren yw horn, an men yw splan
Kea ow-powes dhyworth an tan
An Altar koth, an poos yw town
Kea a-sev dhyworth an isel brown.*

*An meyn ow-leverel geryow tewl
An gwyns a-ughon yw pur skwell
Ni a-glew an pols an Altar koth
Yn-misk an nos ha'n hager-voth.*

Close rendering

Among the sands, the stone is bright.
Kea sees the fire in the fire.
The stone altar, the weight is deep,
from the sky to the low earth.

There is no timber, no lie of glass,
only the weight of stones and foulness.
We see the pulse of the old altar
beneath the "Frost" and beneath the will.

The Altar — the stone speaking "Truth".
The Altar — the weight in the low land.
We shall be naked from the timber,
among the stones and the foul veil.

The bough is iron; the stone is bright.
Kea rests away from the fire.
The old altar, the weight is deep.

Kea stands from the low earth.
The stones speak dark words.
The wind above is very wretched.
We hear the pulse of the old altar
among the night and the foul will.

Meaning of the selected lines

The opening places the miracle exactly where it needs to appear: among the sands. Kea has walked to the threshold between land and sea, and it is there — not in court, not in cell, not in hall — that the bright stone is revealed.

The brightness of the stone matters. Stone has been heavy throughout the volume: crown, wall, burden, witness. Here it is still heavy, but now it is also luminous. The material of weight begins to carry the possibility of grace.

“Kea sees the fire in the fire” gives the moment a visionary doubleness. The altar is not merely noticed as an object. It is recognised. Kea sees something within what is already before him: sign within matter, answer within weight.

The “stone altar” holds two meanings at once. As altar, it belongs to worship, offering, and sacred stillness. As coming vessel, it belongs to movement, danger, and passage. The miracle is not that the altar stops being sacred, but that its sacredness changes function.

The line “there is no timber” links the track directly to **Ger Kales**. The vow is still active. This is not a loophole, but an answer. Kea does not escape his hard word; the world reshapes around it.

“No lie of glass” suggests that the miracle is not illusion or easy reflection. The altar is not a trick of light. It is weight, stone, foulness, and truth. The scene remains hard, even while it becomes holy.

The pulse of the old altar is one of the most important images in the track. The altar is not inert. It has an inner rhythm. The listener is asked to feel stone as something almost alive: ancient, resonant, and waiting.

The chorus names the altar as “the stone speaking Truth”. Earlier, truth was hard, dead, distorted, or contested. Here truth is no longer only spoken by people. Matter itself speaks it. The stone answers more faithfully than the court did.

“The weight in the low land” continues the trilogy’s downward movement. Kea’s miracle does not come from height. It comes from low ground, from the shore, from the place where the stripped man stands with no ordinary means of escape.

The repeated nakedness from timber matters because the altar’s gift does not undo Kea’s exposure. He remains without wood, without easy vessel, without normal protection. The miracle does not make him comfortable. It makes the impossible possible.

The iron bough returns for the last time before departure as a reminder of what has been refused. Wood has hardened into iron in the imagination of the volume. It cannot serve him. Only stone can.

By the end of the selected lines, Kea stands from the low earth while the stones speak dark words. The land is witnessing the moment just before passage. The altar has not yet struck the water, but

the crossing has become inevitable.

Listener's gloss

Track 8 is the first true miracle of the trilogy.

But it is not a bright children's-book miracle. It is stranger than that. The object that should be least capable of movement becomes the object that will carry Kea away.

That is why the altar must feel heavy.

If it felt light, the miracle would become too easy. The whole point is that the stone remains stone. Its weight is not cancelled. Its nature is not erased. Instead, the impossible happens through the very thing that should prevent it.

The vow has made ordinary travel impossible.

The altar makes impossible travel necessary.

This track therefore transforms the meaning of stone across the first volume. Stone began as crown, wall, burden, and witness. Now it becomes answer. The same material that pressed down upon Kea becomes the material that will bear him.

The altar is old.

The altar is heavy.

The altar speaks truth.

And Kea, stripped of timber and standing at the low edge of the land, begins to understand that his road will not be made of wood.

It will be made of stone.

And stone will float.

Volume I

Track 9

Yn-ugh an Als

Above the Cliff



Track 9 is the last height before the sea.

In **An Altar**, Kea found the impossible answer to the hard word: stone, not timber; altar, not boat; weight, not lightness. But the crossing has not yet begun. Before the stone strikes the water, the story pauses above the cliff.

This is not a return to power.

It is a final view.

Kea stands above the edge of the land, looking back across the world that has stripped him, marked him, and driven him towards departure. The court is no longer a living centre around him. It has become distant, plain, almost flattened by perspective. What once defined him is now below, behind, and already passing into memory.

The cliff matters because it is both height and ending.

From it, Kea can still see the land. But he can no longer fully belong to it. The altar has been found. The vow has been spoken. Timber has been refused. The sea has not yet taken him, but the land has almost finished with him.

This track should feel high, exposed, and aching.

The air is open.

The wind is strong.

The light is failing.

And Kea stands between the last sight of one life and the first motion of another.

Key images

The cliff — height, edge, exposure, and the last landward threshold.

The great wind — the force of departure already moving through the scene.

The distant court — former authority reduced by distance.

The old stones — memory, witness, and the endurance of what remains.

No crown, no wealth — worldly identity finally emptied.

The failing light — the end of the first volume's land-world.

Naked from timber — the vow still active at the cliff-edge.

The iron bough — the old material world hardened and unusable.

The fire within fire — recognition, vision, and inward transformation.

The pulse from the cliff — the land's final heartbeat before sea-crossing.

Selected lines

*Yn-ugh an als, an gwyns yw muer
Kea ow-miras dhe'n hager-vuer
An lys yw plyn, an veyn yw koth
Kea a-sev dhyworth an voth.*

*Nyns eus gurun, nyns eus peth
Saw poos an vayn hag an hager-meth
Ni a-wel an pols dhyworth an als
Yn-dan an "Rew" hag yn-dan an kals.*

*Yn-ugh an Als — an golow ow-falla
Yn-ugh an Als — an diwedh ow-talla
Ni a-vydh noeth dhyworth an prenn
Yn-misk an veyn ha'n hager-lenn.*

*An skorren yw horn, an veyn yw splan
Kea a-wel an tan yn an tan
Dhyworth an ughel dhe'n hager-vow
Yn-misk an nos ha'n hager-vow.*

*An meyn ow-leverel geryow tewl
An gwyns a-ughon yw pur skwell
Ni a-glew an pols dhyworth an als
Yn-misk an nos ha'n hager-kals.*

Close rendering

Above the cliff, the wind is great.
Kea looks towards the foul greatness.
The court is plain; the stones are old.
Kea stands away from the will.

There is no crown, there is no wealth,
only the weight of the stones and the foul shame.
We see the pulse from the cliff
beneath the "Frost" and beneath the hard reality.

Above the Cliff — the light is failing.
Above the Cliff — the end is beginning.
We shall be naked from the timber,
among the stones and the foul veil.

The bough is iron; the stones are bright.
Kea sees the fire in the fire,

from the high to the foul cave,
among the night and the foul cave.

The stones speak dark words.
The wind above is very wretched.
We hear the pulse from the cliff
among the night and the foul hardship.

Meaning of the selected lines

The opening gives the track its scale. Kea is above the cliff, and the wind is great. After the enclosed court, the narrow cell, the ritual cut, and the dragging march to the sands, the world suddenly opens upward and outward.

But openness is not comfort.

The cliff exposes him. The wind does not shelter him. Height gives vision, but it also makes the coming departure unavoidable. Kea can look, but he cannot go back.

The phrase “foul greatness” is awkward in the right way. It suggests a vastness that is not clean or easy. Kea is not staring into a beautiful postcard distance. He is looking into the terrible scale of what has happened and what must happen next.

The court being “plain” marks a major emotional change. Earlier, the court was full of secrecy, wealth, decree, lineage, gold, walls, and political force. From the cliff, it has lost its grandeur. It has become visible as something smaller, flatter, and already behind him.

The old stones remain. This is important because stone has carried the whole volume: crown, wall, weight, witness, altar, and now cliff. The court has failed, timber has been refused, but stone persists.

“There is no crown, there is no wealth” completes the emptying of Kea’s public identity. Nothing of the old status is left to shelter him. He stands not as ruler, prince, or king-bishop, but as the stripped and tattered figure who must now leave by impossible means.

The “pulse from the cliff” turns the land itself into a living witness. This is the final heartbeat of the first volume’s land-world. The next track will belong to motion, water, and departure.

The chorus is transitional: “the light is failing” and “the end is beginning.” The ending of Volume I has already started, but it has not yet become the crossing of Volume II. This is the twilight point between them.

“Naked from the timber” keeps the vow alive. Even here, at the cliff-edge, Kea is still defined by refusal. He cannot depart by wood. The altar must carry him because no other road remains open.

The iron bough returns one more time as the image of the old world hardened beyond use. A bough should be living wood, but here it is iron. It cannot be boat, staff, branch, or bridge. The world of timber remains closed.

“Kea sees the fire in the fire” echoes the visionary recognition of **An Altar**. The cliff is not merely physical. It is a place of doubled sight, where outer landscape and inner transformation meet.

The repeated caves and dark words keep the track from becoming simply airy or pastoral. The cliff gives height, but the darkness below remains. The next motion is not into safety. It is into sea, hunger, storm, and the leaden mirror.

Listener's gloss

Track 9 is the breath before the plunge.

It should feel suspended: high above the water, after the discovery of the altar, before the departure itself. The story has slowed down so that Kea can look once more at what is ending.

That last view matters.

Without it, the departure would be merely mechanical: find altar, enter sea. But **Yn-ugh an Als** gives emotional depth to the leaving. Kea is not simply moving to the next plot event. He is standing at the height from which the old life can finally be seen as old.

The court has become plain.

The crown and wealth are gone.

The stones remain.

The wind is vast.

The light fails.

This is the point where the first volume becomes fully irreversible. Kea has already lost the crown, but now he loses the landward possibility of return. The cliff is not only a place to stand. It is the last edge of the life behind him.

After this, the stone must move.

After this, the sea must take him.

For one track, though, he stands above the cliff with the wind in his face, hearing the land pulse beneath him.

The old world is below.

The altar is waiting.

And the water is very near.

Volume I

Track 10

An Porth

The Departure



Track 10 is the moment stone becomes passage.

Everything in Volume I has been moving towards this point: the crown, the whisper, the decree or renunciation, the stripping, the tonsure, the hard word, the march to the sands, the discovery of the altar, and the last height above the cliff.

Now the altar meets the water.

The title **An Porth** can be heard as **The Departure**, but also as a gateway, threshold, or harbouring place. That double sense matters. Kea is leaving, but he is also entering. The first volume does not

end with closure. It ends with a gate opening into ordeal.

The stone altar should sink.

It does not.

That is the miracle at the centre of the departure. Kea has refused timber, and the world has answered not by relaxing the vow, but by making stone serve where timber cannot. The altar floats, not because it has ceased to be heavy, but because the story has crossed into a different order of reality.

The first volume ends, then, in impossible motion.

Kea is no longer a king-bishop of Gwent, nor a northern prince, nor a figure held by crown, court, household, or political identity. He is a passenger of stone, leaving land behind.

The crown has fallen.

The shore has been reached.

The sea has accepted the altar.

Key images

The gateway — departure as threshold rather than simple escape.

The braving stone — stone confronting the tide.

The foul flood — the sea as danger, not comfort.

The floating altar — the impossible answer to the hard word.

No timber — the vow fulfilled rather than avoided.

The stone speaking Truth — matter itself bearing witness.

The weight above the sea — heaviness transformed into passage.

The gateway denying death — the crossing as perilous survival.

The low earth — the land Kea rises from and leaves behind.

The failing end — Volume I closing into the uncertainty of Volume II.

Selected lines

*Yn an Porth, an men ow-vrayvi
Kea a-ugh an hager-ly
An Altar veyn ow-neelya splan
Dhyworth an isel dhe'n tan.*

*Nyns eus prenn, nyns eus gow a-weder
Saw poos an veyn hag an hager-der
Ni a-wel an pols an Porth ow-sevel
Yn-dan an "Rew" hag yn-dan an gwayvel.*

*An Porth — an men ow-leverel "Gwir"
An Porth — an poos a-ugh an mor
Ni a-vydh noeth dhyworth an prenn
Yn-misk an veyn ha'n hager-lenn.*

*An skorren yw horn, an men yw splan
Kea ow-powes dhyworth an tan
An Porth ow-deny, an poos yw town
Kea a-sev dhyworth an isel brown.*

*An meyn ow-leverel geryow tewl
An gwyns a-ughon yw pur skwell
Ni a-glew an pols an Porth ow-talla
Yn-misk an nos ha'n diwedh ow-falla.*

Close rendering

In the Gateway, the stone is braving the tide.
Kea is above the foul flood.
The stone altar floats brightly
from the low place to the fire.

There is no timber, no lie of glass,
only the weight of stones and foulness.
We see the pulse of the Gateway rising
beneath the "Frost" and beneath the swaying.

The Gateway — the stone speaking "Truth".
The Gateway — the weight above the sea.
We shall be naked from the timber,

among the stones and the foul veil.
The bough is iron; the stone is bright.
Kea rests away from the fire.
The Gateway denies death; the weight is deep.
Kea stands from the low earth.
The stones speak dark words.
The wind above is very wretched.
We hear the pulse of the Gateway beginning
among the night and the failing end.

Meaning of the selected lines

The opening phrase places the track at the threshold. **An Porth** is not merely a location. It is the point where the whole first volume changes state. Land gives way to water. Stone gives way to motion. Loss gives way to ordeal.

The stone “braving” the tide is important because the miracle is not passive. The altar does not drift sweetly into a calm symbolic sea. It confronts the water. It meets resistance. It takes on danger.

Kea being above the foul flood gives him a strange position. He is not yet swallowed by the sea, but he is no longer securely on land. He is held above danger by the very object that should have failed him. This is rescue, but precarious rescue.

The floating altar is the fulfilment of the hard word. The vow against timber has not been bypassed. It has been honoured. No wooden boat appears. No ordinary vessel rescues him. The stone itself becomes the answer.

The line “There is no timber” returns one final time in Volume I as confirmation. Kea has remained inside the difficult terms of his vow. That gives the miracle its force. If timber had been allowed, the stone boat would be decorative. Because timber is forbidden, the floating altar becomes necessary.

“No lie of glass” again keeps the miracle from becoming illusion. This is not a reflection, shimmer, or trick of surface. The altar is heavy, material, old, and real within the logic of the song.

The “pulse of the Gateway rising” gives the departure a bodily rhythm. The threshold itself seems alive. This is not simply Kea moving through a gate. The gate is moving with him.

The chorus names the stone as speaking “Truth”. In the court, truth was corrupted, silenced, or made unstable. At the shore, stone speaks more faithfully than human authority. The altar bears Kea because the court could not.

“The weight above the sea” is the central paradox. The whole first volume has associated weight with burden: crown, stone, status, shame, word, vow. Now weight remains, but it no longer only presses downward. It is held above the water. Burden has become passage.

The repeated nakedness from timber shows that Kea remains exposed even inside the miracle. The altar does not restore comfort. It carries him into further stripping. Volume II will not be easy rescue, but hunger, storm, hallucination, and the leaden mirror.

“The Gateway denies death” is one of the great phrases of the track. The floating stone is not

merely transport; it is refusal. What should have killed him does not. What should have sunk carries him. The departure is therefore both miracle and defiance.

Kea standing from the low earth completes the downward motion of Volume I. He has come from crown and court to the low shore. From there, he rises only because the altar rises with him.

The final lines make the ending unstable. The Gateway is beginning, but the end is failing. Volume I ends, but not peacefully. The end fails because it does not finish the story. It opens into the sea.

Listener's gloss

Track 10 is the first album's release into impossibility.

For nine tracks, Kea has been moved downward: from authority to exposure, from exposure to vow, from vow to shore. **An Porth** is the point where that downward movement becomes outward motion.

The miracle should feel earned.

The floating altar is not random. It comes because the hard word made ordinary travel impossible. It comes because timber has been refused. It comes because stone has been present all along: crown, wall, burden, witness, altar, cliff.

By the end of the volume, stone has changed meaning completely.

It began as weight above Kea.

It ends as weight beneath him.

That is the transformation.

The departure is triumphant only in a strange and severe way. Kea has not escaped suffering. He is being carried towards a harsher middle passage: hunger, sea, grey water, ancestral voices, doubt, and the leaden mirror. The altar saves him from land, but delivers him to ordeal.

That is why the track should not close the story too neatly.

It closes Volume I.

It opens Volume II.

The court is gone.

The crown is gone.

The timber is refused.

The altar floats.

And Kea passes through the gateway, above the sea.

Volume II

The Leaden Mirror

An Mirour Plom



Volume II is the crossing.

If Volume I is about the fall from power, Volume II is about the ordeal between worlds. Kea has left the land behind, but he has not yet reached Cornwall. He is carried across the Celtic Sea on the impossible stone vessel: altar, boat, burden, miracle, and prison all at once.

The title **The Leaden Mirror** gives the volume its atmosphere.

The sea is not bright, romantic, or liberating. It is heavy, grey, reflective, and oppressive. It mirrors Kea back to himself, but without comfort. The water becomes a surface of exposure, where memory, hunger, doubt, ancestral voices, hallucination, and vision rise and fall like weather.

The stone boat is the central paradox.

It saves him from the shore, but it does not spare him from suffering. It carries him, but it also traps him. It moves, but its movement feels slow, relentless, and inward. Kea is no longer in the court, no longer before the tyrant, no longer standing at the cliff. But neither is he settled, safe, or complete.

He is between.

That is the state of Volume II.

Between land and land.

Between identity and identity.

Between loss and arrival.

Between vow and fulfilment.

Between death and the next life.

The imagery of this volume is therefore suspended and elemental: stone, wave, wind, veil, hunger, thirst, mirror, lead, dream, ancestral spray, and the first sight of Cornwall.

The first volume took away Kea's crown.

The second takes away certainty.

At sea, there is no court to answer him, no timber to carry him, no household to recognise him, and no firm ground beneath his feet. There is only the stone, the water, the sky, and the mind under pressure.

Volume II should therefore feel slower and more inward than Volume I. It is less political, less ritualised, and less public. Its drama is exposure: the stripped man alone with sea, memory, body, and God.

The crossing changes Kea because it leaves him with almost nothing to perform.

No crown.

No court.

No audience.

No ordinary vessel.

No bread.

No water.

Only endurance.

By the end of the volume, Cornwall appears. But the sight of land is not simple victory. It is relief after depletion. Kea reaches the shore not as a returning prince, but as one who has passed through the grey mirror and survived.

The Shape of Volume II

Track 1, **An Men-skath**, establishes the stone boat itself: slow, impossible, and relentless. The altar that departed at the end of Volume I has become the vessel of ordeal.

Track 2, **Kevlow an Gwyns**, gives the crossing its violence. The wind grips the stone and turns passage into struggle.

Track 3, **An Mirour Plom**, names the volume's central condition: the sea as a leaden mirror, flat and oppressive, reflecting Kea back to himself.

Track 4, **Gowyow an Mor**, brings the lies of the sea. Perception begins to distort. The water speaks falsely, or seems to.

Track 5, **Spyrysow an Tasow**, raises ancestral voices from the spray. Kea is not only alone with nature, but with memory and judgement.

Track 6, **Heb Vara, Heb Dowr**, strips the ordeal down to bodily deprivation: without bread, without water.

Track 7, **An Goel Tawl**, enters the dark veil. Doubt becomes almost total.

Track 8, **Henryra**, brings the dream-cross: a surreal vision of path, sign, and passage beneath the waves.

Track 9, **Gwels an Kernow**, gives the first sight of Cornwall. The crossing begins to turn towards arrival.

Track 10, **An Impak**, ends the voyage with the great thud of stone striking sand. The sea-world releases Kea into the soil-world of Volume III.

Volume II begins with impossible flotation.

It ends with impact.

Between them lies the grey ordeal of the mirror.

Volume II

Track 1

An Men-skath

The Stone-Boat



Track 1 begins with impossibility already in motion.

At the end of Volume I, the altar entered the water. Stone refused to sink. Kea passed through the gateway and left the land-world behind. **An Men-skath** begins after that threshold has been crossed.

The stone is floating.

That is the whole miracle, and the whole problem.

The altar carries Kea, but it does not comfort him. It is not a wooden boat, not a crafted vessel, not a familiar thing made for crossing. It is stone: old, heavy, sacred, and wrong for the sea. Its floating does not make the world easier. It makes the world stranger.

This track establishes the emotional state of Volume II. Kea is no longer walking towards departure. He is inside it. Land has fallen away. Timber has been refused. The court is gone. The crown is gone. There is now only the stone, the sea, the wind, and the lonely body carried between worlds.

The stone-boat is therefore both rescue and ordeal.

It obeys the miracle.

It also traps him inside it.

Key images

The floating stone — the central impossibility of the voyage.

The old altar — sacred weight transformed into vessel.

Kea alone — solitude after departure, with no court or land around him.

The failing wind — motion without comfort or clear direction.

No timber, no sail — the vow still shaping the crossing.

The foul sea — the sea as danger, resistance, and wilderness.

The bright stone-boat — miracle as visible strangeness.

The veil above the water — uncertain boundary between body, vision, and spirit.

The low earth receding — land becoming memory.

The pulse of the old stone-boat — the vessel as almost living presence.

Selected lines

*Yn-misk an mor, an men ow-neelya
Kea yw unnik, an gwyns ow-feelya
An Men-skath poos, an Altar koth
Ow-vrayvi an hager-vor hag an voth.*

*Nyns eus prenn, nyns eus lenn a-ughon
Saw poos an veyn hag an hager-don
Ni a-wel an pols an Men-skath splan
Dhyworth an ebron dhe'n isel tan.*

*An Men-skath — ow-neelya a-ugh an lenn
An Men-skath — poos hag ereer an men
Ni a-vydh noeth dhyworth an prenn
Yn-misk an mor ha'n hager-lenn.*

*An skorren yw horn, an men yw splan
Kea a-sev dhyworth an tan
An Men-skath koth, an poos yw town
Ow-drifya dhyworth an isel brown.*

*An meyn ow-leverel geryow tewl
An gwyns a-ughon yw pur skwell
Ni a-glew an pols an Men-skath koth
Yn-misk an nos ha'n hager-voth.*

Close rendering

Amidst the sea, the stone is floating.
Kea is alone; the wind is failing.
The heavy Stone-Boat, the old Altar,
braving the foul sea and the will.

There is no timber, there is no sail above,
only the weight of the stones and the foul wave.
We see the pulse of the bright Stone-Boat
from the sky to the low fire.

The Stone-Boat — floating above the veil.
The Stone-Boat — heavy and cold, the stone.
We shall be naked from the timber,
among the sea and the foul veil.

The bough is iron; the stone is bright.
Kea stands away from the fire.
The old Stone-Boat, the weight is deep,
drifting from the low earth.

The stones speak dark words.
The wind above is very wretched.

We hear the pulse of the old Stone-Boat
among the night and the foul will.

Meaning of the selected lines

The opening line gives the listener no gradual approach. The sea has already taken over. The stone is already floating. Volume II begins inside the miracle rather than before it.

That matters because this volume is not about reaching the impossible vessel. It is about enduring what the impossible vessel brings.

Kea's loneliness is immediate. On land, he could be opposed, stripped, watched, judged, or accompanied by ritual. At sea, all that has fallen away. He is alone with the stone and the weather.

The failing wind makes the scene uneasy. Wind usually suggests movement and direction, but here it feels depleted. The crossing has begun, yet there is no confidence in it. Motion exists without assurance.

The phrase "heavy Stone-Boat" preserves the paradox. The miracle has not made stone light. The altar remains heavy, old, and wrong for the water. Its weight is precisely what makes its floating uncanny.

Calling it "the old Altar" keeps the sacred origin of the object alive. It has become a boat, but not only a boat. It carries worship, offering, burden, and holiness into the sea. Kea is travelling on a transformed sacred object, not a convenient craft.

"There is no timber, there is no sail above" confirms that the hard word still governs the story. The vow has not ended with departure. It continues at sea. Kea remains without the ordinary equipment of crossing.

The weight of stones and the foul wave make the track feel bodily and material. The crossing is not vague mysticism. It is weight on water, stone against wave, body against weather.

The "pulse of the bright Stone-Boat" suggests that the vessel is not inert. Like the altar in Volume I, the stone now has rhythm. It is almost alive, or at least charged with purpose. The voyage has a heartbeat.

The chorus's image of floating above the veil gives the track its suspended quality. The veil may be sea-mist, spiritual uncertainty, or the boundary between the visible and invisible. Kea is carried above it, but not free from it.

"Heavy and cold, the stone" prevents the miracle from becoming sentimental. The stone-boat saves him, but it is cold beneath him. It is hard support, not comfort.

"Naked from the timber" is one of the strongest links between the volumes. Kea remains exposed by his vow. Without timber, he has no sail, plank, mast, oar, or ordinary human craft. The miracle carries him, but the exposure remains.

The old Stone-Boat drifting from the low earth marks the beginning of true separation. The shore is no longer a threshold directly underfoot. The low earth is receding. Kea's former world is becoming distance.

The final lines return to dark speech, wretched wind, and foul will. The voyage is holy, but it is not safe. The stone speaks, but not in easy comfort. Volume II has begun its work of stripping certainty from the stripped man.

Listener's gloss

Track 1 is the first long moment after the miracle.

That makes it very different from **An Porth**. The previous track was the gateway opening. **An Men-skath** is what happens after the gate has opened and there is no going back.

The stone floats.

But now Kea has to live with that.

The track should feel hypnotic, grey, and relentless. Nothing in it should feel like a conventional voyage song. There is no mast, no sail, no crew, no harbour song, no bright line of destination. There is only the wrongness of stone on water and the strange mercy that keeps it from sinking.

That wrongness is the heart of the track.

The miracle does not cancel the ordeal.

It begins it.

Kea has left land, but has not yet reached Cornwall. He has been saved from the shore, but delivered to the sea. He is carried, but also exposed. He is no longer defined by crown, court, or household. He is defined by stone, water, vow, and endurance.

The first volume ended with stone becoming passage.

The second begins with stone becoming world.

And Kea, alone upon the old altar, drifts into the leaden mirror.

Volume II

Track 2

Kevlow an Gwyns

Echoes of the Wind



Track 2 is the crossing beginning to speak back.

In **An Men-skath**, Kea was alone upon the stone-boat: no timber, no sail, no court, no shore, only the impossible altar moving across the sea. **Kevlow an Gwyns** brings the first great disturbance of that solitude. The wind rises, and with it come echoes.

The title means **Echoes of the Wind**, but these are not harmless sounds.

They are fragments of what Kea has left behind: court, cave, command, memory, shame, vow, and fear. The wind does not

merely blow around him. It carries voices. It turns old places into sound. It makes the sea-crossing psychologically unstable.

This is the first point in Volume II where the voyage becomes haunted.

The stone-boat is still carrying him, but the world around it is no longer silent. The air fills with broken speech. Kea hears voices in the view, as though the landscape he has left has followed him into the weather.

The wind therefore becomes both storm and memory.

It grips the stone.

It unsettles the mind.

It turns the crossing from miracle into ordeal.

Key images

The speaking wind — weather becoming voice.

The turning echoes — memory circling back rather than disappearing.

Voices in the view — perception beginning to blur sound, sight, and memory.

The court behind him — the old world returning as echo.

The foul cave — hidden fear and inward darkness carried into the crossing.

The bright echoes — fragments of truth within disorientation.

Naked from timber — the vow still stripping Kea at sea.

The iron bough — the old land-world remaining as mental weight.

The old echoes — memory becoming ancient almost immediately.

The night and foul will — the sea as psychological pressure.

Selected lines

*An gwyns a-gews, an keflow ow-drayl
Kea a-glew an levyow yn an gwayl
Dhyworth an lys, dhyworth an hager-vow
Yn-misk an nos ha'n hager-vow.*

*An gwaylow ow-leverel geryow tewl
An gwyns a-ughon yw muer ha skwell
Ni a-wel an pols an keflow splan
Yn-dan an "Rew" ha'n isel tan.*

*Keflow an Gwyns — an levyow ow-falla
Keflow an Gwyns — an diwedh ow-talla
Ni a-vydh noeth dhyworth an prenn
Yn-misk an mor ha'n hager-lenn.*

*An skorren yw horn, an veyn yw koth
Kea a-sev dhyworth an hager-voth
An keflow tewl, an poos yw town
Ow-draylya dhyworth an isel brown.*

*An meyn ow-leverel geryow tewl
An gwyns a-ughon yw pur skwell
Ni a-glew an pols an keflow koth
Yn-misk an nos ha'n hager-voth.*

Close rendering

The wind speaks; the echoes are turning.

Kea hears the voices in the view,
from the court, from the foul cave,
among the night and the foul cave.

The shadows speak dark words.
The wind above is great and wretched.
We see the pulse of the bright echoes
beneath the "Frost" and the low fire.

Echoes of the Wind — the voices are failing.
Echoes of the Wind — the end is beginning.

We shall be naked from the timber,
among the sea and the foul veil.

The bough is iron; the stones are old.
Kea stands away from the foul will.
The dark echoes, the weight is deep,

turning from the low earth.

The stones speak dark words.
The wind above is very wretched.
We hear the pulse of the old echoes
among the night and the foul will.

Meaning of the selected lines

The first line gives the wind agency. It does not merely move; it speaks. That matters because Volume II is the point where the natural world becomes psychologically active. Sea and wind do not simply surround Kea. They press into him.

The echoes turning suggest that the past has not stayed behind. Kea has left land physically, but not inwardly. The court, the stripping, the vow, and the old fear return as sound.

“Kea hears the voices in the view” is a deliberately unstable image. Hearing belongs to sound; view belongs to sight. The line merges the senses, suggesting that the crossing has already begun to disturb ordinary perception.

The court returns as echo, not as place. That is important. Kea cannot go back to it, but it can still speak inside him. The old world has lost its physical hold and gained a haunting one.

The foul cave may be read as the inward darkness carried from the land into the sea. It belongs partly to the places Kea has left, partly to the mind under pressure, and partly to the coming hallucinations of the sea-volume.

The shadows speaking dark words deepen the haunting. In Volume I, stones and walls spoke. Now shadows and wind speak. Authority has dissolved into fragments of sound.

The “bright echoes” complicate the track. Not every echo is false. Some fragments may carry truth. Some may be memory. Some may be accusation. Some may be guidance. The problem is that Kea cannot yet separate them.

The chorus shows that the voices are failing and the end is beginning. This is not the end of the voyage, but the end of stable memory. Kea’s former world is breaking into echoes rather than coherent narrative.

“Naked from the timber” remains crucial. Even here, amid wind and voices, the vow is still stripping him. He has no wooden structure to hold against the storm: no mast, no deck, no oar, no ordinary human craft. The stone-boat leaves him exposed.

The iron bough returns as an image of the old world still lodged in the mind. Even in the middle of the sea, the hardened branch of former life remains a mental anchor.

The dark echoes carrying deep weight show that the wind is not a passing effect. It is bringing burden. Sound itself has mass in this track.

The final lines make the echoes old almost before they have finished sounding. This is how exile works in the song: the past becomes ancient as soon as it can no longer be touched.

Listener's gloss

Track 2 is where the sea starts to haunt Kea.

The first track established the impossible fact of the stone-boat. This track asks what it feels like to be alone on that vessel while the wind begins repeating pieces of the life behind you.

The answer is: not peaceful.

The echoes do not comfort him. They turn, fracture, fail, and return. They make the voyage feel less like travel and more like exposure to everything unresolved.

That is why the track is important before the later hallucination songs. **Kevlow an Gwyns** is not yet the full deceit of the sea, nor the ancestral mockery, nor the dark veil. It is the first loosening of reality. The first place where weather and memory begin speaking in the same voice.

Kea is still carried by stone.

But now the air is full of remnants.

The court is gone, yet speaking.

The cave is gone, yet present.

The wind is not only wind.

And the crossing has begun to echo.

Volume II

Track 3

An Mirower Plom

The Leaden Mirror



Track 3 is the stillness after disturbance.

In **An Men-skath**, Kea was carried by the impossible stone-boat. In **Kevlow an Gwyns**, the wind rose and filled the crossing with echoes. Now the sea changes again. The wind falls silent. Motion becomes difficult to feel. The water turns flat, grey, and heavy.

This is the leaden mirror.

The title gives the whole second volume its central image. The sea is not simply water beneath the stone-boat. It is a surface of reflection, pressure, and suspended judgement. It shows Kea back

to himself, but without warmth, movement, or mercy.

The mirror is leaden because it is heavy.

It reflects, but it does not shine.

It holds, but it does not comfort.

It seems still, but its stillness is oppressive rather than peaceful.

This track should feel almost motionless. After the wind and echoes of the previous movement, the silence is not relief. It is a different kind of ordeal. Kea is no longer being battered by weather. He is being held inside grey reflection, with no crown, no sail, no timber, and no certain horizon.

The sea has become a mirror.

And the mirror is made of lead.

Key images

The leaden sea — water as weight, silence, and oppressive reflection.

The silent wind — the loss of motion, voice, and outward direction.

The resting shadows — memory and fear no longer moving, but still present.

The Leaden Mirror — the sea as surface of inward confrontation.

No crown, no sail — stripped identity and no ordinary means of passage.

The bright mirror — reflection that reveals without comforting.

The low fire — faint inward life beneath grey pressure.

The old stone — endurance beneath exhaustion.

The dark mirror — reflection becoming threat.

The old mirror's pulse — stillness that is not dead, but deeply watchful.

Selected lines

*An mor yw plom, an gwyns yw taw
Kea a-wel an gwaylow ow-pow
An Mirower Plom, an poos yw town
Dhyworth an ebron dhe'n isel brown.*

*Nyns eus gurun, nyns eus lenn a-ughon
Saw poos an veyn hag an hager-don
Ni a-wel an pols yn an mirower splan
Yn-dan an "Rew" ha'n isel tan.*

*An Mirower Plom — ow-vrayvi an "Gwir"
An Mirower Plom — yn an isel tir
Ni a-vydh noeth dhyworth an prenn
Yn-misk an mor ha'n hager-lenn.*

*An skorren yw horn, an men yw koth
Kea ow-powes dhyworth an voth
An Mirower tewl, an poos yw town
Ow-drifya dhyworth an isel brown.*

*An meyn ow-leverel geryow tewl
An gwyns a-ughon yw pur skwell
Ni a-glew an pols yn an mirower koth
Yn-misk an nos ha'n hager-voth.*

Close rendering

The sea is lead; the wind is silent.
Kea sees the shadows resting.
The Leaden Mirror, the weight is deep,
from the sky to the low earth.

There is no crown, there is no sail above,
only the weight of the stones and the foul wave.
We see the pulse in the bright mirror
beneath the "Frost" and the low fire.

The Leaden Mirror — braving the "Truth".
The Leaden Mirror — in the low land.
We shall be naked from the timber,
among the sea and the foul veil.

The bough is iron; the stone is old.
Kea rests away from the will.
The dark Mirror, the weight is deep,

drifting from the low earth.

The stones speak dark words.
The wind above is very wretched.
We hear the pulse in the old mirror
among the night and the foul will.

Meaning of the selected lines

The opening line is deliberately heavy. “The sea is lead” turns water into metal, movement into mass, and crossing into oppression. The sea is no longer only something Kea travels over. It has become a substance pressing upon the whole scene.

The silent wind matters because the previous track was full of echoes. There, the wind spoke. Here, it stops speaking. But silence is not peace. It is sensory deprivation, a sudden absence that leaves Kea alone with the mirror of the sea.

Kea seeing the shadows resting suggests that memory has not disappeared. It has simply stopped moving. The past is no longer rushing around him as echo; it is lying still on the surface, waiting to be seen.

The Leaden Mirror itself is the central image of the volume. A mirror normally promises clarity, but this one is grey, heavy, and cold. It reflects Kea’s condition without offering interpretation. He sees, but he is not comforted by seeing.

The movement “from the sky to the low earth” stretches the mirror vertically. It is not just a flat surface under the boat. It seems to connect sky, sea, stone, and the low world beneath him. Kea is caught inside that scale.

“There is no crown, there is no sail above” joins two forms of loss. The crown belongs to identity and authority. The sail belongs to motion and practical travel. Kea has neither. He is stripped of public self and stripped of ordinary means.

The weight of stones and foul wave keeps the miracle material. The stone-boat is still heavy. The sea is still foul. Nothing in this track allows the listener to forget the physical impossibility of Kea’s passage.

The bright mirror is paradoxical. The mirror is leaden, but it still shines enough to show something. Its brightness is not warmth; it is exposure. It reveals the stripped man to himself.

The “Frost” and low fire form another tension. Frost suggests coldness, paralysis, and spiritual winter. Low fire suggests the faint remaining life or inward force that has not been extinguished. Kea is held between them.

The chorus says the mirror is “braving the Truth”. This can be read two ways. The mirror confronts truth by reflecting it; Kea confronts truth by enduring the reflection. Either way, the track is about exposure without movement.

“Naked from the timber” continues to bind Volume II to the hard word of Volume I. Kea’s refusal of wood is still active. He has no ordinary vessel to soften the ordeal. He remains exposed on stone.

The dark mirror of the second verse deepens the first image. What began as a bright mirror becomes

dark. Reflection is turning from revelation into threat. Kea is not merely seeing himself; he is being held by what he sees.

The old mirror's pulse gives the stillness a hidden life. The surface may look flat, but it is not empty. Something continues beneath it: stone, water, vow, memory, and the slow pressure of transformation.

Listener's gloss

Track 3 is the heart of the sea-volume's atmosphere.

It is not the stormiest track. It is not the most dramatic in outward action. But it gives Volume II its deepest colour: grey, suspended, reflective, and heavy.

The danger here is stillness.

After the echoes of the wind, the silence feels almost worse. There is nothing for Kea to fight directly. No decree, no court, no tyrant, no visible enemy, no clear storm to push against. There is only the mirror: flat, leaden, and unavoidable.

This is why the track should feel hypnotic rather than eventful. It is the sound of being trapped in a condition. The stone-boat moves, perhaps, but the listener should feel as though it is barely moving at all.

Kea has been stripped of crown.

He has been stripped of timber.

Now he is stripped of distraction.

The sea shows him the shape of his own unmaking.

It does not explain it.

It does not soften it.

It simply reflects.

The Leaden Mirror is therefore not a pause in the ordeal. It is the ordeal in its most inward form: the stripped man, the old stone, the silent wind, and the heavy water showing everything back to him in grey.

Volume II

Track 4

Gowyow an Mor

Lies of the Sea



Track 4 is where the sea begins to deceive.

In **An Mirower Plom**, the sea became a leaden mirror: still, grey, oppressive, and reflective. That mirror showed Kea back to himself without comfort. But **Gowyow an Mor** changes the nature of the ordeal. The sea no longer merely reflects. It starts to speak falsely.

The title means **Lies of the Sea**.

These lies are not simple spoken falsehoods. They are visions, distorted perceptions, false fires, impossible promises, and voices that challenge Kea's ability to trust what he sees or hears. The

crossing has moved from deprivation of motion into corruption of perception.

This is the first full hallucination track of the sea volume.

Kea is still upon the stone-boat. The vow still holds. There is still no timber, no sail, no ordinary vessel, no safe human structure. But now the sea itself seems to offer alternatives: lights that may not be lights, voices that may not be voices, truth mixed with deception, and apparent signs that cannot be trusted.

The danger is no longer only outside him.

It has entered the act of seeing.

Key images

The sea speaking lies — nature becoming deceptive voice.

Dark lies — falsehood as atmosphere, not merely statement.

The foul wind — weather as distortion and misery.

Fire in the sea — impossible vision, lure, or hallucination.

The foul moon — celestial witness distorted by the water.

No timber, no sail — continued exposure to the vow.

Bright lies — the seductive power of false vision.

The old lies — deception older than the present moment.

The iron bough — the old hard world still present as remembered pressure.

The pulse of lies — falsehood becoming rhythmic, bodily, and almost alive.

Selected lines

*An mor ow-leverel gowyow tewl
An gwyns yw muer avel hager-skwell
Kea a-wel an tan yn an mor
Dhyworth an ebron dhe'n hager-loer.*

*Nyns eus prenn, nyns eus lenn a-ughon
Saw gowyow an veyn hag an hager-don
Ni a-wel an pols an gowyow splan
Yn-dan an "Rew" ha'n isel tan.*

*Gowyow an Mor — an levyow ow-vrayvi
Gowyow an Mor — yn-dan an hager-ly
Ni a-vydh noeth dhyworth an prenn
Yn-misk an mor ha'n hager-lenn.*

*An skorren yw horn, an men yw splan
Kea a-glew an tan yn an tan
Gowyow an Mor, an poos yw town
Ow-draylya dhyworth an isel brown.*

*An meyn ow-leverel geryow tewl
An gwyns a-ughon yw pur skwell
Ni a-glew an pols an gowyow koth
Yn-misk an nos ha'n hager-voth.*

Close rendering

The sea speaks dark lies.
The wind is great, like foul misery.
Kea sees fire in the sea,
from the sky to the foul moon.

There is no timber, there is no sail above,
only the lies of the stones and the foul wave.
We see the pulse of the bright lies
beneath the "Frost" and the low fire.

Lies of the Sea — the voices are braving.
Lies of the Sea — beneath the foul flood.
We shall be naked from the timber,
among the sea and the foul veil.

The bough is iron; the stone is bright.
Kea hears the fire in the fire.
Lies of the Sea, the weight is deep,
turning from the low earth.

The stones speak dark words.
The wind above is very wretched.

We hear the pulse of the old lies
among the night and the foul will.

Meaning of the selected lines

The opening gives the sea a voice, but not a trustworthy one. Earlier in the trilogy, courts, stones, wind, and mirrors have all spoken in different ways. Here the sea speaks, and its speech is explicitly false.

That changes the nature of the crossing. Kea is no longer simply enduring silence, reflection, or storm. He must now resist interpretation itself. The problem is not that nothing is visible. The problem is that what becomes visible may be false.

The wind being “like foul misery” makes the environment emotionally active. The sea does not merely surround Kea; it creates a mood of suspicion, discomfort, and disorientation. The crossing begins to feel hostile in a subtler way than open storm.

The image of fire in the sea is central. Fire should not belong there. It may be a reflected light, a hallucination, a lure, or a sign twisted into deception. Its impossibility is the point. Kea sees something that demands interpretation but refuses certainty.

The “foul moon” continues this distortion. The moon should guide, mark time, or offer pale order over the night sea. Here it is corrupted by the sea’s false speaking. Even the sky’s witness is made suspect.

The repeated absence of timber and sail keeps the vow at the heart of the ordeal. Kea has no practical structure with which to resist the sea’s lies. He is not only physically exposed; he is perceptually exposed.

The “lies of the stones” is a troubling phrase because stone has often been the more truthful material in the trilogy. Stone bore witness where courts failed. Stone became altar and vessel. But now, in the sea’s false atmosphere, even stone seems implicated. The crossing is strong enough to make Kea doubt the very material that carries him.

The “bright lies” are more dangerous than dark ones. A dark lie may be recognised as threatening. A bright lie may look like hope, revelation, or rescue. The track understands that deception often works by imitating light.

The voices “braving” beneath the foul flood suggest challenge. The sea’s lies do not simply murmur in the distance. They confront Kea. They test the stripped man by offering meanings that may not be true.

“Kea hears the fire in the fire” takes the earlier vision and makes it inwardly doubled. The hallucination is no longer only visual. It becomes sound, echo, and perception folded back on itself. Fire becomes something seen and heard, both outer and inner.

The old lies at the end of the track matter because the sea’s deception is not treated as a passing trick. These lies feel ancient. They may belong to all crossings, all exiles, all ordeals where the mind under pressure begins to invent answers before the true one has arrived.

Listener's gloss

Track 4 is where Volume II becomes dangerous in a new way.

Storm can be endured.

Silence can be endured.

But lies are harder, because they ask to be believed.

That is why **Gowyow an Mor** should feel unsettled, crooked, and suspicious. The sea has become theatrical. It offers lights, voices, signs, and apparent meanings. But none of them can be trusted. The stone-boat still floats, but even the miracle begins to feel unstable beneath Kea.

This is the first point where the listener should wonder what is real within the crossing.

Is the fire a sign?

Is it a lure?

Is the sea speaking?

Is Kea hearing memory, temptation, madness, or truth distorted by exhaustion?

The track does not need to answer cleanly. Its purpose is to unsettle the act of answering.

Kea has already lost crown, court, timber, sail, and firm ground.

Now he begins to lose reliable perception.

The sea speaks.

The lies are bright.

The old stone still carries him.

But beneath the foul moon, even truth has to fight its own reflection.

Volume II

Track 5

Spyrysow an Tasow

Spirits of the Fathers



Track 5 brings ancestry into the ordeal.

In **Gowyow an Mor**, the sea began to lie. It offered false fires, distorted voices, and unstable signs. In **Spyrysow an Tasow**, those voices take on a sharper and more personal form. They become the fathers: ancestral presences rising from water, spray, memory, judgement, and exhaustion.

This is not comforting inheritance.

These are not gentle guardians appearing to bless Kea's crossing. The spirits arrive as pressure. They speak from behind him, from

before him, from the old structures of lineage and expectation that he has already lost or refused. At sea, even ancestry becomes unstable.

The track therefore deepens the psychological trial of Volume II.

Kea has already been stripped of crown, court, timber, sail, and reliable perception. Now he is confronted by the memory of those who came before him. The fathers may be mocking, accusing, testing, or simply echoing the old order that no longer holds him.

The sea has turned family, history, and lineage into voices in the spray.

Kea is alone.

But he is not free from those who made him.

Key images

The fathers speaking — ancestry becoming sound, pressure, and judgement.

The spirits in the spray — memory rising from sea rather than land.

The secret of the Frost — old coldness hidden inside inheritance.

Turning shadows — ancestral memory shifting shape around Kea.

Voices from the hard sea — sound emerging from the crossing itself.

The bright spirits — apparitions that may reveal or wound.

Naked from timber — Kea still exposed by vow and miracle.

The fathers challenging the foul will — ancestry as confrontation rather than comfort.

The dark spirit — the burdened underside of memory.

The old fathers' pulse — lineage becoming rhythm inside the ordeal.

Selected lines

*Yn-misk an dowr, an Tasow ow-leverel
Kevrin an "Rew" ha'n gwaylow ow-drayl
Kea a-glew an levyow dhyworth an kals
Yn-dan an nos ha'n hager-als.*

*An "Gwir" yw marow, an Tasow yw tewl
An gwyns a-ughon yw muer ha skwell
Ni a-wel an pols an Spyrysow splan
Yn-dan an "Rew" ha'n isel tan.*

*Spyrysow an Tasow — levyow ow-falla
Spyrysow an Tasow — diwedh ow-talla
Ni a-vydh noeth dhyworth an prenn
Yn-misk an mor ha'n hager-lenn.*

*An skorren yw horn, an veyn yw koth
An Tasow ow-vrayvi an hager-voth
An Spyrys tewl, an poos yw town
Ow-draylya dhyworth an isel brown.*

*An meyn ow-leverel geryow tewl
An gwyns a-ughon yw pur skwell
Ni a-glew an pols an Tasow koth
Yn-misk an nos ha'n hager-voth.*

Close rendering

Among the water, the fathers are speaking.
The secret of the "Frost" and the shadows are turning.
Kea hears the voices from the hard sea,
beneath the night and the foul cliff.

The "Truth" is dead; the Fathers are dark.
The wind above is great and wretched.
We see the pulse of the bright Spirits
beneath the "Frost" and the low fire.

Spirits of the Fathers — voices failing.
Spirits of the Fathers — the end beginning.
We shall be naked from the timber,
among the sea and the foul veil.

The bough is iron; the stones are old.
The Fathers are challenging the foul will.
The dark Spirit, the weight is deep,
turning from the low earth.

The stones speak dark words.
The wind above is very wretched.
We hear the pulse of the old Fathers
among the night and the foul will.

Meaning of the selected lines

The opening places the fathers “among the water”, which is important. They do not appear in a hall, graveyard, chapel, court, or family house. They rise from the sea itself. Ancestry has been displaced into the crossing.

That displacement makes them uncanny. Kea is not being visited by familiar household memory. He is hearing lineage through salt, wind, exhaustion, and ordeal. The fathers arrive distorted by the same waters that have already lied to him.

The “secret of the Frost” suggests that coldness is hidden inside inherited memory. The fathers do not bring warmth. They bring a concealed winter: old judgement, old hardness, and perhaps the emotional cost of all that Kea has left behind.

The turning shadows continue the instability of Volume II. Nothing ancestral appears in settled form. The fathers are not fixed monuments. They move, turn, darken, and echo. They are presence without certainty.

Kea hearing voices from the hard sea makes the crossing itself seem ancestral. The sea has become a medium through which the past speaks. But because the sea has already lied, these voices cannot be taken simply at face value.

The phrase “The Truth is dead; the Fathers are dark” is deliberately severe. It does not mean that all truth is gone from the trilogy. It means that, inside this moment, inherited certainty has failed. The fathers do not offer simple moral clarity. They are part of the darkness Kea must endure.

The “bright Spirits” complicate this darkness. They are not merely demonic or false. Something luminous may be present in them. But the light is ambiguous. It may be revelation, memory, accusation, or hallucination. The track refuses to let the listener settle too quickly.

The chorus’s “voices failing” gives the spirits an exhausted quality. They may mock, challenge, or accuse, but even they are not whole. They belong to a broken inheritance, carried in fragments across water.

“The end beginning” links the track to the larger crossing. These ancestral voices are another layer of unmaking. The old self is not only stripped from outside. It is being questioned from behind, by the fathers whose world Kea can no longer simply continue.

“Naked from the timber” remains crucial. Kea’s exposure is still shaped by the vow. Without timber, he has no ordinary vessel, no protective structure, no familiar human craft. Even before his ancestors, he remains stripped.

The fathers “challenging the foul will” can be read in more than one way. They may challenge Kea’s own weakening will, the foul will of the sea, or the corrupted will of the world he left. That ambiguity is useful. It keeps the spirits from becoming one-dimensional mockers.

The dark spirit with deep weight gives the track its emotional gravity. The encounter is not merely a supernatural episode. It is the weight of lineage pressing on a man who is no longer able to inhabit lineage in the old way.

The pulse of the old fathers at the end makes ancestry rhythmic. It is not only memory; it is a beat beneath the crossing. Kea carries it whether he wants to or not.

Listener's gloss

Track 5 is where the sea finds Kea's bloodline.

That makes it more personal than the previous hallucination track. False fires and sea-lies are frightening, but ancestral voices cut differently. They speak from the place where identity used to begin: father, household, lineage, inheritance, duty, memory.

For Kea, those things are no longer stable.

The first volume stripped him of public authority. The second volume has stripped him of land, timber, sail, and reliable perception. Now even the fathers become part of the trial. The past does not stand safely behind him. It rises around him in the spray.

The track should feel haunted, but not simply ghostly.

It is about the burden of being made by a world one can no longer belong to.

The fathers may mock him.

They may judge him.

They may test him.

They may be fragments of memory made cruel by hunger and salt.

The listener does not need to decide too neatly. What matters is the pressure they bring. Kea is no longer simply crossing water. He is crossing through the voices that formed him.

The fathers speak.

The spirits brighten and darken.

The old lineage pulses in the storm.

And the stone-boat carries Kea onward, naked from timber, among the sea and the foul veil.

Volume II

Track 6

Heb Vara, Heb Dowr

Without Bread, Without Water



Track 6 strips the crossing down to the body.

In the previous sea tracks, Kea has endured impossible motion, wind-echoes, the leaden mirror, the lies of the sea, and the spirits of the fathers. Each of those ordeals tests perception, memory, identity, and lineage.

Heb Vara, Heb Dowr is simpler and harsher.

There is no bread.

There is no water.

The body weakens.

The voice fails.

The stone-boat still carries him, but miracle is not comfort. Kea is not fed by the fact that the altar floats. He is not refreshed by the fact that the sea obeys some stranger law. He remains a man on stone, exposed to hunger and thirst.

This track is important because it prevents the voyage from becoming purely symbolic. The crossing is not only a spiritual ordeal or visionary passage. It is bodily deprivation. The saintly figure has a mouth, throat, stomach, skin, and failing strength.

The sea has tested his mind.

Now it tests his flesh.

Key images

No bread — hunger, depletion, and loss of ordinary sustenance.

No water — thirst made cruel by the surrounding sea.

The weak body — Kea reduced to physical survival.

The dead voice — speech failing after so many tracks of word, vow, echo, and vision.

No crown, no sail — identity and passage both stripped away.

The pulse of stripping — the earlier loss returning inside the body.

Naked from timber — the vow still exposing him.

No fire — warmth, food, and shelter absent together.

The stones speaking dark words — the stone-boat as witness, not comfort.

Silence — deprivation expressed as absence.

Selected lines

*Heb vara... heb dowl... an korf yw gwann
Kea a-sev dhyworth an tan
An lev yw marow, an poos yw town
Yn-misk an mor ha'n hager-brown.*

*Nyns eus gurun... nyns eus lenn
Saw an "Rew" ow-koedha yn an men
Ni a-wel an pols an diyennow
Yn-misk an nos ha'n hager-vow.*

*Heb Vara — an powes ow-falla
Heb Vara — an diwedh ow-talla
Ni a-vydh noeth dhyworth an prenn
Yn-dan an nos ha'n hager-lenn.*

*An skorren yw horn... an veyn yw splan
Kea ow-powes... heb vara, heb tan
Dhyworth an ughel dhe'n hager-ber
Ni a-vydh keth yn an hager-ber.*

*An meyn ow-leverel geryow tewl
An gwyns a-ughon yw pur skwell
Ni a-glew an pols an diyennow
Yn-misk an nos ha'n hager-vow.*

Close rendering

Without bread... without water... the body is weak.

Kea stands away from the fire.

The voice is dead; the weight is deep,
among the sea and the foul earth-brown.

There is no crown... there is no sail,
only the "Frost" falling in the stone.

We see the pulse of the stripping
among the night and the foul cave.

Without Bread — the rest is failing.
Without Bread — the end is beginning.
We shall be naked from the timber,
beneath the night and the foul veil.

The bough is iron... the stones are bright.
Kea rests... without bread, without fire,
from the high to the foul-spit.

We shall be slaves in the foul-spit.

The stones speak dark words.
The wind above is very wretched.
We hear the pulse of the stripping
among the night and the foul cave.

Meaning of the selected lines

The first phrase is devastating because it is so plain. After the layered symbolic language of mirror, lies, spirits, frost, and fathers, the song begins with the simplest human lack: no bread, no water.

That plainness matters. The track does not need elaborate supernatural imagery to hurt. Hunger and thirst are enough.

The weak body brings Kea back into flesh. Throughout the trilogy he has been king-bishop, prince, stripped man, tonsured man, vow-speaker, passenger of stone, visionary, and haunted exile. Here he is simply a body beginning to fail.

Kea standing away from the fire suggests absence of warmth, cooking, hearth, and human shelter. Fire has appeared before as threat, vision, and inward recognition. Here its absence is practical: no heat, no food, no domestic centre.

“The voice is dead” is one of the most important lines in the track. Volume I was full of words: secret, decree, vow, hard speech. Volume II has been full of voices: wind, sea, spirits, fathers. Now Kea’s own voice fails. The ordeal has reduced speech to almost nothing.

The deep weight remains. Hunger has not made the stone lighter. Thirst has not softened the sea. Kea’s weakness exists within the same heavy world.

The phrase “among the sea and the foul earth-brown” is strange but useful. It suggests the sea beginning to mix with bodily baseness, mud-colour, sickness, and the low material condition of survival. The voyage is no longer noble distance. It is physical deterioration.

“There is no crown... there is no sail” brings together the whole arc of loss. The crown was the symbol of identity. The sail would be the symbol of practical travel. Kea has neither public self nor ordinary means.

The “Frost” falling in the stone shows that the stone-boat is not warm refuge. It carries him, but coldness enters it. Miracle and suffering remain fused.

The “pulse of the stripping” returns the first volume inside the second. Kea was stripped once in the courtly/ritual sense, but the sea continues the stripping in bodily form. Hunger and thirst are another **Diyennow**.

The chorus’s “the rest is failing” lands brutally here. Rest itself fails. There is no recovery, no meal, no drink, no pause that restores him. The end is beginning because the body cannot remain indefinitely in this condition.

“Naked from the timber” keeps the vow present even at the bodily low point. His suffering is not accidental; it belongs to the shape of the hard word. No timber means no boat, no stores, no shelter, no human architecture between him and the sea.

The second verse adds “without fire”, widening the deprivation. Bread, water, and fire: food, drink, warmth. The basic human triad is gone.

The stones speaking dark words again makes the vessel witness rather than nurse. The stone-boat does not comfort Kea. It bears him onward while his body fails.

Listener’s gloss

Track 6 is where the voyage becomes starvation.

That is its force.

The earlier sea tracks are haunted and visionary. They give the crossing mythic scale. But **Heb Vara, Heb Dowr** pulls the listener back to the most basic truth of ordeal: a human body cannot live on symbolism.

Kea is thirsty while surrounded by water.

He is hungry while carried by miracle.

He is saved and suffering at the same time.

That contradiction is the heart of the track. The stone-boat is real grace, but grace has not removed bodily cost. If anything, the miracle has carried him into a place where ordinary support is absent.

The track should feel sparse, cracked, and nearly empty. Silence belongs here. The lack of sound is part of the lack of bread and water. After the fathers’ voices, the failure of Kea’s own voice should feel stark.

The saintly journey is not escape from embodiment.

It is embodiment under pressure.

No crown.

No sail.

No bread.

No water.11 pt

No fire.

Only stone, sea, hunger, thirst, and the faint pulse of the stripping continuing beneath the night.

Volume II

Track 7

An Goel Tewl

The Dark Veil



Track 7 is the dark night of the crossing.

By this point, Kea has endured the impossible stone-boat, the echoes of the wind, the leaden mirror, the lies of the sea, the spirits of the fathers, and the stark bodily deprivation of hunger and thirst. **An Goel Tewl** comes after all that, when the ordeal has passed beyond event and entered darkness itself.

The title means **The Dark Veil**.

A veil conceals. It separates. It hangs between one state and another. But this veil is not delicate or ceremonial. It is dark, heavy, and oppressive. Kea is not merely unable to see clearly. He is enclosed inside the weight of not-seeing.

This is the point where doubt becomes almost total.

There is no crown.

There is no sail.

There is no light.

There is no fire.

The sea has stripped Kea of the last consolations of sight, warmth, direction, and voice. The stone-boat still carries him, but even that miracle is now hidden beneath darkness and exhaustion.

The crossing has become interior night.

Key images

The dark veil — concealment, separation, and spiritual blindness.

The heavy veil — darkness as pressure, not absence.

The grey end — exhaustion without resolution.

The dark Inferred — doubt sensed before it can be named.

No crown, no sail — identity and passage both emptied.

Night falling in stone — darkness entering the miracle itself.

No light, no fire — the loss of sight, warmth, and inward strength.

The old Dark Veil — doubt as ancient and waiting.

The stones speaking dark words — the vessel witnessing without explaining.

The pulse of the veil — darkness made rhythmic and almost alive.

Selected lines

*An goel yw tewl, an goel yw poos
Yn-mysk an nos, an diwedh loos
Kea yw keth yn an "Inferred" tewl
Dhyworth an ebron dhe'n hager-skwell.*

*Nyns eus gurun, nyns eus lenn
Saw an nos ow-koedha yn an men
Ni a-wel an polz an Goel Tewl splan
Yn-dan an "Rew" ha'n isel tan.*

*An Goel Tewl — an poos ow-tewell
An Goel Tewl — an gwaylow ow-sevel
Ni a-vydh noeth dhyworth an prenn
Yn-dan an nos ha'n hager-lenn.*

*An skorren yw horn, an veyn yw splan
Kea a-sev heb golow, heb tan
An Goel Tewl koth, an poos yw town
Yn-mysk an nos ha'n hager-brown.*

*An meyn ow-leverel geryow tewl
An gwyns a-ughon yw pur skwell
Ni a-glew an polz an Goel Tewl koth
Yn-mysk an nos ha'n hager-voth.*

Close rendering

The veil is dark; the veil is heavy.
Among the night, the end is grey.
Kea is a slave in the dark "Inferred",
from the sky to the foul misery.

There is no crown, there is no sail,
only the night falling in the stone.
We see the pulse of the bright Dark Veil
beneath the "Frost" and the low fire.

The Dark Veil — the weight is falling.
The Dark Veil — the shadows are rising.
We shall be naked from the timber,
beneath the night and the foul veil.

The bough is iron; the stones are bright.
Kea stands without light, without fire.
The old Dark Veil, the weight is deep,
among the night and the foul earth-brown.

The stones speak dark words.
The wind above is very wretched.
We hear the pulse of the old Dark Veil
among the night and the foul will.

Meaning of the selected lines

The first line gives the track its whole atmosphere. The veil is not simply dark; it is also heavy. Darkness has weight here. It presses down, covers, and encloses. This is not a passing shadow but a condition.

“Among the night, the end is grey” suggests exhaustion without clean conclusion. Grey has followed Kea through crown, sea, hunger, and deprivation. Here it becomes the colour of an ending that has not yet arrived.

Kea being “a slave in the dark Inferred” is one of the track’s strongest images. The “Inferred” has appeared before as the dark implication beneath events: the thing sensed but not fully named. Now Kea is no longer merely hearing or sensing it. He is trapped inside it.

The movement from sky to foul misery gives the veil cosmic scale. The darkness is not just under the boat or inside Kea’s mind. It stretches from above to below, enclosing the whole field of the crossing.

“There is no crown, there is no sail” repeats the double emptiness of the sea volume. Kea has no public identity and no ordinary means of travel. He has been stripped of who he was and how he might move.

“Night falling in the stone” is crucial because the stone-boat itself is now darkened. In earlier tracks, stone could speak truth, carry weight, and shine strangely. Here night falls into it. Even the miracle is covered.

The “bright Dark Veil” is paradoxical in the right way. There is a strange illumination inside the darkness, but it is not comfort. It is the visibility of the veil itself: Kea can see that he cannot see.

The chorus’s falling weight and rising shadows make the whole track feel like pressure from two directions. Weight descends; shadow rises. Kea is caught between them.

“Naked from the timber” again keeps the vow present. Even in spiritual darkness, the practical condition remains: no wood, no ordinary boat, no human framework between him and the sea.

“Kea stands without light, without fire” is the bodily and spiritual nadir of the track. Light would let him see. Fire would warm, feed, and centre him. Both are absent. After the previous track’s lack of bread and water, this absence completes the stripping of basic human support.

The old Dark Veil being “deep” makes doubt feel ancient. This is not only Kea’s personal despair. It is the old darkness that belongs to ordeal, exile, deprivation, and transformation.

The stones speaking dark words give no easy answer. Throughout the trilogy, stone has often been more trustworthy than human speech. But here even stone does not explain. It speaks darkly, as if truth itself has gone subterranean.

Listener's gloss

Track 7 is the bottom of the sea-volume.

Not because the journey is over, but because Kea has reached the point where almost every ordinary support has gone.

No crown.

No sail.

No bread.

No water.

No light.

No fire.

The darkness is not dramatic in a theatrical sense. It is worse than that. It is slow, enclosing, and heavy. The listener should feel that the voyage has become almost without horizon.

This is why **An Goel Tewl** matters before **Henryra**. The dream-cross cannot arrive too early. Vision has to come after darkness has done its work. Kea must first pass through the veil before any path beneath the waves can be shown.

The track is therefore bleak, but not pointless.

It is the last stage of unseeing before vision.

The old world has already failed.

The sea has lied.

The fathers have spoken.

The body has weakened.

Now even light and fire withdraw.

The dark veil falls over stone, sea, and saint.

And somewhere beneath that darkness, the next sign waits.

Volume II

Track 8

Henryra

The Dream-Cross



Track 8 is the vision after the veil.

In **An Goel Towl**, Kea reached the dark inward point of the crossing: no crown, no sail, no bread, no water, no light, no fire. The sea had become night, and the night had entered the stone itself. **Henryra** does not erase that darkness. It breaks through it.

The title may be read as **The Dream-Cross**: a visionary sign, half dream and half revelation, appearing in the middle of the sea.

This is not yet landfall.

Kea has not reached Cornwall. The stone-boat has not struck sand. The ordeal is not over. But something has changed. The darkness is no longer complete. A sign appears beneath or within the waves, giving the crossing a shape that it did not have before.

The Dream-Cross is therefore the first true turning point of Volume II.

It is not food.

It is not water.

It is not harbour.

It is not rescue from the sea.

It is vision.

After stripping, hunger, lies, fathers, and veil, Kea is given not comfort, but direction. The path beneath the waves becomes visible enough to endure.

Key images

The bright light in the sea — revelation appearing inside the place of ordeal.

The fire within fire — doubled vision, inner recognition, and spiritual ignition.

The stone Dream-Cross — sign, weight, and guidance fused together.

The low earth lit beneath the water — the path hidden below the visible surface.

No darkness — not the absence of all suffering, but the first breach in despair.

The light of Truth — vision as truthful illumination after lies and veil.

Naked from timber — the vow still binding Kea even in revelation.

The old Dream-Cross — vision rooted in something ancient, not fleeting fancy.

The speaking stones — stone again returning as witness and bearer of truth.

The pulse of Henryra — hope becoming rhythm inside the crossing.

Selected lines

*Yn-misk an mor, an golow yw splan
Kea a-wel an tan yn an tan
Henryra veyn, an poos yw town
Ow-golowy an isel brown.*

*Nyns eus tewl, nyns eus lenn a-ughon
Saw golow an "Gwir" hag an hager-don
Ni a-wel an pols an Henryra splan
Dhyworth an ebron dhe'n isel tan.*

*Henryra — an Grouz ow-leverel "Gwir"
Henryra — an poos yn an isel tir
Ni a-vydh noeth dhyworth an prenn
Yn-misk an mor ha'n hager-lenn.*

*An skorren yw horn, an men yw splan
Kea a-sev dhyworth an tan
Henryra koth, an poos yw town
Ow-golowy dhyworth an isel brown.*

*An meyn ow-leverel geryow tewl
An gwyns a-ughon yw pur skwell
Ni a-glew an pols an Henryra koth
Yn-misk an nos ha'n hager-voth.*

Close rendering

Amidst the sea, the light is bright.
Kea sees the fire in the fire.
The stone Dream-Cross, the weight is deep,
lighting the low earth beneath.

There is no darkness, there is no sail above,
only the light of the "Truth" and the foul wave.
We see the pulse of the bright Dream-Cross
from the sky to the low fire.

Henryra — the Cross speaking "Truth".
Henryra — the weight in the low land.
We shall be naked from the timber,
among the sea and the foul veil.

The bough is iron; the stones are bright.
Kea stands away from the fire.
The old Dream-Cross, the weight is deep,

lighting from the low earth.
The stones speak dark words.
The wind above is very wretched.
We hear the pulse of the old Dream-Cross
among the night and the foul will.

Meaning of the selected lines

The first line is a deliberate reversal of the previous track. After the dark veil, light appears. But the light appears “amidst the sea”, not outside it. Kea is not rescued from the crossing in order to receive the vision. The vision comes within the crossing.

That distinction matters. The Dream-Cross does not remove the sea. It makes the sea bearable by revealing meaning inside it.

“Kea sees the fire in the fire” repeats one of the trilogy’s visionary phrases, but here it has new force. Earlier, such doubled seeing could be unstable or hallucinatory. In **Henryra**, it feels clarifying. Kea is not being deceived by false fire; he is recognising inner light.

The Dream-Cross is stone, and that is important. It is not a soft apparition detached from the material world. Like the altar and the stone-boat, it has weight. Vision in this trilogy does not float free from matter. It comes through stone, pressure, and low places.

The line “lighting the low earth beneath” gives the track its hidden geography. Beneath the waves, beneath the surface of the leaden mirror, there is a path, bottom, or ground that can be lit. Kea begins to sense that the crossing is not only wandering. It has direction.

“There is no darkness” should not be taken as simple optimism. The track still names the foul wave, foul veil, night, and foul will. Darkness has not disappeared from the world. But the absolute darkness of **An Goel Tewl** has been broken.

“There is no sail above” keeps Kea inside his vow. Even in revelation, he has no ordinary sign of navigation. No mast rises above him. No canvas catches the wind. The Dream-Cross guides in another way.

The “light of Truth” answers the earlier tracks of deception. The sea has lied, the fathers have darkened, and the veil has concealed. Now truth returns not as courtly law or human speech, but as light within the ordeal.

The chorus names the Cross as speaking “Truth”. This is crucial. In the first volume, words became dangerous: secrets, decrees, hard vows. In the sea-volume, wind, sea, and fathers all spoke ambiguously. Here the Cross speaks with a different authority. It does not argue. It illumines.

“The weight in the low land” continues the trilogy’s downward movement. The sign is not high triumph. It belongs to the low place: beneath waves, beneath status, beneath ordinary certainty. This is revelation from below.

“Naked from the timber” remains one of the anchors of the whole journey. The vision does not cancel Kea’s exposure. He is still without wood, without sail, without ordinary passage. The Dream-Cross does not make the voyage easy. It makes endurance possible.

The old Dream-Cross being deep suggests that the vision is not a temporary sparkle of hope. It has ancient weight. It may be dream, but it is not trivial dream. It belongs to the deeper structure of the journey.

The stones speaking dark words in the final lines keep the revelation honest. Even after light appears, the stones are not suddenly sentimental. They remain dark, old, and severe. Hope in this track is not sugary. It is hard-won and grave.

Listener's gloss

Track 8 is the first breath of revelation after the dark night.

That makes it a dangerous track to over-brighten. It should not feel like everything is suddenly fine. Kea is still at sea. He is still hungry, thirsty, stripped, and exposed. He still has no timber, no sail, and no land beneath his feet.

But he sees.

That is the change.

The previous track was about unseeing: the dark veil, the loss of light, the absence of fire. **Henryra** gives sight back, but as vision rather than ordinary perception. Kea does not merely see the horizon. He sees a sign beneath the visible world.

The Dream-Cross is powerful because it appears at exactly the point where despair should have become total. It is not comfort before suffering. It is light after suffering has hollowed out the space to receive it.

The track therefore marks the turn towards Cornwall, even before Cornwall appears.

First comes revelation.

Then comes sight of land.

Then comes impact.

The Dream-Cross does not end the crossing.

It tells Kea that the crossing has meaning.

The sea remains foul.

The stone remains heavy.

The night still surrounds him.

But beneath the waves, something has lit the low earth.

And for the first time in Volume II, the darkness is no longer the whole truth.

Volume II

Track 9

Gwels an Kernow

Sight of Cornwall



Track 9 is the first sight of land.

After the dark veil and the Dream-Cross, the crossing begins to turn outward again. Kea has endured the stone-boat, the wind, the leaden mirror, the lies of the sea, the spirits of the fathers, hunger, thirst, and darkness. Then came vision beneath the waves. Now the vision becomes horizon.

Cornwall rises.

The track is not quite arrival. That belongs to **An Impak**, when the stone strikes sand. **Gwels an Kernow** is the moment before impact: the first seeing, the first recognition, the first sign that the sea will not continue forever.

That makes it one of the great relief-points of the trilogy.

But the relief should not be sentimental. Kea is still at sea. He is still carried by stone. He is still naked from timber. He has not yet stepped onto the Cornish shore. What changes is not his physical condition so much as his horizon.

There is now land ahead.

After so many tracks of grey water, false speech, hunger, and dark inward pressure, Cornwall appears not merely as destination, but as answer.

Key images

The rising land — Cornwall emerging from the sea as promise and reality.

The shore-light — first outward brightness after inward vision.

The end failing — the sea ordeal beginning to lose its hold.

No Frost — the first loosening of coldness and paralysis.

The Truth of the stones — Cornwall recognised through granite and land-memory.

Bright Cornwall — land as presence, not abstraction.

The Cornish veil — entry into a new identity and landscape.

The old Cornwall — the land as older than Kea's arrival.

The harsh Cornish wind — reality, not soft rescue.

The pulse of Cornwall — the land felt before it is reached.

Selected lines

*Yn-mysk an mor, an tir ow-sevel
Kea a-wel an golow ow-boor
Gwels an Kernow, an diwedh ow-falla
Dhyworth an nos dhe'n isel tir.*

*Nyns eus "Rew", nyns eus lenn a-ughon
Saw "Gwir" an veyn hag an hager-don
Ni a-wel an pols an Kernow splan
Yn-dan an loer ha'n isel tan.*

*Gwels an Kernow — an tir ow-leverel "Gwir"
Gwels an Kernow — an poos yn an isel tir
Ni a-vydh noeth dhyworth an prenn
Yn-mysk an veyn ha'n Kernow lenn.*

*An skorren yw horn, an men yw splan
Kea a-sev dhyworth an tan
Gwels an Kernow, an poos yw town
Kea ow-powes dhyworth an brown.*

*An meyn ow-leverel geryow tewl
Mes gwyns an Kernow yw pur skwell
Ni a-glew an pols an Kernow koth
Yn-mysk an nos ha'n hager-voth.*

Close rendering

Among the sea, the land is rising.
Kea sees the light of the shore.
Sight of Cornwall, the end is failing,
from the night to the low land.

There is no "Frost", there is no sail above,
only the "Truth" of the stones and the foul wave.
We see the pulse of bright Cornwall
beneath the moon and the low fire.

Sight of Cornwall — the land speaking "Truth".
Sight of Cornwall — the weight in the low land.

We shall be naked from the timber,
among the stones and the Cornish veil.

The bough is iron; the stone is bright.
Kea rises away from the fire.
Sight of Cornwall, the weight is deep.
Kea rests from the earth-brown.

The stones speak dark words,
but the wind of Cornwall is very harsh and real.

We hear the pulse of old Cornwall
among the night and the foul will.

Meaning of the selected lines

The opening line reverses the sea-volume's long suspension. For much of Volume II, Kea has been surrounded by water, mirror, veil, and uncertainty. Now land rises within the sea. The horizon becomes meaningful again.

Kea seeing the light of the shore is different from seeing the Dream-Cross. **Henryra** gave inward vision. **Gwels an Kernow** gives outward sight. The two belong together: first the path beneath the waves, then the land above them.

"Sight of Cornwall, the end is failing" is a strong phrase because it makes the sea's dominance begin to weaken. The end has not yet arrived, but the old condition is failing. The endlessness of the crossing is breaking.

The movement "from the night to the low land" continues the trilogy's descent. Cornwall is not presented as high heavenly rescue. It is low land: soil, rock, field, work, and future conflict. Relief comes not by escape upward, but by arrival downward.

"There is no Frost" is one of the clearest tonal changes in Volume II. Frost has followed Kea as coldness, paralysis, and spiritual winter. Here, for a moment, it lifts. That does not mean all difficulty is gone, but the crossing is no longer frozen shut.

"There is no sail above" keeps the miracle honest. Kea still has no ordinary vessel. Even in relief, the vow remains active. He reaches sight of land by stone, not timber.

The "Truth of the stones" is crucial. Cornwall is recognised through stone, not through courtly speech, ancestral accusation, or sea-voices. After the lies of the sea, stone again becomes the more truthful witness.

The pulse of bright Cornwall gives the land a living presence before Kea reaches it. Cornwall is not just an endpoint on a map. It is already felt rhythmically, almost bodily, through the stone-boat and the approaching shore.

The chorus names the land as speaking "Truth". This is the first moment where a whole landscape, rather than an object or sign, seems to answer Kea. The land itself becomes voice.

"Naked from the timber" remains important because Kea does not arrive restored to comfort. He is still stripped, still vow-bound, still carried by an impossible stone. The sight of Cornwall gives hope, but not yet shelter.

The "Cornish veil" suggests that Kea is entering a new identity. Earlier veils were foul, dark, or oppressive. This veil is still a covering, but it belongs to Cornwall. It marks transition from the lost world behind him into the land that will reshape him.

The harsh wind of Cornwall keeps the moment from becoming too soft. The land is real, not merely consoling. It will give Kea ground, but also labour, conflict, Teudar, stolen oxen, and the miracle of the stags.

The old Cornwall at the end matters because the land precedes him. Kea is not arriving to possess an empty stage. He is entering a place already old, already speaking, already full of stones, wind, memory, and resistance.

Listener's gloss

Track 9 is the first breath of land.

After the dark inwardness of the sea-volume, that matters enormously. The listener needs this moment of horizon, brightness, and relief. Without it, the impact of the final track would be too abrupt. **Gwels an Kernow** lets the crossing begin to release its grip before the stone actually strikes shore.

But it should still feel earned, not easy.

Kea has been through too much for the sight of Cornwall to become a simple happy arrival. He is exhausted, hungry, vow-bound, and still afloat on stone. The sea has not yet finished with him. The shore is visible, not yet underfoot.

That tension gives the track its emotional force.

Cornwall is salvation, but not rest.

It is truth, but not softness.

It is land, but also future struggle.

The first sight of Cornwall means the sea will end.

It also means the soil-volume is coming.

Kea sees the shore-light.

The frost loosens.

The stones speak truth.

And old Cornwall begins to pulse ahead of him, beneath the moon and the low fire.

Volume II

Track 10

An Impak

The Impact



Track 10 ends the crossing with a blow.

After the first sight of Cornwall, the voyage does not dissolve gently into arrival. The stone-boat does not glide politely onto the shore. It strikes. The altar hits sand with force, weight, shock, and finality.

The title is blunt: **An Impak — The Impact.**

That bluntness matters. Volume II has been full of suspension: floating stone, wind-echoes, mirrors, lies, spirits, hunger, darkness, vision, and distant land. For much of the album, Kea has been held

between places, between identities, between perception and hallucination, between sea and shore.

The impact ends that suspension.

The leaden mirror is broken by land.

Stone meets sand.

Weight meets earth.

Miracle becomes collision.

This is not a soft rescue. It is arrival as physical shock. Kea falls from the flood. The altar strikes the shore. The sea-world releases him, but not tenderly.

Volume II therefore ends not with peace, but with reality.

The crossing is over.

The soil is here.

Key images

The heavy impact — arrival as force, shock, and finality.

The land braving the hit — Cornwall receiving the stone violently.

Kea falling from the flood — the voyager released from sea into bodily collapse.

The stone altar striking sand — miracle ending as collision.

No timber, no sail — the vow still intact at landfall.

The bright impact — violent arrival as revelation.

The stone speaking Truth — landfall confirming what the sea could only promise.

The Cornish veil — the new world beginning to cover and claim Kea.

The old impact — the moment becoming memory as soon as it happens.

The shattered mirror — the end of sea-suspension and the beginning of soil.

Selected lines

*An Impak poos, an tir ow-vrayvi
Kea ow-koedha dhyworth an ly
An Altar veyn ow-strikya an treth
Yn-mysk an nos ha'n hager-meth.*

*Nyns eus prenn, nyns eus lenn a-ughon
Saw poos an veyn hag an hager-don
Ni a-wel an pols an Impak splan
Dhyworth an ebron dhe'n isel tan.*

*An Impak — an men ow-leverel "Gwir"
An Impak — yn-mysk an isel tir
Ni a-vydh noeth dhyworth an prenn
Yn-dan an nos ha'n Kernow lenn.*

*An skorren yw horn, an men yw splan
Kea a-sev dhyworth an tan
An Impak koth, an poos yw town
Ow-strikya dhyworth an isel brown.*

*An meyn ow-leverel geryow tewl
An gwyns a-ughon yw pur skwell
Ni a-glew an pols an Impak koth
Yn-mysk an nos ha'n hager-voth.*

Close rendering

The heavy Impact; the land braving the hit.
Kea falls from the flood.
The stone Altar strikes the sand
among the night and the foul shame.

There is no timber, there is no sail above,
only the weight of the stones and the foul wave.
We see the pulse of the bright Impact
from the sky to the low fire.

The Impact — the stone speaking "Truth".
The Impact — among the low land.
We shall be naked from the timber,
beneath the night and the Cornish veil.

The bough is iron; the stone is bright.
Kea stands away from the fire.

The old Impact, the weight is deep,
striking from the low earth.

The stones speak dark words.
The wind above is very wretched.
We hear the pulse of the old Impact
among the night and the foul will.

Meaning of the selected lines

The first line gives arrival physical violence. The impact is heavy, and the land itself is imagined as braving the hit. Cornwall is not a passive shore waiting prettily for Kea. It receives the stone with force.

That matters because Volume III will not be soft either. Cornwall gives ground, but ground means labour, building, dispute, animals, tyrant, field, yoke, and mud. The impact prepares that world. Land is truth, but truth is hard.

Kea falling from the flood makes landfall bodily. He does not step gracefully out of a boat like a triumphant pilgrim. He falls. The sea releases him as a weakened, stripped, vow-bound body.

The stone altar striking the sand completes the transformation of the altar across the first two volumes. It began as sacred object, became impossible vessel, endured the leaden mirror, and now returns to land as impact. Its motion ends by proving its weight.

The repeated absence of timber and sail is crucial one final time. Kea has crossed without violating the hard word. No wooden boat appeared. No sail carried him. The vow has held from shore to shore.

The weight of stones and foul wave reminds the listener that the miracle never became comfortable. The stone did not float because it became light. It carried Kea because the story entered a stranger law. At impact, the original nature of stone reasserts itself.

The “pulse of the bright Impact” gives the collision a revelatory quality. This is not merely a crash. It is a disclosure. The impact says: the sea has ended; the land is real; the next life has begun.

The chorus names the stone as speaking “Truth”. After the sea’s lies, false fires, ancestral distortions, and dark veil, the impact is truthful because it cannot be argued with. Sand, stone, body, and shock are immediate. The leaden mirror has been replaced by fact.

“Among the low land” continues the trilogy’s downward arc. Kea does not arrive into restored height. He arrives into the low place: Cornwall, soil, shore, work, and consequence.

“Naked from the timber” shows that even arrival does not clothe him again. He reaches land stripped, not restored. The Cornish veil may begin to cover him, but it is a new covering, not a return of the old crown.

The “old Impact” in the second verse is interesting because the moment becomes legendary almost as soon as it occurs. The crash is immediate, but it already has the feel of memory. This is the sound a later story will remember.

The final pulse of the old impact turns collision into foundation. The impact is not only the end of a

voyage. It is the first beat of the next volume.

Listener's gloss

Track 10 is landfall as a wound.

That is why it should not feel like a graceful ending. The crossing has taken too much from Kea for arrival to be easy. The stone-boat has carried him through hunger, thirst, lies, darkness, spirits, and revelation. When land finally comes, it comes as collision.

The sea does not hand him gently to Cornwall.

It throws him there.

The impact matters because it breaks the trance of Volume II. The Leaden Mirror has held Kea in reflection, suspension, and ordeal. The crash of stone against sand ends that suspended state. It is the sound of dream becoming ground.

After this, the symbols change.

Sea gives way to soil.

Mirror gives way to field.

Suspension gives way to labour.

The stone-boat has done its work, but the miracle does not conclude the whole story. It delivers Kea into the next form of difficulty. Volume III begins because landfall is not rest. It is responsibility.

The stone strikes.

The mirror shatters.

Kea falls from the flood.

Cornwall receives him.

And the story turns from sea to soil.

Volume III

The Red Tyrant's Stags

Kyerw an Tyrant Rudh



Volume III is the soil.

If Volume I is the fall from power, and Volume II is the crossing between worlds, Volume III is the difficult work of arrival. Kea has left crown, court, household, timber, hunger, sea, mirror, and storm behind him. But landfall is not peace.

Cornwall gives him ground.

Ground gives him work.

Work brings conflict.

This final volume is earthier than the first two. The imagery turns from crown and sea towards cell, field, cattle, forest, yoke, mud, bath, frost, truth, and truce. The world is no longer suspended above water or held in courtly ritual. It is practical, bodily, local, awkward, and resistant.

Kea is now in West Penwith.

He must build.

He must labour.

He must live on the land.

And the land is not empty.

The figure of Teudar enters as the obstructing power of this volume: red, forceful, proud, and tyrannical. But unlike the earlier courtly pressures of Volume I, Teudar's authority is local and physical. It is expressed through ownership, seizure, insult, and interference with labour. His violence is not abstract. It enters the field.

The theft of the oxen is therefore more than a rural grievance.

It attacks Kea's ability to work the soil.

That matters because Volume III is about embodiment after ordeal. Kea is no longer merely stripped, vow-bound, or sea-borne. He is required to make a life in ground, weather, hunger, animal strength, and local dispute. Holiness is tested not by grand symbolic suffering alone, but by whether work can continue when the means of work are taken away.

The answer comes from the forest.

The stags are the great miracle of the final volume.

They are not gentle decorative creatures. They are wild strength yoked into labour. They bring the strange power of the non-human world into the practical business of ploughing. This is a miracle of mud, breath, antler, rope, strain, and rhythm.

The sacred has reached the field.

Then the volume turns grotesque.

The curse of the bath is deliberately different in tone from the dark grandeur of the crossing. Teudar's power is not defeated only by solemn judgement. It is made ridiculous. The proud tyrant is trapped in the body, caught in absurdity, and reduced from political threat to comic exposure.

This comedy matters.

It prevents the final volume from becoming merely grim. It also fits the moral shape of the story. Teudar's authority is not only opposed; it is deflated. The man who tries to control land, labour, and saintly patience is finally made stuck, foolish, and bodily.

Volume III therefore completes the trilogy by bringing everything down to earth.

The crown has fallen.
The sea has been crossed.
The soil must now be worked.

Kea's transformation is no longer hidden beneath a crown, floating on a stone boat, or reflected in a leaden mirror. It is visible in labour, endurance, miracle, justice, and the awkward peace that follows conflict.

The Shape of Volume III

Track 1, **An Gwir Vew**, begins with living truth. After the ordeal of sea and mirror, Kea steps into Cornwall not as restored ruler, but as one whose truth must now live in the land.

Track 2, **An Jass**, establishes the cell: the small built place of discipline, prayer, shelter, and beginning again.

Track 3, **Teudar**, introduces the red king or tyrant: the local obstructing power of the final volume.

Track 4, **Ladron an Bowyn**, brings the conflict into the field through the theft of the oxen.

Track 5, **An Galow**, is the call: Kea's appeal into the forest-depths when ordinary labour has been broken.

Track 6, **An Kyerw**, answers that call with the stags: the wild miracle entering the work of the soil.

Track 7, **Yn-dan an Yaw**, places the stags under the yoke. The miracle becomes labour, rhythm, strain, and field-work.

Track 8, **An Gorth-Argra**, turns to the curse of the bath: grotesque, comic, bodily judgement upon tyrannical power.

Track 9, **Dalleth an Diwedh**, begins the end of the struggle: truce, release, and the clearing of conflict.

Track 10, **Heb Rew na heb Gow**, closes the trilogy without frost and without lie. After crown, sea, hunger, vision, labour, and grotesque justice, the final atmosphere is one of uneasy clarity.

Volume III begins with landfall becoming truth.

It moves through building, obstruction, theft, miracle, labour, ridicule, and settlement.

It ends not in simple triumph, but in the clearing of the air.

The soil remains.

The work has been done.

And Kea, who began above the world in crown and authority, now belongs to the low ground where legend becomes lived.

Volume III

Track 1

An Gwir Vew

The Living Truth



Track 1 begins with ground.

At the end of Volume II, the stone altar struck the sand. The leaden mirror broke. Kea fell from the flood into Cornwall. **An Gwir Vew** begins after that impact, when the sea-crossing has ended and the truth of land has become unavoidable.

The title means **The Living Truth**.

That phrase matters because the truth here is no longer only spoken, vowed, reflected, or glimpsed in vision. It is living. It is present in stone, earth, altar, shore, body, and survival. Kea has

crossed the sea without timber, without sail, and without ordinary passage. The stone that carried him now stands as testimony.

The altar is no longer merely vessel.

It is witness.

It is the proof of ordeal, vow, miracle, and arrival. It has become the living truth of what Kea has endured.

This track should feel grounded, weary, and strong. The movement of the sea has stopped. The drifting has ended. Kea is not restored to crown or comfort, but he now has land under him. The soil volume begins not with victory, but with weight made stable.

After so much water, the truth has feet.

Key images

Cornwall — the new land, not yet home, but now unavoidable reality.

The Living Truth — truth as embodied, grounded, and present.

The stone altar — vessel turned witness.

No timber, no sail — the vow still intact after the crossing.

The weight of stones carrying truth — burden transformed into testimony.

The Cornish veil — entry into a new landscape and identity.

The bright stone — miracle still visible, now grounded.

The low earth — soil, humility, work, and future conflict.

The harsh Cornish wind — reality rather than soft rescue.

The pulse of the old Living Truth — the altar's miracle becoming memory and foundation.

Selected lines

*Yn an Kernow, an Gwir ow-vewa
Kea a-sev yn an hager-lewa
An Altar men, an Gwir ow-vew
Dhyworth an mor dhe'n hager-kew.*

*Nyns eus prenn, nyns eus lenn a-ughon
Saw poos an veyn hag an Gwir ow-don
Ni a-wel an pols an Gwir Vew splan
Yn-dan an "Rew" ha'n isel tan.*

*An Gwir Vew — an men ow-leverel "Gwir"
An Gwir Vew — yn an Kernow tir
Ni a-vydh noeth dhyworth an prenn
Yn-misk an veyn ha'n Kernow lenn.*

*An skorren yw horn, an men yw splan
Kea ow-vrayvi an hager-tan
An Gwir Vew koth, an poos yw town
Ow-sevel dhyworth an isel brown.*

*An meyn ow-leverel geryow tewl
An gwyns an Kernow yw pur skwell
Ni a-glew an pols an Gwir Vew koth
Yn-misk an nos ha'n hager-voth.*

Close rendering

In Cornwall, the Truth is living.
Kea stands in the foul wilderness.
The stone Altar, the Truth is alive,
from the sea to the foul hollow.

There is no timber, there is no sail above,
only the weight of the stones and the Truth carrying us.
We see the pulse of the bright Living Truth
beneath the "Frost" and the low fire.

The Living Truth — the stone speaking "Truth".
The Living Truth — in the Cornish land.
We shall be naked from the timber,
among the stones and the Cornish veil.

The bough is iron; the stone is bright.
Kea braves the foul fire.
The old Living Truth, the weight is deep,

rising from the low earth.
The stones speak dark words.
The wind of Cornwall is very harsh.
We hear the pulse of the old Living Truth
among the night and the foul will.

Meaning of the selected lines

The opening line declares a major change in the trilogy. Truth is no longer hidden in courtly speech, contested by tyrants, reflected in a leaden mirror, or glimpsed through a dream-cross. In Cornwall, it is living. It has become grounded presence.

Kea standing in the “foul wilderness” keeps the arrival honest. Cornwall is not presented as an easy paradise. It is harsh, exposed, and resistant. The shore gives him land, but not comfort. This is very much the soil-volume: truth arrives through rough ground.

The stone altar being named immediately links Volume III back to the whole crossing. The altar is still central, but its meaning has changed again. In Volume I it was sacred object and impossible vessel. In Volume II it was the stone-boat. Here, in Volume III, it becomes proof.

“The Truth is alive” suggests that the miracle has survived landfall. The impact did not end the altar’s meaning. It fixed that meaning into Cornwall.

The movement “from the sea to the foul hollow” carries Kea from the previous volume into the landscape of the next. The sea is behind him, but the hollow ahead is not simple refuge. It is a low, difficult place where the work of settlement will begin.

“There is no timber, there is no sail above” confirms that the vow has held all the way to land. Kea’s arrival has not compromised the hard word. No ordinary boat has saved him. No sail has carried him. Stone alone has borne witness.

The line “the weight of the stones and the Truth carrying us” is one of the key turns of the track. Weight has repeatedly burdened Kea, but now weight also carries truth. The same heaviness that oppressed him has become testimony.

The “pulse of the bright Living Truth” gives the stone altar an afterlife. It is not inert on the sand. It continues to pulse as memory, witness, and foundation for what comes next.

The chorus names the stone as speaking Truth. This repeats a major pattern from the previous volumes, but now it belongs to Cornish land. The truth spoken by stone is no longer only the answer to a vow or the sign of a vision. It is the ground of Kea’s new life.

“Naked from the timber” matters here because arrival has not re-clothed Kea. He is still vow-bound and exposed. The Cornish veil is not a return of crown or court; it is a new covering, a new identity beginning to form around him through land.

The iron bough appears once more as the remnant of the old refusal. Wood remains unusable in the symbolic world of the trilogy. Stone remains bright.

Kea braving the foul fire suggests that even on land, danger has not ended. Volume III will bring Teudar, stolen oxen, labour, the forest call, and grotesque judgement. Fire has changed form, but

struggle remains.

The old Living Truth rising from the low earth is the deepest image in the track. Truth is not descending from royal height or shining from a distant heaven. It rises from low ground. The trilogy's descent has reached the place where truth can become lived.

The harsh Cornish wind at the end prevents the track from becoming sentimental. Cornwall is real. It is not soft rescue. Its wind is severe, but unlike the deceptive sea, it is grounded. It belongs to the land that Kea must now inhabit.

Listener's gloss

Track 1 of Volume III is the sound of sea becoming soil.

That transition is the whole point. Kea has spent an entire album suspended above water, carried by stone through hunger, mirror, lies, spirits, darkness, vision, and impact. Now the stone is no longer floating. It is grounded.

And that changes everything.

The Living Truth is not an abstract doctrine. It is the altar itself, the body that survived, the vow that held, the shore that received him, and the Cornish land now underfoot.

The track should feel steady because the drifting has ended. But it should not feel easy. Kea has arrived weakened, stripped, and still naked from timber. Cornwall gives truth, but it also gives work. The next tracks will make that clear: the cell must be built, the red tyrant must be faced, and the soil must be worked.

This first track is therefore a foundation stone.

It says: the sea was real, the vow was real, the miracle was real, and the land is real.

The stone has carried him.

The stone now witnesses him.

The Living Truth has reached Cornwall.

And from here, the legend must be built into the earth.

Volume III

Track 2

An Jass

The Cell



Track 2 is where arrival becomes labour.

In **An Gwir Vew**, Kea reached Cornwall and the truth of the stone altar became living testimony. But truth alone does not build shelter. The next movement is practical, bodily, and repetitive: Kea begins to make a cell.

The title **An Jass** means **The Cell**.

This is not a grand monastery, not a royal hall, not a restored court, and not a triumphant settlement. It is small, hard, rough, and necessary. The cell is the first sign that Kea is no longer merely

surviving arrival. He is beginning to root himself in the Cornish land.

The track should feel like work.

Stone lifted.

Furze cut.

Ground cleared.

Hands bruised.

Weight raised from low earth.

After the drift of Volume II, rhythm returns as labour-rhythm. The stone-boat's strange motion gives way to hammering, clatter, breath, and repeated effort. Holiness is no longer suspended over the sea. It has to be built into a hut.

That makes **An Jass** one of the most important grounding tracks in the trilogy.

Kea has crossed by miracle.

Now he must build by hand.

Key images

The cell — shelter, discipline, prayer, and the first rooted place in Cornwall.

Hard stone — the material of labour and endurance.

Bright stone — the miracle-material of the crossing now reused as ground and structure.

Stones and furze — rough Cornish building matter, practical rather than symbolic alone.

Low earth — humility, soil, and the place where the new life begins.

No timber, no sail — the old vow still echoing after landfall.

The cell beginning — settlement as process, not instant fulfilment.

The Cornish veil — the new landscape enclosing Kea.

The harsh Cornish wind — reality, exposure, and resistance.

The pulse of the rising cell — labour becoming rhythm.

Selected lines

*An jass yw kals, an men yw splan
Kea ow-vrayvi an hager-tan
Meyon hag eythil, an poos yw town
Ow-sevel dhyworth an isel brown.*

*Nyns eus prenn, nyns eus lenn a-ughon
Saw poos an veyn yn an hager-don
Ni a-wel an pols an jass ow-talla
Yn-dan an nos ha'n hager-falla.*

*An Jass — an men ow-leverel poos
An Jass — an diwedh yn an loos
Ni a-vydh noeth dhyworth an prenn
Yn-dan an nos ha'n Kernow lenn.*

*An skorren yw horn, an veyn yw splan
Kea ow-powes dhyworth an tan
An jass ow-sevel, an poos yw town
Ow-vrayvi dhyworth an isel brown.*

*An meyn ow-leverel geryow tewl
An gwyns a-ughon yw pur skwell
Ni a-glew an pols an jass ow-sevel
Yn-mysk an nos ha'n hager-gwayvel.*

Close rendering

The cell is hard; the stone is bright.
Kea braves the foul fire.
Stones and furze, the weight is deep,
rising from the low earth.

There is no timber, there is no sail above,
only the weight of the stones in the foul wave.

We see the pulse of the cell beginning,
beneath the night and the foul failing.

The Cell — the stone speaking weight.

The Cell — the end in the grey.

We shall be naked from the timber,
beneath the night and the Cornish veil.

The bough is iron; the stones are bright.
Kea rests away from the fire.
The cell is rising; the weight is deep,
braving it from the low earth.

The stones speak dark words.
The wind above is very wretched.
We hear the pulse of the cell rising,
among the night and the foul swaying.

Meaning of the selected lines

The opening line makes the cell severe from the beginning. It is hard because the work is hard, the stone is hard, and the life Kea is entering is hard. There is nothing ornamental about this beginning.

The bright stone links the cell back to the whole earlier journey. Stone was crown, wall, altar, boat, mirror-bearer, and impact. Now it becomes building material. The sacred and the practical are no longer separate.

Kea braving the foul fire suggests that land has not ended trial. Fire has appeared throughout the trilogy as threat, vision, decree, and inner force. Here it becomes part of the roughness of beginning again. The Cornish land is not gentle simply because it is land.

The phrase “stones and furze” is crucial because it moves the story out of abstraction. This is the stuff of place: rough, thorny, local material. The cell is made from what the land gives, not from courtly wealth or sea-vision.

The weight rising from the low earth continues the trilogy’s downward logic. Kea’s new life does not descend from a crown. It rises from low ground, through labour.

“There is no timber, there is no sail above” keeps the former vow present even after the crossing. The sail has become irrelevant on land, but its absence still echoes. Kea is no longer at sea, yet he remains marked by the conditions of that voyage.

The “pulse of the cell beginning” gives labour rhythm. The cell is not simply constructed; it has a heartbeat from the start. It begins as repeated effort, stroke, lift, clatter, breath, and persistence.

The chorus names the cell as “the stone speaking weight”. That is exactly what the cell does. It gives stone a new speech. Not courtly law, not sea-truth, not altar-miracle, but the speech of shelter and work.

“The end in the grey” shows that building the cell is also an ending. The sea-crossing is now decisively over. The drifting self is ending. The grey of the voyage is being gathered into a fixed place.

“Naked from the timber” remains important because Kea is still exposed. The cell is being built, but shelter is not yet complete. He is between arrival and habitation.

The Cornish veil suggests that the land is beginning to cover him. Unlike the dark veil of Volume II, this veil belongs to place. It is still severe, but it is no longer merely concealment. It is the beginning of belonging.

The cell rising from the low earth is the track's central image. Kea's new identity is not announced by a court. It is built by hand, stone by stone, from ground level.

The harsh wind and dark-speaking stones keep the scene unsentimental. The work may be holy, but it is not easy. The land witnesses, resists, and shapes the act of building.

Listener's gloss

Track 2 is the sound of holiness becoming manual labour.

That is why it matters so much after the first track of Volume III. **An Gwir Vew** gives arrival its meaning; **An Jass** gives it a task.

Kea has crossed the sea by miracle, but he cannot live on miracle alone. He needs shelter. He needs a place. He needs a cell that can hold prayer, body, weather, and time.

The music should therefore feel percussive and repetitive. Not elegant. Not floating. Not courtly. This is the anti-sea track: fixed, clattering, grounded, and hard under the hands.

The cell is small, but narratively enormous.

It is the first rooted object of Kea's Cornish life.

It says that the voyage has ended, and settlement has begun.

But it also prepares the conflict to come. Once Kea begins to build and work the land, he becomes visible to local power. Teudar can now enter because Kea is no longer merely a stranger washed ashore. He is a presence, a worker, a claimant of place.

The stone has carried him.

Now stone must shelter him.

The cell rises.

And the soil-volume truly begins.

Volume III

Track 3

Teudar

The Red King



Track 3 introduces the force that will resist Kea on the land.

In **An Gwir Vew**, Kea arrived in Cornwall and the stone altar became living truth. In **An Jass**, he began the hard work of building a cell. The story had started to settle into soil, shelter, stone, and labour.

Then Teudar appears.

The title is simply **Teudar**, but the track's force lies in the figure named within it: **Teudar an Rudh**, the Red King. He is local power, violent colour, weight, obstruction, and pride. Unlike the

sea of Volume II, Teudar is not an elemental ordeal. Unlike the courtly pressure of Volume I, he is not merely a distant political mechanism. He is present, territorial, and immediate.

Teudar belongs to the soil-volume because his power is grounded.

He is tied to land, ownership, command, field, cattle, and visible authority. He does not attack Kea as an abstract enemy of holiness. He enters the practical world Kea is trying to build.

That makes him dangerous.

Kea has survived crown, sea, hunger, and stone. But now he must face a different kind of trial: the human power already occupying the land where he has arrived.

Key images

Teudar the Red — local power marked by violence, heat, and pride.

The heavy king — authority as pressure upon the land.

The red crown — kingship coloured by threat rather than dignity.

The old altar — Kea's miracle brought into Teudar's territory.

The foul will — opposition as moral and political force.

No timber, no sail — the old vow still echoing even after landfall.

The bright king — visible, forceful authority, not hidden conspiracy.

The Cornish veil — the new land enclosing both saint and tyrant.

The old king — local power older than Kea's arrival.

The harsh Cornish wind — landscape witnessing the confrontation.

Selected lines

*Teudar an Rudh, an Mytern poos
Ow-sevel yn an hager-loos
An Gurun Rudh, an Altar koth
Ow-vrayvi an nos ha'n hager-voth.*

*Nyns eus prenn, nyns eus lenn a-ughon
Saw poos an Rudh yn an hager-don
Ni a-wel an pols an Mytern splan
Yn-dan an "Rew" ha'n isel tan.*

*Teudar — an Mytern ow-leverel poos
Teudar — an diwedh yn an loos
Ni a-vydh noeth dhyworth an prenn
Yn-mysk an veyn ha'n Kernow lenn.*

*An skorren yw horn, an veyn yw splan
Teudar ow-powes dhyworth an tan
An Mytern Rudh, an poos yw town
Ow-draylya dhyworth an isel brown.*

*An meyn ow-leverel geryow tewl
An gwyns an Kernow yw pur skwell
Ni a-glew an pols an Mytern koth
Yn-mysk an nos ha'n hager-voth.*

Close rendering

Teudar the Red, the heavy King,
rising in the foul-grey.
The Red Crown, the old Altar,
braving the night and the foul will.

There is no timber, there is no sail above,
only the weight of the Red in the foul wave.

We see the pulse of the bright King
beneath the "Frost" and the low fire.

Teudar — the King speaking weight.
Teudar — the end in the grey.
We shall be naked from the timber,
among the stones and the Cornish veil.

The bough is iron; the stones are bright.
Teudar rests away from the fire.
The Red King, the weight is deep,
turning from the low earth.

The stones speak dark words.
The wind of Cornwall is very harsh.

We hear the pulse of the old King
among the night and the foul will.

Meaning of the selected lines

The first line gives Teudar immediate weight. He is not introduced delicately or at a distance. He enters as “the heavy King”, a figure whose authority presses down upon the land.

The colour red matters. It marks Teudar as forceful, heated, violent, and dangerous. Red is not merely heraldic decoration here. It colours his crown, his presence, and the emotional temperature of the track.

The phrase “rising in the foul-grey” makes his arrival feel like something emerging from difficult weather, mud, smoke, or moral murk. He is not a bright saviour-king. He is a force rising out of the harshness of the local world.

The red crown contrasts sharply with Kea’s earlier granite crown. Kea’s crown was heavy, fated, and eventually stripped away. Teudar’s crown is still active, still territorial, and still dangerous. It has not yet been humbled.

The old altar appearing beside the red crown is important. Kea’s miracle has entered Teudar’s landscape. The stone altar, which carried Kea across the sea, now stands in a world governed by another power. That creates the tension of the volume: miracle has arrived, but local authority does not simply yield.

The line “braving the night and the foul will” can be read as the altar, Kea, or the whole sacred truth of the story standing against Teudar’s hostile presence. The foul will is not abstract evil. It is obstruction, pride, seizure, and refusal.

The continued absence of timber and sail reminds us that Kea has not left his vow behind. Even though Teudar is now the active threat, Kea remains the same stripped and vow-bound figure who crossed by stone. The earlier ordeal continues to mark him.

The “weight of the Red” suggests Teudar’s power as something that bears down on the scene. He is not yet acting through the theft of oxen, but his pressure is already present. The land has become heavier because he is in it.

The “bright King” is dangerous because he is visible. The Gwent court’s danger began in secrecy. Teudar’s danger is more direct. He is not hidden in a whisper. He is there, red, kingly, and forceful.

The chorus’s “King speaking weight” makes Teudar’s speech oppressive. His words do not open meaning; they impose force. This echoes earlier tracks where words could become decree, vow, or truth. Here the king’s speech is another kind of pressure.

“Naked from the timber” keeps Kea vulnerable in the face of this new power. He has no restored courtly covering, no ordinary vessel, no returned status. He faces Teudar as the stripped man who has reached land with only stone and truth behind him.

The “old King” at the end gives Teudar depth. He is not a random villain dropped into the story. He represents pre-existing local force: a power already rooted in the land before Kea’s arrival. That makes the coming conflict more serious.

The harsh Cornish wind witnesses both men. It does not soften Teudar, and it does not comfort Kea. It belongs to the land where this confrontation must now unfold.

Listener's gloss

Track 3 is where Volume III stops being only arrival and work.

It becomes conflict.

Teudar's entrance changes the shape of the soil-volume. Kea can build a cell, but he cannot build in an empty world. Cornwall is already occupied by power, pride, ownership, and resistance. The Red King is the figure through whom that resistance becomes personal.

This is important because the trilogy is not saying that holiness reaches land and everything becomes peaceful. Quite the opposite. Landfall creates new problems. Ground means work. Work means claim. Claim means opposition.

Teudar is that opposition.

He is red where Kea has become stripped and grey.

He is crowned where Kea has lost the crown.

He is grounded in power where Kea is grounded in vow.

The track should therefore feel heavy, stomping, and confrontational. Not airy, not reflective, not sea-bound. This is boots-on-earth music. A red figure has entered the field, and the whole land feels the pressure of him.

Kea has met storm, mirror, hunger, and darkness.

Now he meets the tyrant of the soil.

The Red King has arrived.

And the theft of the oxen is coming.

Volume III

Track 4

Ladron an Bowyn

Theft of the Oxen



Track 4 is where Teudar's power enters the field.

In **Teudar**, the Red King arrived as local authority, weight, pride, and obstruction. He was a force already rooted in the Cornish land before Kea's arrival. But in **Ladron an Bowyn**, that force becomes action.

The oxen are stolen.

This is not a small incident. In the soil-volume, oxen are not background animals. They are labour, survival, field-work, settlement, and the practical possibility of making life continue. To

steal them is to attack Kea's work at its root.

The conflict has moved from presence to seizure.

Teudar does not simply object to Kea. He interferes with the means by which Kea can live, plough, build, and remain. The theft of the oxen turns territorial hostility into bodily and agricultural crisis.

The track should feel jagged, clattering, and urgent. The smoothness of arrival has gone. The cell has barely begun to rise before the work is broken. The field becomes a place of panic, noise, yokes, hooves, anger, and sudden loss.

This is the wound that makes the miracle of the stags necessary.

Without the theft, there is no call.

Without the stolen oxen, the forest has no reason to answer.

Key images

The stolen oxen — labour, livelihood, and settlement violently interrupted.

The Red King beginning — Teudar's threat becoming action.

The old altar — Kea's miracle still present, but unable by itself to plough the field.

The bright thieves — theft as visible, active violation.

The foul flood / foul wave — conflict washing into the soil-world.

No timber, no sail — the old vow still echoing in Kea's vulnerability.

The iron bough — hardened power and broken natural order.

The low earth — the field as the true site of struggle.

The stones speaking dark words — land witnessing injustice.

The old theft — the event becoming legendary cause, not merely local grievance.

Selected lines

*Ladron an Bowyn, an Rudh ow-talla
Kea a-wel an diwedh ow-falla
An Bowyn poos, an Altar koth
Teudar ow-vrayvi an hager-voth.*

*Nyns eus prenn, nyns eus lenn a-ughon
Saw poos an veyn hag an hager-don
Ni a-wel an pols an ladron splan
Yn-dan an "Rew" ha'n isel tan.*

*Ladron an Bowyn — an Mytern ow-vrayvi
Ladron an Bowyn — yn an hager-ly
Ni a-vydh noeth dhyworth an prenn
Yn-mysk an veyn ha'n Kernow lenn.*

*An skorren yw horn, an veyn yw splan
Kea a-sev dhyworth an tan
An ladron tewl, an poos yw town
Ow-draylya dhyworth an isel brown.*

*An meyn ow-leverel geryow tewl
An gwyns an Kernow yw pur skwell
Ni a-glew an pols an ladron koth
Yn-misk an nos ha'n hager-voth.*

Close rendering

Theft of the Oxen, the Red one beginning.
Kea sees the end failing.
The heavy Oxen, the old Altar;
Teudar challenges the foul will.

There is no timber, there is no sail above,
only the weight of the stones and the foul wave.
We see the pulse of the bright thieves
beneath the "Frost" and the low fire.

Theft of the Oxen — the King challenging.
Theft of the Oxen — in the foul flood.
We shall be naked from the timber,
among the stones and the Cornish veil.

The bough is iron; the stones are bright.
Kea stands away from the fire.
The dark thieves, the weight is deep,

turning from the low earth.

The stones speak dark words.
The wind of Cornwall is very harsh.
We hear the pulse of the old theft
among the night and the foul will.

Meaning of the selected lines

The opening phrase gives the track its immediate action. The oxen have been taken, and Teudar's red power is now in motion. The Red King is no longer merely a threatening presence. He has begun to damage Kea's life in practical terms.

"Kea sees the end failing" suggests that the fragile beginning established in **An Jass** is already under threat. The cell may have begun to rise, but the wider work of settlement depends on labour. Without the oxen, the future starts to fail before it has properly formed.

The "heavy Oxen" matter because they are not ornamental animals. Their weight is working weight: pulling, ploughing, dragging, turning soil. They belong to the material reality of the final volume. Their theft is therefore an attack on work itself.

The old altar remains in the scene, but its meaning has shifted again. It carried Kea across the sea. It witnessed his arrival. But it cannot replace the oxen. The miracle of the crossing does not solve the ordinary needs of the field. That distinction is important.

Teudar challenging the foul will is deliberately knotty. It can be read as Teudar acting through foul will, or as the whole conflict braving a morally foul condition. Either way, the line places him at the centre of active obstruction.

The repeated "no timber, no sail" keeps Kea's earlier vow present as a background exposure. He has reached land, but he has not regained worldly equipment, ease, or protection. He remains the stripped and vow-marked figure now facing a local tyrant.

The "bright thieves" are unsettling because theft is visible. This is not the whispered secrecy of the first volume. It is a public violation. The wrongness shines because the act has entered the open field.

The chorus makes the king's challenge explicit. Teudar's kingship is now active against Kea's work. The theft is not only criminal; it is political, territorial, and symbolic.

"Naked from the timber" now feels different from its use at sea. On water, it meant no ordinary vessel. On land, it means Kea still lacks the normal supports of power. He faces theft without crown, without court, without force, and without the ordinary means to answer violence with violence.

The iron bough returns as a sign that the natural order of work has been hardened and broken. Oxen should pull the plough. Instead, power has seized them. The living rhythm of field labour has been turned into metal, panic, and obstruction.

The "dark thieves" turning from the low earth places the crime in the soil itself. This is not an abstract moral failure. It happens at ground level, where food, shelter, and survival are made.

The stones speaking dark words give the land a witness. Cornwall sees the theft. The field is not silent. As throughout the trilogy, stone remembers what human power tries to distort.

The final phrase, "the old theft", shows the event already becoming legend. It will not remain a private grievance. It is the cause that leads to the call, the stags, the yoke, and the humiliation of Teudar. The theft becomes the hinge of the final volume.

Listener's gloss

Track 4 is the soil-volume's first real rupture.

Until now, Volume III has moved from arrival to building to confrontation. **Ladron an Bowyn** turns confrontation into damage. Teudar does not merely stand against Kea. He takes what Kea needs to work.

That is why the oxen matter so much.

They are not just livestock.

They are the muscles of settlement.

They are the means by which land becomes field, field becomes food, and arrival becomes life. Their theft is therefore an attack on Kea's future in Cornwall.

The track should feel sharp and disorderly. It is the sound of labour interrupted. The clatter matters: yoke, hoof, chain, shout, panic, field, and sudden emptiness where working strength should be.

This is also the track that makes the coming stag miracle necessary. The forest does not answer randomly. It answers because Teudar has broken ordinary labour. The wild must enter because the domestic has been stolen.

The oxen are gone.

The field is wounded.

The Red King has acted.

And Kea must now call beyond the human order for help.

Volume III

Track 5

An Galow

The Call



Track 5 is where Kea calls beyond human power.

In **Ladron an Bowyn**, Teudar's conflict became practical damage. The oxen were taken. Labour was broken. The field could no longer be worked by ordinary means. Kea had reached the point where human structures — crown, court, timber, sail, local authority, and even domestic labour — had failed him again.

An Galow is the answer to that failure.

The title means **The Call**.

This is not a polite request. It is not merely prayer in a quiet cell. It is a deep, resonant summoning into the forest, into the older and wilder order of the land. Kea calls because the field has been wounded. He calls because the oxen are gone. He calls because the work must continue and human power has obstructed it.

The forest begins to rise.

The stags are not yet fully present in the field. That belongs to the next track. But here they are already sensed within the trees: weight, movement, listening, and answer gathering in the dark.

This track is therefore the breath before the miracle.

The theft created absence.

The call creates response.

Key images

The deep call — voice as summons, command, and appeal beyond human politics.

The rising forest — the non-human world waking in response.

Kea calling — the saint as mediator between field, forest, and need.

The stags in the forest — miracle still hidden, but already moving.

The low earth — the field's need reaching into the roots of the land.

No timber, no sail — the old vow still echoing as exposure and refusal.

The bright call — summons as truthful light after theft.

The Cornish veil — the land enclosing the moment of invocation.

The forest wind — harsh, alive, and different from the sea-wind.

The old call — summoning as something ancient, not improvised.

Selected lines

*An galow town, an koos ow-sevel
Kea ow-galow yn an hager-gwayvel
An kyerw yn an koos, an poos yw town
Ow-drifya dhyworth an isel brown.*

*Nyns eus prenn, nyns eus lenn a-ughon
Saw poos an veyn hag an Gwir ow-don
Ni a-wel an pols an galow splan
Dhyworth an ebron dhe'n isel tan.*

*An Galow — an lev ow-leverel "Gwir"
An Galow — yn an hager-tir
Ni a-vydh noeth dhyworth an prenn
Yn-mysk an veyn ha'n Kernow lenn.*

*An skorren yw horn, an men yw splan
Kea a-sev dhyworth an tan
An galow koth, an poos yw town
Ow-sevel dhyworth an isel brown.*

*An meyn ow-leverel geryow tewl
An gwyns an koos yw pur skwell
Ni a-glew an pols an galow koth
Yn-mysk an nos ha'n hager-voth.*

Close rendering

The deep Call, the forest rising.
Kea calls in the foul swaying.
The stags in the forest, the weight is deep,
drifting from the low earth.

There is no timber, there is no sail above,
only the weight of the stones and the Truth carrying us.
We see the pulse of the bright Call
from the sky to the low fire.

The Call — the voice speaking "Truth".
The Call — in the foul land.
We shall be naked from the timber,
among the stones and the Cornish veil.

The bough is iron; the stone is bright.
Kea stands away from the fire.
The old Call, the weight is deep,
rising from the low earth.

The stones speak dark words.
The wind of the forest is very harsh.
We hear the pulse of the old Call
among the night and the foul will.

Meaning of the selected lines

The opening gives the call depth before it gives it sound. This is not a light cry or ordinary shout. It is “town” — deep, heavy, and resonant. Kea is calling into something older than the immediate quarrel with Teudar.

The forest rising is the first sign that the land itself is responding. After the theft of the oxen, the human order has broken the work of the field. Now the non-human order begins to stir. The forest is not scenery. It is a participant.

Kea calling in the “foul swaying” places the act inside instability. The field is in trouble. The air is uneasy. The world is moving awkwardly after the theft. His call is made from within that disturbance, not from calm mastery.

The stags are named before they appear in full. This is important. The miracle does not enter as a sudden theatrical surprise. It gathers. The stags are already in the forest, already weighted with meaning, already beginning to move from the low earth towards the broken field.

The low earth continues the soil-volume’s central movement. The answer does not descend from courtly height. It rises from ground, roots, forest, and animal force. The miracle belongs to the land Kea has entered.

“There is no timber, there is no sail above” now has a new resonance. The line began as vow and sea-crossing condition. Here, on land, it reminds us that Kea still does not solve crisis through ordinary structures. He remains exposed, vow-marked, and dependent on the stranger truth that has carried him since the altar.

The “weight of the stones and the Truth carrying us” links this call back to the living truth of the stone altar. The same truth that carried Kea across the sea now seems to carry the call into the forest.

The “bright Call” answers the darkness of the theft. The oxen were stolen in violence and obstruction; the call shines because it seeks restoration of work rather than revenge for its own sake.

The chorus names the call as a voice speaking Truth. This matters because Teudar’s power has distorted the land’s order. Kea’s call does not merely ask for replacement animals. It speaks the truth of the violated field: the work must continue, and the land itself must answer.

“Naked from the timber” keeps Kea vulnerable. He is not commanding the forest as a king would command subjects. He calls as the stripped, tonsured, vow-bound figure who has no ordinary force with which to compel the outcome.

The old call being deep suggests that this form of summoning belongs to ancient relationship. Kea is not inventing a trick. He is touching a deeper grammar between saint, land, forest, animal, and need.

The harsh wind of the forest distinguishes this moment from the sea volume. This is not the

deceptive wind of the crossing or the echoing wind of the water. It is woodland wind: rough, real, and awake with approaching movement.

The pulse of the old call at the end is the track's heartbeat. The call has gone out. Something has heard. The forest has begun to answer.

Listener's gloss

Track 5 is the invocation before the miracle.

That gives it a very particular tension. The oxen are gone, but the stags have not yet arrived. The field is wounded, but not yet restored. Teudar's theft has broken ordinary labour, but the deeper answer is still hidden in the trees.

This is why **An Galow** should feel low, rhythmic, and expectant.

It is not panic.

It is not rage.

It is not comic judgement yet.

It is the sound of Kea steppi11 ptng beyond the human argument and calling into the older land. The forest is asked to answer what the tyrant has broken.

The important thing is that the miracle begins with need.

Kea does not summon stags for spectacle. He calls because work has been made impossible. The holiness of the coming miracle is practical before it is symbolic. The soil must be worked. The field must not remain hostage to Teudar's power.

The call goes out.

The forest rises.

The stags are still among the trees.

And in the dark, the land begins to move.

Volume III

Track 6

An Kyerw

The Stags



Track 6 is the answer from the forest.

In **An Galow**, Kea called into the deeper land because Teudar's theft had broken the ordinary work of the field. The oxen were gone. Human power had obstructed labour. The cell and the soil could not continue by normal means.

Now the forest answers.

The title means **The Stags**.

They do not arrive as tame replacements for the oxen. They are wild, startling, and uncanny. The miracle is not soft. It is fast, hooved, antlered, and almost mechanical in its sudden coordination. The forest does not send comfort. It sends force.

This is one of the great images of the trilogy: wild stags emerging from the Cornish woodland to take up the work that stolen domestic animals can no longer perform.

The miracle is holy, but it is also strange.

The stags belong to the non-human order of the land. They are not property. They are not trained labour. They are not courtly symbols. They are the forest's answer to injustice: wild strength organised into sacred usefulness.

Teudar broke the field.

Kea called.

The stags rose.

Key images

The rising stags — wild strength answering human obstruction.

The forest beginning — the deeper land moving into the story.

The bright hand — divine agency suggested through the miracle.

The heavy miracle — holiness as force, not decoration.

The bright stags — animal power made visible and purposeful.

No timber, no sail — Kea's old vow still echoing through every impossible answer.

The Cornish land — the place where miracle becomes local and physical.

The old altar — the earlier stone miracle still present beneath the new animal miracle.

The harsh forest wind — woodland reality, rough and alive.

The pulse of the old stags — the miracle becoming rhythmic, almost mechanical, and legendary.

Selected lines

*An kyerw ow-sevel, an koos ow-talla
Kea a-wel an diwedh ow-falla
An dhorn yw splan, an mirakel poos
Dhyworth an koos dhe'n hager-loos.*

*Nyns eus prenn, nyns eus lenn a-ughon
Saw poos an veyn yn an hager-don
Ni a-wel an pols an kyerw splan
Yn-dan an loer ha'n isel tan.*

*An Kyerw — an levyow ow-leverel "Gwir"
An Kyerw — yn an Kernow tir
Ni a-vydh noeth dhyworth an prenn
Yn-mysk an veyn ha'n Kernow lenn.*

*An skorren yw horn, an veyn yw splan
An kyerw ow-powes dhyworth an tan
An altar men, an poos yw town
Ow-golowy dhyworth an isel brown.*

*An meyn ow-leverel geryow tewl
An gwyns an koos yw pur skwell
Ni a-glew an pols an kyerw koth
Yn-mysk an nos ha'n hager-voth.*

Close rendering

The stags rising, the forest beginning.
Kea sees the end failing.
The hand is bright, the miracle heavy,
from the forest to the foul-grey.

There is no timber, there is no sail above,
only the weight of the stones in the foul wave.
We see the pulse of the bright stags
beneath the moon and the low fire.

The Stags — the voices speaking "Truth".
The Stags — in the Cornish land.
We shall be naked from the timber,
among the stones and the Cornish veil.

The bough is iron; the stones are bright.
The stags rest away from the fire.
The stone altar, the weight is deep,

lighting from the low earth.

The stones speak dark words.
The wind of the forest is very harsh.
We hear the pulse of the old stags
among the night and the foul will.

Meaning of the selected lines

The opening gives the miracle motion. The stags are not merely seen; they are rising. That word matters because it connects them to the rising cell, the rising call, and the repeated upward movement from low earth throughout Volume III.

The forest “beginning” suggests that the woodland has become active. Until now, the forest was the place into which Kea called. Now it becomes the source of answer. The land beyond human field-boundaries enters the story.

“Kea sees the end failing” links this track back to the crisis created by Teudar. The theft of the oxen made the work seem finished before it could continue. But the end is now failing in another sense: the apparent end of labour is being overturned.

The “bright hand” is one of the clearest hints of divine agency in the track. The miracle is not explained mechanically, even though the rhythm may feel mechanical. Something acts through the wildness.

The “heavy miracle” keeps the tone grounded. This is not a decorative wonder or a neat magical flourish. It has weight. It arrives in bodies, hooves, antlers, breath, and force. The miracle can be heard and felt.

The repeated absence of timber and sail may seem strange now that the story is fully on land, but it is important. The same vow-logic that led to the stone boat still shapes Kea’s world. He is repeatedly answered not through ordinary human means, but through impossible or unexpected forms: stone where wood should be, stags where oxen should be.

The “pulse of the bright stags” gives the track its driving energy. The stags are not a static vision. They are rhythm. Their movement is almost musical before it becomes agricultural. This is why the track can feel fast, interlocking, and strangely ordered.

The chorus names the stags as voices speaking “Truth”. They do not speak in human language, but their arrival says something true: Teudar’s theft cannot finally halt the work. The land itself can answer injustice.

“The Stags — in the Cornish land” grounds the miracle locally. This is not an abstract saintly wonder floating above place. It belongs to Cornwall, to the forest, to the field, and to the practical need created by the stolen oxen.

“Naked from the timber” continues to mark Kea as exposed. He does not command the stags as a restored king with worldly authority. He receives them as the stripped man who called from need.

The iron bough appears again, but now its meaning is changed by the stags. The old world may be hardened, but living force has not disappeared. The forest still has bodies that move.

The return of the stone altar links the stag miracle to the earlier stone miracle. Kea's story is not a set of unrelated wonders. Stone carried him across the sea; wild deer will now carry the work of the field. Each miracle answers a different impossibility.

The harsh wind of the forest keeps the scene from becoming sentimental. These stags are not storybook deer stepping prettily into a glade. The wind is rough, the night is present, and the miracle has a wild edge.

The "old stags" at the end suggest that the miracle already belongs to something ancient. The stags rise in the present, but they feel as though they come from an older compact between land, saint, animal, and need.

Listener's gloss

Track 6 is the miracle with hooves.

That is the key to it.

The stags are beautiful, but they should not be made too gentle. They are not decorative animals sent to make a nice scene. They are the forest's muscular answer to a broken field.

Teudar stole the oxen.

The domestic order failed.

The wild order responded.

That makes the miracle wonderfully strange. Kea does not receive a tidy replacement for what was taken. He receives something more unsettling: wild creatures entering labour, animal freedom accepting yoke, forest strength turning towards field-work.

This is why the track should feel fast, precise, and almost mechanical. The stags are wild, but their arrival is not chaotic. Something has organised them. The miracle is not randomness. It is wildness becoming purpose.

The track stands at the centre of Volume III.

Before it, the soil-world is broken by theft.

After it, the soil-world will be worked under the yoke.

For this one movement, the forest rises, the stags appear, and the land itself says that Teudar's obstruction will not be the final word.

The call has been answered.

The stags are here.

And the field is about to move again.

Volume III

Track 7

Yn-dan an Yaw

Under the Yoke



Track 7 is where the miracle becomes work.

In **An Galow**, Kea called into the forest. In **An Kyerw**, the stags answered. But their appearance alone does not finish the field. The miracle must now enter labour. Wild strength must accept the yoke.

That is the strange force of **Yn-dan an Yaw** — **Under the Yoke**.

The stags are no longer only signs of answered prayer. They are bodies under strain: pulling, grinding, dragging, breathing, lowering their heads into the work. The miracle becomes heavy, repetitive, and physical.

This matters because Volume III is the soil-volume. It does not let holiness remain abstract. The stags do not merely prove that Kea has divine favour. They plough. They labour. They take up the weight that the stolen oxen can no longer carry.

The miracle is therefore not escape from work.

It is work restored.

The track should feel slow, grinding, and muscular. The wonder of the previous track becomes the burden of this one. Antlers, shoulders, yoke, earth, stone, and breath all move together in a heavy rhythm.

The forest has answered.

Now the field must be dragged open.

Key images

The yoke — obedience, burden, and wild strength turned towards labour.

The straining stags — miracle as bodily effort.

The iron yoke — work made hard, severe, and almost industrial.

The bright stone — the enduring witness of Kea's earlier miracle.

The dragging weight — ploughing as sacred grind rather than easy victory.

The rising cell — Kea's settlement continuing because labour has been restored.

The low earth — soil being worked, opened, and claimed through effort.

The Cornish veil — the land enclosing the miracle.

The harsh Cornish wind — reality pressing against the work.

The pulse under the yoke — rhythm, strain, and repeated effort.

Selected lines

*Yn-dan an yaw, an poos ow-talla
Kea a-wel an kyerw ow-falla
An yaw yw horn, an men yw splan
Ow-draylya dhyworth an isel tan.*

*Nyns eus prenn, nyns eus lenn a-ughon
Saw poos an veyn hag an Gwir ow-don
Ni a-wel an pols yn-dan an yaw
Yn-mysk an nos ha'n hager-daw.*

*Yn-dan an Yaw — an kyerw ow-vrayvi "Gwir"
Yn-dan an Yaw — yn an Kernow tir
Ni a-vydh noeth dhyworth an prenn
Yn-mysk an veyn ha'n Kernow lenn.*

*An skorren yw horn, an veyn yw splan
An kyerw ow-grindya an hager-tan
An jass ow-sevel, an poos yw town
Ow-draylya dhyworth an isel brown.*

*An meyn ow-leverel geryow tewl
An gwyns an Kernow yw pur skwell
Ni a-glew an pols yn-dan an yaw
Yn-mysk an nos ha'n hager-daw.*

Close rendering

Under the yoke, the weight is beginning.
Kea sees the stags straining.
The yoke is iron; the stone is bright,
dragging from the low fire.

There is no timber, there is no sail above,
only the weight of the stones and the Truth carrying us.
We see the pulse under the yoke
among the night and the foul silence.

Under the Yoke — the stags braving "Truth".
Under the Yoke — in the Cornish land.
We shall be naked from the timber,
among the stones and the Cornish veil.

The bough is iron; the stones are bright.
The stags are grinding the foul fire.
The cell is rising; the weight is deep,

dragging from the low earth.

The stones speak dark words.
The wind of Cornwall is very harsh.
We hear the pulse under the yoke
among the night and the foul silence.

Meaning of the selected lines

The opening line makes the track begin in burden. The weight is not finished or solved. It is “beginning”. The miracle of the stags has opened a new phase of work rather than closing the conflict in a single gesture.

Kea seeing the stags straining is important because it prevents the miracle from becoming effortless. The animals are holy signs, but they are also labouring bodies. Their strength is real because their strain is real.

The iron yoke gives the track its severity. A yoke is already an image of burden, but an iron yoke feels harsher, colder, and more absolute. Wild animals are being drawn into the hard machinery of work.

The bright stone links this labour back to the earlier miracles. Stone carried Kea over the sea. Stone witnessed his arrival. Stone helped form the cell. Now stone remains bright while the stags drag the work forward. The trilogy’s material continuity holds.

“Dragging from the low fire” suggests effort pulled out of hardship. The field is not simply being worked in calm daylight. It is being dragged open from a place of heat, pressure, and difficulty.

“There is no timber, there is no sail above” continues the refrain of exposure, even though the story is now far from the sea. The phrase has become a memory-mark: Kea remains the man shaped by vow, stone, and impossible passage.

The weight of stones and Truth carrying the work gives the miracle a moral force. This is not merely replacement labour after theft. The yoke moves under a deeper truth: Teudar’s obstruction cannot finally stop the field.

The “pulse under the yoke” is the track’s heart. It is rhythm made from strain: hoof, breath, harness, ground, stone, and repeated pull. The miracle has a beat, but it is not graceful. It grinds.

The chorus says the stags are “braving Truth”. They are not only obeying command. They are entering the hard truth of the field. The animals carry the truth physically, by submitting wild strength to necessary labour.

“In the Cornish land” grounds the image. This is not an abstract allegory of obedience. It is local, muddy, and Cornish: stags under yoke, soil being pulled, cell rising, tyrant’s theft answered by field-work.

“Naked from the timber” now feels almost like Kea’s permanent condition. He is still stripped of ordinary supports. Even his miracle does not restore him to easy power. He remains exposed while the land answers through difficult means.

The stags “grinding the foul fire” is a powerful phrase. It suggests their hooves and bodies working

against the heat of conflict, anger, and obstruction. The miracle is not just beautiful. It grinds down what Teudar has tried to make impossible.

The cell rising links Track 7 back to Track 2. The building of the cell could continue only if the work of the land could continue. The stags under the yoke allow Kea's Cornish life to keep taking form.

The low earth is where everything has been heading since the beginning of the trilogy. Crown, sea, altar, impact, cell, theft, call, and stags all converge here: in earth being worked under weight.

The final return to foul silence matters. The work is heavy enough that speech falls away. The track ends not in chatter or praise, but in the soundless seriousness of labour.

Listener's gloss

Track 7 is the sound of miracle doing hard labour.

That is why it should feel heavy.

The previous track gives the wonder: the stags rise from the forest, wild and bright. This track gives the cost of that wonder. The animals must lower themselves under the yoke. The field must be dragged open. The earth does not yield simply because the miracle has arrived.

That is the key distinction.

The miracle restores work.

It does not remove work.

This makes **Yn-dan an Yaw** one of the most grounded tracks in the whole trilogy. It is not courtly, not sea-bound, not visionary, not comic yet. It is grind. Holy grind, perhaps, but grind all the same.

The stolen oxen created absence.

The call brought the stags.

The yoke turns the answer into action.

The field begins to move again.

And in that grinding movement, Teudar's power starts to fail. Not because he has been mocked yet, not because the bath-curse has landed, but because the work he tried to stop is continuing.

The stags strain.

The yoke bites.

The cell rises.

The stones speak darkly.

And beneath the harsh Cornish wind, the miracle pulls.

Volume III

Track 8

An Gorth-Argra

The Curse of the Bath



Track 8 is where Teudar becomes ridiculous.

After the theft of the oxen, the call into the forest, the rising of the stags, and the grinding labour under the yoke, the story turns sharply into grotesque comedy. This is not a mistake in tone. It is the point.

Teudar's power has been heavy, red, territorial, and threatening. He has stood as local authority against Kea's settlement, labour, and truth. But **An Gorth-Argra** does not defeat him through solemn grandeur. It defeats him through humiliation.

The bath-curse makes the tyrant bodily.

The Red King who tried to command land, animals, work, and saintly patience is reduced to heat, panic, nakedness, screeching, weakness, and absurd confinement. His authority is not only opposed. It is deflated.

This track should feel theatrical, unstable, and mocking. The rhythm may bounce where the previous track ground forward. The imagery may be comic where the previous track was muscular. But the comedy has purpose. It exposes Teudar's power as fragile once stripped of fear.

The king who made others vulnerable is made vulnerable.

The tyrant who obstructed labour is trapped in his own ridiculous ordeal.

The field has answered.

Now the bath answers too.

Key images

The bath — domestic object turned place of judgement.

Hot water — discomfort, panic, and bodily exposure.

Teudar screeching — royal power reduced to undignified noise.

The naked king — authority stripped of costume, crown, and threat.

The iron bath — grotesque confinement and comic severity.

Weak limbs — power made helpless.11 pt

The water speaking Truth — humiliation as moral revelation.

The old altar — Kea's earlier miracle still shadowing the judgement.

The Cornish veil — the land witnessing the tyrant's deflation.

The old curse — comic punishment becoming legendary memory.

Selected lines

*Yn an badhva, Teudar an Rudh ow-falla
An dowlr yw toemm, an diwedh ow-talla
An Mytern Rudh ow-skreechya yn an gof
Dhyworth an Altar ha'n hager-kof.*

*Nyns eus prenn, nyns eus lenn a-ughon
Saw poos an veyn yn an hager-don
Ni a-wel an pols an badhva splan
Yn-dan an "Rew" ha'n hager-tan.*

*An Gorth-Argra — an dowlr ow-leverel "Gwir"
An Gorth-Argra — yn an Mytern tir
Ni a-vydh noeth dhyworth an prenn
Yn-mysk an veyn ha'n Kernow lenn.*

*An badhva yw horn, an men yw splan
Teudar ow-berni yn an hager-tan
An dan yw town, an lerbi yw pur gwann
Ow-vrayvi dhyworth an isel tan.*

*An meyn ow-leverel geryow tewl
An gwyns yn badhva yw muer ha skwell
Ni a-glew an pols an Gorth-Argra koth
Yn-mysk an nos ha'n hager-voth.*

*An Mytern yw noeth, an skorren yw horn
Kea ow-gwerthi an hager-morn
An dan ow-vewa yn an badhva loos
Ow-draylya dhyworth a11 ptn Mytern poos.*

*An meyn ow-leverel geryow splan
Yn-mysk an dowlr ha'n isel tan
Ni a-wel an pols an Mytern koth
Ow-berni yn an hager-voth.*

Close rendering

In the bath, Teudar the Red is failing.
The water is hot; the end is beginning.
The Red King screeches in the heat,
from the Altar and the foul memory.

There is no timber, there is no sail above,
only the weight of the stones in the foul wave.

We see the pulse of the bright bath
beneath the "Frost" and the foul fire.

The Curse of the Bath — the water speaking "Truth".
The Curse of the Bath — in the King's land.

We shall be naked from the timber,
among the stones and the Cornish veil.

The bath is iron; the stone is bright.
Teudar suffers in the foul fire.
The fire is deep; the limbs are very weak,
braving it from the low fire.

The stones speak dark words.
The wind in the bath is great and wretched.
We hear the pulse of the old Curse of the Bath
among the night and the foul will.

The King is naked; the bough is iron.
Kea overcomes the foul morning.
The fire lives in the grey bath,
turning away from the heavy King.

The stones speak bright words
among the water and the low fire.
We see the pulse of the old King
suffering in the foul will.

Meaning of the selected lines

The opening line immediately changes the dignity of Teudar's image. He is still "Teudar the Red", but now he is in the bath and failing. The red king has been moved from the field of command into a humiliatingly domestic scene.

The hot water gives the curse its bodily force. This is not abstract punishment. It is discomfort, panic, exposure, and heat. Teudar's power is forced into skin.

The Red King screeching is one of the track's key humiliations. Earlier, power spoke in command, decree, threat, or obstruction. Here power makes an undignified noise. The tyrant's voice is no longer authority. It is panic.

The mention of the altar and foul memory links the comic punishment back to Kea's wider story. The curse does not appear outside the trilogy's moral order. The old stone, the earlier miracle, and the memory of conflict all stand behind the bath.

"There is no timber, there is no sail above" continues the refrain, now almost absurdly displaced. In the bath scene, the line carries the memory of the whole journey into a grotesque setting. The same stripped, vow-bound logic that shaped Kea's passage now haunts Teudar's humiliation.

The "bright bath" is intentionally comic and strange. A bath is not usually an object of revelation, but here it becomes one. Like the altar, stone, sea, and field before it, the bath is made to speak truth in its own ridiculous way.

The chorus names the water as speaking "Truth". This is the moral centre of the track. The bath reveals what Teudar's power really is when stripped of fear: a body, a voice, a panic, a man caught in his own absurdity.

"In the King's land" matters because the judgement happens inside Teudar's own sphere of power. He is not humiliated in some distant symbolic realm. His authority is undone in his own territory.

The line "we shall be naked from the timber" now reflects Teudar as well as Kea. Kea has been naked from timber through vow, stripping, and miracle. Teudar is now naked in the literal and comic sense: exposed, undignified, and vulnerable.

The iron bath gives the scene a grotesque severity. It is funny, but not weightless. The bath becomes a trap, almost an anti-throne: a hard vessel for the king's humiliation.

Weak limbs are important because Teudar's power has been bodily reversed. The ruler who seized labour and obstructed work now cannot command his own body properly. Strength has become helplessness.

The stones speaking dark words keep the scene connected to the land's witness. Even in comedy, the old stones are present. Cornwall sees the tyrant's fall.

The final verse's naked king completes the reversal begun in the title. Teudar has been stripped of majesty. Kea was stripped earlier into holiness and vulnerability; Teudar is stripped into absurdity and exposure.

Kea overcoming the foul morning suggests the turn towards resolution. The curse does not simply punish Teudar; it begins to clear the oppressive atmosphere he created.

The stones speaking bright words near the end is a notable shift. The stones have often spoken darkly throughout the trilogy. Here, amid water and low fire, they brighten. The grotesque judgement has released something.

Listener's gloss

Track 8 is the pressure valve of Volume III.

After the heavy grind of the stags under the yoke, the story needs release. But this is not throwaway comedy. It is moral comedy: the kind where false grandeur is punctured by the body.

Teudar has been red, heavy, kingly, and threatening.

The bath makes him ridiculous.

That matters because tyrants often depend on theatre. Crown, command, fear, ownership, and posture all create the illusion of inevitability. **An Gorth-Argra** tears that theatre down by forcing Teudar into a smaller, hotter, wetter, more embarrassing theatre of his own.

He screeches.

He weakens.

He is naked.

He is trapped in the very sort of bodily helplessness he tried to impose on others.

The tone should therefore be jaunty and grotesque, but not trivial. The comedy is doing serious work. It turns terror into exposure. It turns red authority into steam and splashing. It lets the audience laugh at the thing that previously threatened the field.

The stags restored labour.

The bath reduces tyranny.

The curse is absurd.

The absurdity is the judgement.

And once Teudar has been made ridiculous, the struggle can begin to end.

Volume III

Track 9

Dalleth an Diwedh

End of the Struggle



Track 9 is the air clearing after judgement.

In **An Gorth-Argra**, Teudar was reduced from red tyrant to ridiculous body: trapped, overheated, naked, screeching, and exposed. His authority had been punctured by grotesque comedy. The figure who threatened Kea's work and stole the oxen could no longer stand in the same terror.

Dalleth an Diwedh begins after that deflation.

The title may be heard as **End of the Struggle**, but the opening phrase also carries the sense of a beginning: the beginning of the end. The conflict is not erased in a single bright gesture. It starts to loosen. What had been clenched begins to release.

Teudar yields.

The truce rises.

The land begins to speak truth.

This is not triumphalism. Kea does not become a conquering ruler, and Teudar does not simply vanish from the story. The point is quieter than that. The obstruction that held the land in tension begins to fail. The field, the cell, the stags, the bath, and the old altar all settle into a new arrangement.

The struggle is ending.

And because it is ending, the trilogy can finally move towards stillness.

Key images

The beginning of the end — resolution as process, not instant closure.

The Red King rising — Teudar still present, but changed.

Peace in the swaying — truce appearing within unsettled movement.

The king yielding the shore — local power releasing its grip.

The bright third pulse — the soil-volume reaching its final stage.

The land speaking Truth — Cornwall answering after conflict.

The rising truce — reconciliation as a living movement.

The low earth lighting — peace coming from ground, not crown.

The old king resting — Teudar no longer active as tyrant.

The harsh wind of truce — peace as real, weathered, and unsentimental.

Selected lines

*Dalleth an diwedh, an Rudh ow-sevel
Kea a-wel an powes yn an gwayvel
An Mytern Rudh ow-gwerthi an treth
Yn-mysk an nos ha'n hager-meth.*

*Nyns eus prenn, nyns eus lenn a-ughon
Saw poos an veyn yn an hager-don
Ni a-wel an pols an tresa splan
Yn-dan an "Rew" ha'n isel tan.*

*Dalleth an Diwedh — an tir ow-leverel "Gwir"
Dalleth an Diwedh — yn an Kernow tir
Ni a-vydh noeth dhyworth an prenn
Yn-mysk an veyn ha'n Kernow lenn.*

*An skorren yw horn, an veyn yw splan
Teudar ow-powes dhyworth an tan
An trws ow-sevel, an poos yw town
Ow-golowy dhyworth an isel brown.*

*An meyn ow-leverel geryow tewl
Mes gwyns an tresa yw muer ha skwell
Ni a-glew an pols an Mytern koth
Ow-powes yn an hager-voth.*

Close rendering

Beginning of the end, the Red one rising.
Kea sees the peace in the swaying.
The Red King yields the shore
among the night and the foul shame.

There is no timber, there is no sail above,
only the weight of the stones in the foul wave.
We see the pulse of the bright third stage
beneath the "Frost" and the low fire.

End of the Struggle — the land speaking "Truth".
End of the Struggle — in the Cornish land.
We shall be naked from the timber,
among the stones and the Cornish veil.

The bough is iron; the stones are bright.
Teudar rests away from the fire.

The truce is rising; the weight is deep,
lighting from the low earth.

The stones speak dark words,
but the wind of the truce is great and harsh.
We hear the pulse of the old King
resting in the foul will.

Meaning of the selected lines

The opening phrase is important because it does not say simply that the end has arrived. It says the end is beginning. Resolution has to start somewhere, and here it begins in the aftermath of humiliation, labour, and exposed power.

The Red one rising may sound threatening at first, but the context has changed. Teudar rises after being made ridiculous. He is still present, but his presence no longer carries the same unbroken force. The tyrant has survived the judgement, but not unchanged.

Kea seeing peace “in the swaying” gives the track a gentle instability. Peace is not fixed yet. It moves, wavers, and gathers itself. The air after conflict is not perfectly still; it is unsettled but no longer violent.

The Red King yielding the shore is the core action of the track. Teudar’s power releases its grip. The land, field, shore, and cell are no longer held under the same obstruction. This is not necessarily sentimental forgiveness. It is the practical loosening needed for life to continue.

The phrase “among the night and the foul shame” keeps the resolution morally honest. The bath-curse has exposed Teudar, and shame remains in the scene. The story does not pretend the conflict was harmless. It passes through shame towards truce.

The repeated absence of timber and sail carries the whole trilogy into this moment. Even at the end of the struggle, Kea remains the man shaped by the hard word and the stone crossing. His peace does not erase his earlier exposure.

The “bright third stage” can be read as the third movement of the trilogy reaching its final clarity. Crown, sea, and soil have each had their ordeal. Now the soil-volume begins to complete its work.

The chorus names the land as speaking “Truth”. That matters because, after so much speech from crowns, tyrants, winds, seas, spirits, stones, stags, and water, the land itself now speaks. Cornwall becomes the final witness to the clearing of conflict.

“Naked from the timber” shows that Kea is still not restored to worldly comfort. He remains stripped and vow-marked. The resolution does not put the old crown back on his head. It allows him to remain in the land without needing the old covering.

The iron bough returns, but it no longer dominates the track. It is still there as memory of hardness, but the stones are bright and Teudar is resting away from the fire. The old tension is beginning to cool.

The rising truce is perhaps the track’s most important image. Peace is not an object dropped into the story. It rises from below, from the low earth, from the place where labour, conflict, stags, and

judgement have all happened.

The light coming from low earth continues the trilogy's deepest movement. The final clarity does not descend from royal height. It rises from soil.

The old King resting in foul will keeps Teudar morally complicated. He is not transformed into a saintly figure. Something foul remains around him. But he is no longer driving the conflict forward. His active tyranny has been checked, exposed, and quieted.

Listener's gloss

Track 9 is not the victory parade.

That is exactly why it works.

After the bath-curse, the story could have gone broad and triumphant, with Teudar simply defeated and Kea vindicated. But **Dalleth an Diwedh** does something more useful. It lets the air settle.

The tyrant is not erased.

The land is not magically purified.

The past is not undone.

But the struggle has changed state.

The field can breathe again. The work can continue. The cell can stand. The stags' miracle has answered the theft. The bath has answered the pride. And now the land begins to speak in a quieter register.

This is the track where power stops shouting.

Teudar rests.

The truce rises.

The stones remain.

The Cornish wind is still harsh, but it is no longer only hostile.

The ending has begun.

And after so much crown, sea, hunger, yoke, and grotesque judgement, the trilogy is finally close to stillness.

11 pt

Volume III

Track 10

Heb Rew na heb Gow

Without Frost or Lie



Track 10 is the stillness after the whole descent.

The crown has fallen.

The sea has been crossed.

The soil has been worked.

The tyrant has been exposed.

The struggle has begun to end.

Now the trilogy reaches its final atmosphere: **Heb Rew na heb Gow — Without Frost or Lie.**

This is not a loud ending. It is not a victory march, not a triumphant coronation, and not a return to the authority of the beginning. Kea does not end where he started. He does not regain the crown, rebuild the court, or rise above the world again.

He rests in the land.

That is the quiet force of the final track.

Throughout the trilogy, **Frost** and **Lie** have marked coldness, distortion, false order, paralysis, deception, and the corrupted speech of power, sea, and memory. To end “without frost and without lie” is not to say that the world has become perfect. It is to say that the worst distortions have lifted.

The air is clearer.

The land is still harsh.

The night remains.

But something false has gone.

Something frozen has thawed.

The truth is no longer crown, mirror, vow, or vision only.

It is the old Living Truth resting in the low earth.

Key images

No frost — coldness, paralysis, and spiritual winter released.

No lie — false speech, deception, and distorted authority cleared away.

The rising night — not threat now, but final atmosphere.

Kea resting — the journey no longer driven by flight, hunger, or conflict.

The stone altar — miracle remembered as grounded witness.

The cell resting — labour completed enough to become shelter.

No light, no fire — not deprivation now, but austere quiet.

The old Living Truth — the whole trilogy's meaning settled into land.

The bright end — not triumph, but clarity.

The final word: Gwir — truth left hanging after the music fades.

Selected lines

*Heb rew na heb gow, an nos ow-sevel
Kea ow-powes yn an hager-gwayvel
An Altar veyn, an poos yw town
Yn-dan an loer ha'n isel brown.*

*Nyns eus prenn, nyns eus lenn a-ughon
Saw poos an veyn yn an hager-don
Ni a-wel an pols an diwedh splan
Dhyworth an ebron dhe'n isel tan.*

*Heb Rew na heb Gow — an men ow-leverel "Gwir"
Heb Rew na heb Gow — yn an Kernow tir
Ni a-vydh noeth dhyworth an prenn
Yn-dan an nos ha'n Kernow lenn.*

*An skorren yw horn, an veyn yw splan
An jass ow-powes heb golow, heb tan
An Gwir Vew koth, an poos yw town
Ow-golowy dhyworth an isel brown.*

*An meyn ow-leverel geryow tewl
Mes gwyns an nos yw pur skwell
Ni a-glew an pols an diwedh koth
Yn-mysk an nos ha'n hager-voth.*

Close rendering

Without frost and without lie, the night is rising.
Kea rests in the foul swaying.
The stone Altar, the weight is deep,
beneath the moon and the low earth.

There is no timber, there is no sail above,
only the weight of the stones in the foul wave.
We see the pulse of the bright end
from the sky to the low fire.

Without Frost or Lie — the stone speaking "Truth".
Without Frost or Lie — in the Cornish land.

We shall be naked from the timber,
beneath the night and the Cornish veil.

The bough is iron; the stones are bright.
The cell rests without light, without fire.
The old Living Truth, the weight is deep,
lighting from the low earth.

The stones speak dark words,
but the wind of the night is very harsh.
We hear the pulse of the old end
among the night and the foul will.

Meaning of the selected lines

The opening phrase gives the trilogy its final release: **without frost and without lie**. These two absences matter because both images have followed Kea through the whole cycle. Frost has meant coldness, hardening, paralysis, and spiritual winter. Lie has meant false speech, distorted power, deceptive appearance, and the corruption of truth.

Their absence does not make the ending soft.

The night is still rising. The wind is still harsh. The stones still speak dark words. But the ending is clearer than what came before. The cold spell has lifted. The falsehood has lost its hold.

Kea resting is the central image of the final track. For three volumes he has been driven: by court pressure, vow, sea, hunger, storm, landfall, labour, theft, miracle, and conflict. Now, at last, the verb changes. He rests.

The resting is not royal ease. It is not comfort bought by power. It is the rest of one who has descended through loss and survived into stillness.

The stone altar remains present because the earlier miracle cannot simply vanish from the ending. It carried Kea across the sea; now it rests as memory and witness. It is no longer moving, but its weight is deep.

The moon and low earth place the final scene in humility. The ending does not return Kea to height. It keeps him low: in Cornwall, under night, among stones, beneath the Cornish veil.

“There is no timber, there is no sail above” is the final echo of the hard word. Even at the end, the vow is not forgotten. Kea remains the man who crossed without ordinary passage. The absence of timber and sail has become part of his identity.

The “pulse of the bright end” is subtle but important. This is not a blazing conclusion. It is a pulse: faint, living, rhythmic, and enough. The ending is bright because it is truthful, not because it is spectacular.

The chorus names the stone as speaking “Truth”. This is the final answer to all the false speech of the trilogy: court whispers, tyrant’s decree, sea-lies, dark echoes, ancestral mockery, and Teudar’s obstructing power. At the end, the stone speaks simply: **Gwir**.

“Naked from the timber” appears one last time as a sign of permanent transformation. Kea has not

been re-clothed in the old world. He remains stripped of the former supports, but that nakedness is no longer only exposure. It has become clarity.

The cell resting is the great soil-image of the ending. Earlier, the cell had to be built. Its rising required stone, labour, oxen, stags, yoke, and conflict. Now it rests. The work is not necessarily finished forever, but it has become stable enough to hold silence.

“Without light, without fire” echoes the deprivation of Volume II, but in a changed key. At sea, the absence of light and fire meant despair. Here it means austere quiet. The difference is ground. Kea is no longer lost above the water. He is within the Cornish land.

The old Living Truth lighting from the low earth gathers the whole trilogy into one image. Truth began as something contested by crown and court. It was hardened into vow, tested by sea, distorted by lies, glimpsed in vision, grounded at landfall, and worked through soil. Now it lights from below.

That is the final transformation.

Truth no longer stands above Kea as office.

It rises beneath him as ground.

The stones still speak dark words because the ending does not pretend that all difficulty has vanished. Cornwall remains harsh. Night remains night. Memory remains heavy. But the lie has gone, and the frost has lifted.

Listener's gloss

Track 10 is the trilogy exhaling.

It should feel spacious, slow, and almost empty. After so much movement — crown, court, cliff, sea, storm, hunger, vision, impact, field, stags, yoke, bath, truce — the final track does not need more action. It needs stillness.

The ending is powerful because it refuses to undo the descent.

Kea does not become a prince again.

He does not climb back into the world of the opening.

He does not regain the old crown.

Instead, he rests in the low land, beside the truth that has survived the whole journey.

This is why the final title matters so much.

Without Frost or Lie does not mean without hardship. It means without the cold falsehood that has haunted the previous stages. The world is still severe, but it is no longer lying in quite the same way. It is no longer frozen shut.

The cell rests.

The altar rests.

The land rests.

Kea rests.

And the final word belongs not to crown, tyrant, sea, father, or king.

It belongs to stone.

Gwir.

Recurring Images and Formulae

Across the St Kea trilogy, certain images return again and again.

They are not accidental repetitions. They act like musical motifs, helping bind the three volumes into one long descent from crown, through sea, to soil. A word or image may begin in one setting and return later changed by everything that has happened to it.

Many of these repeated images are carried by short Cornish words or phrases. They become anchor-points in the songs: not just vocabulary, but part of the architecture of the trilogy.

The trilogy is built from these returns.

Crown — *Gurun* / *Kurun*

The crown begins as authority.

In the first volume, **gurun** or **kurun** belongs to court, lineage, public identity, and the high world from which Kea must fall. Whether the opening is framed through Gwent or the Old North, the crown marks the life Kea is expected to inhabit.

But the crown is never light.

It is **An Gurun Ven** — the granite crown: heavy, stony, public, and increasingly impossible. In the Gwent route, it becomes compromised by secrecy and tyrannical decree. In the northern route, it becomes spiritually unbearable: the bright inheritance Kea cannot remain inside.

By **Diyennow**, the crown has already failed. By **An Donsur**, it can no longer return to the same head. By the end of the trilogy, Kea does not recover it.

That matters.

The story is not about restoring lost status. It is about passing beyond it.

Stone — *Men*

Men is the trilogy's deepest material.

At first, stone is weight: crown, court, wall, burden, and judgement. It presses down on Kea's authority and helps define the hardness of the world he must leave.

Then stone changes.

The altar becomes vessel. The impossible stone-boat, **An Men-skath**, carries Kea across the sea. The thing that should sink becomes the only possible road.

In Cornwall, stone changes again. It becomes witness, cell, ground, and living truth. The same material that once weighed upon him now supports, shelters, and remembers him.

Stone is therefore not one symbol but a journey.

It begins above him as crown.

It moves beneath him as boat.

It remains around him as cell.

It ends beneath him as truth rising from low earth.

Timber — *Prenn*

Prenn is defined by refusal.

Kea's hard word — **Ger Kales** — includes the vow not to walk on timber. Wood is ordinary passage: boat, bridge, plank, beam, mast, sail, and the practical structure of human movement.

By refusing **prenn**, Kea refuses the easy route.

This is why the stone-boat matters. It is not merely a strange miracle. It is the answer to a condition already created by the vow. If timber were available, stone would not need to float.

The repeated formula **nyns eus prenn** — there is no timber — keeps this refusal alive long after the first volume. It follows Kea across the sea and even into Cornwall, where it becomes part of his permanent exposed condition.

He does not simply cross without wood.

He becomes the man who crossed without wood.

Frost — *Rew*

Rew is the image of coldness, hardening, paralysis, and spiritual winter.

It appears wherever warmth, truth, or living movement has become threatened. In the courtly world, **rew** suggests emotional and political coldness. At sea, it becomes part of deprivation, darkness, mirror, and doubt. In the soil-volume, its final absence becomes important.

The last track is **Heb Rew na heb Gow — Without Frost or Lie**.

The frost does not vanish because the world has become easy. It vanishes because the deepest cold has lifted. The story still ends in harsh wind, night, stone, and low earth. But it no longer ends frozen shut.

Lie — *Gow*

Gow is the companion to **Rew**.

If **rew** hardens, **gow** distorts.

The lie appears in courtly secrecy, false speech, sea-deception, distorted memory, and the corrupted exercise of power. The sea itself becomes a liar in **Gowyow an Mor**, offering false lights, voices, and meanings.

The trilogy's repeated concern with truth only makes sense because lies are everywhere.

Truth is not easy speech. It has to survive court, tyrant, mirror, hunger, hallucination, ancestral judgement, local obstruction, and grotesque exposure.

The final absence of **gow** does not make the world innocent.

It makes the ending clearer.

Truth — *Gwir*

Gwir appears in many forms.

At the beginning, truth is contested by courtly power, political speech, secrecy, and decree. In **Ger Kales**, truth becomes hard: a vow that changes the future.

At sea, **gwir** is tested by reflection, lies, voices, hunger, darkness, and the Dream-Cross. The crossing asks whether truth can survive when sight and memory become unstable.

In Cornwall, truth becomes living.

An Gwir Vew marks this change. Truth is no longer only a word, vow, or vision. It is grounded in the altar, the shore, the cell, the field, the stags, the work, and the final stillness of the land.

By the end, truth is not announced from a throne.

It rises from low earth.

Veil — *Goel / Lenn*

The veil marks threshold and uncertainty.

In the first volume, the veil belongs to exposure: what is removed, what is stripped, what no longer covers Kea. The repeated absence of **lenn** — veil or covering — reinforces that Kea is being uncovered.

In the sea-volume, the veil becomes darker and heavier. **An Goel Tewl** is the deepest form of this image: the dark veil of doubt, blindness, and inward night.

But the veil changes again in Cornwall.

The **Kernow lenn** — the Cornish veil — is not simply darkness. It is the covering of a new land, a new identity, and a new state of belonging. It still has severity, but it is no longer only concealment.

The old veil hides.

The dark veil blinds.

The Cornish veil receives.

Fire — *Tan*

Tan is unstable throughout the trilogy.

It can be threat, decree, anger, vision, warmth, punishment, or inner recognition. Teudar speaks from fire. Kea sees fire within fire. The bath-curse turns heat into grotesque judgement. The final track rests without light and without fire, but not in despair.

Fire is therefore never only one thing.

It can destroy.

It can reveal.

It can humiliate.

It can fail.

The trilogy uses **tan** as a sign of intensity: wherever fire appears, something is being tested.

Sea — *Mor*

Mor is the second volume's whole world.

It is road, mirror, wilderness, liar, deprivation, and threshold. It carries Kea, but it does not comfort him. It saves him from land only to expose him to hunger, thirst, storm, ancestral voices, hallucination, darkness, and vision.

The sea is not opposed to holiness, but neither is it gentle.

It is the place where Kea is emptied of what remains after the crown has already gone. If Volume I removes status, Volume II removes certainty.

The sea ends with impact.

The mirror breaks when stone strikes sand.

Shore and Sand — *Treth*

Treth is the threshold between land and sea.

In Volume I, **Dhe'n Treth** carries Kea towards the sands after the hard word has been spoken. The shore is not yet miracle. It is exhaustion before miracle: the place where ordinary passage has failed but the impossible answer has not yet fully revealed itself.

Later, sand returns as impact.

The stone altar strikes the **treth** at the end of Volume II, ending the crossing and beginning the soil-volume.

Sand therefore marks both departure and arrival.

Kea goes to the sands in order to leave.

He strikes the sands in order to begin again.

Soil and Low Earth — *Tir / Brown / Istel Tir*

Soil is the final answer of the trilogy, but not an easy one.

The repeated movement towards **isel tir** — low land — matters. Kea's journey is a descent, but the low place is not worthless. It is where truth becomes embodied.

Cornwall gives Kea ground. But ground means work, not rest. The soil must be built upon, worked, defended, and reconciled. It brings cell, field, cattle, theft, forest, stags, yoke, bath, truce, and final stillness.

This is why the descent matters.

The story does not move from high to low as a simple fall into defeat. It moves downward until truth can become lived.

The soil is low.

But it is real.

Cell — *Jass*

Jass is the first rooted structure of Kea's Cornish life.

After the sea-crossing, Kea does not build a palace, court, or restored hall. He builds a cell: small, hard, local, and necessary.

The cell is where arrival becomes labour. It is made from stone, effort, weather, and low earth. It is the opposite of the floating stone-boat. The stone-boat carried him across instability; the cell fixes him into place.

The cell says that the voyage is over.

The work of living in Cornwall has begun.

Call — *Galow*

Galow is voice turned outward into the deeper land.

After Teudar steals the oxen, ordinary labour is broken. Kea cannot answer the theft through courtly authority or worldly force. Instead, he calls into the forest.

The call matters because it opens a relationship between saint, land, animal, and need.

It is not a command from a throne.

It is a summons from the low earth.

The call goes out because the field has been wounded.

The forest answers because the work must continue.

Stags — *Kyerw*

Kyerw are the great miracle of the final volume.

The stags answer the theft of the oxen, but they do more than replace what was stolen. They bring the wild order of the forest into the practical work of the field.

That is what makes them strange.

They are not tame symbols. They are bodies: antlers, hooves, breath, strain, rhythm, and wild strength placed under the yoke.

The stags show that holiness in this trilogy does not float above labour. It enters labour.

The forest answers.

The field moves.

The work continues.

Yoke — Yaw

Yaw is the burden that makes miracle practical.

The stags rising from the forest is wonder. The stags under the yoke is work. That difference matters.

In **Yn-dan an Yaw**, the miracle does not remove labour. It restores it. The wild animals must strain, pull, breathe, grind, and submit their strength to the field.

The yoke is therefore uncomfortable but necessary.

It is the place where wildness becomes service.

It is also the place where Teudar's theft begins to fail, because the work he tried to stop continues under a stranger power.

Bath — Badhva

Badhva is the grotesque counterpart to the stone-boat.

Both are vessels.

One carries Kea across the sea.

The other traps Teudar in humiliation.

The stone-boat reveals miracle through impossible passage. The bath reveals truth through comic exposure. It turns royal threat into bodily absurdity.

That comic turn is not trivial. It is the point at which tyrannical grandeur collapses into vulnerability. Teudar's red authority is reduced to heat, panic, nakedness, and ridiculous helplessness.

The bath makes power laughable.

And once power can be laughed at, it is no longer absolute.

King and Tyrant — Mytern / Tyrant / Teudar

Kea's story is shaped by power, but power changes form across the trilogy.

In the first volume, power is crown, court, word, decree, lineage, and royal expectation. In the third volume, power returns in local form through Teudar: **Mytern Rudh**, the Red King.

Teudar is not the same kind of threat as the sea or the court. He belongs to land, ownership, field, cattle, and bodily obstruction. He interferes with work.

That is why his humiliation has to be bodily.

The bath-curse does not merely answer his politics. It answers his pride.

Descent — *Yn-nans*

The whole trilogy is a descent.

The repeated downward pull — **yn-nans**, towards the low place — gives the cycle its shape.

From crown to shore.

From shore to sea.

From sea to sand.

From sand to cell.

From cell to field.

From field to soil.

From soil to stillness.

But descent is not the same as defeat.

Kea loses height so that truth can become grounded. The trilogy begins with authority above the world and ends with truth in the low earth.

That is the movement:

Crown.

Sea.

Soil.

Status.

Unmaking.

Embodiment.

Or, in the simplest terms:

The crown falls.

The stone floats.

The soil remains.

An gurun a goedh.

An men a neyl.

An tir a drig.

Postscript

From Crown to Soil

The St Kea trilogy begins with height and ends with ground.

It begins with crown, court, lineage, inheritance, and public identity. In one opening, Kea stands within the world of Gwent. In another, he begins further north, shaped by princely expectation and the memory of the Old North. Those two beginnings differ in colour, place, and pressure, but they lead to the same stripping-away.

By **Diyennow**, the two roads have become one.

The crown can no longer hold him.

From that point onward, the trilogy moves by descent: from court to cell, from vow to shore, from shore to stone, from stone to sea, from sea to sand, from sand to soil.

This descent is not simple defeat.

If it were only a fall, the story would end with loss. But Kea's fall from power becomes the condition of transformation. What is taken from him — crown, status, timber, certainty, comfort, and ordinary passage — becomes the space in which stranger forms of truth can appear.

The stone altar could not become a vessel while timber still offered an easy road.

The Dream-Cross could not break the dark veil before hunger, thirst, sea-lies, and ancestral voices had stripped the crossing down to its inward night.

The stags could not answer the field before Teudar's theft had exposed the failure of ordinary labour.

Again and again, the story moves through loss before it reaches answer.

The answers, when they come, are not soft.

Stone floats, but it remains stone.

The sea carries, but it also starves.

Cornwall receives, but it demands work.

The stags arrive, but they labour under the yoke.

The tyrant is judged, but through grotesque exposure rather than grand heroic conquest.

That is the character of the trilogy.

Its holiness is material.

It belongs to scalp, stone, salt, hunger, antler, mud, bathwater, low earth, and harsh wind. It does not lift Kea out of the world. It drives him further into it.

The first volume removes the old public self.

The second volume removes certainty.

The third volume gives ground, but ground means work, resistance, animal strength, comic judgement, and eventual stillness.

By the end, Kea has not returned to the crown. He has not recovered the high identity from which the story began. The trilogy does not close by undoing the descent.

It honours it.

The final truth is not above him.

It is beneath him.

The old recurring words have changed by then. **Gurun** has fallen. **Men** has carried and witnessed. **Prenn** has been refused. **Mor** has tested him. **Treth** has marked both departure and arrival. **Kyerw** have entered the work of the field. **Yaw** has made miracle labour. **Rew** and **Gow** have lifted enough for **Gwir** to remain.

That final word matters.

Gwir is not easy certainty. It is what survives after false speech, hard weather, hunger, stripping, humiliation, and toil. It is not a crown restored to the head, but a truth rising from low earth.

The trilogy therefore ends in quiet.

Not because nothing more matters.

Because the movement has reached ground.

The crown has fallen.

The stone has floated.

The sea has released him.

The stags have laboured.

The tyrant has been made ridiculous.

The cell rests in the Cornish night.

And Kea, who began above the world, now belongs to the soil.

Without frost.

Without lie.

Gwir.