

Hereward

An Dragon a'n Tiredh West

A Companion to *Hereward the Dragon*

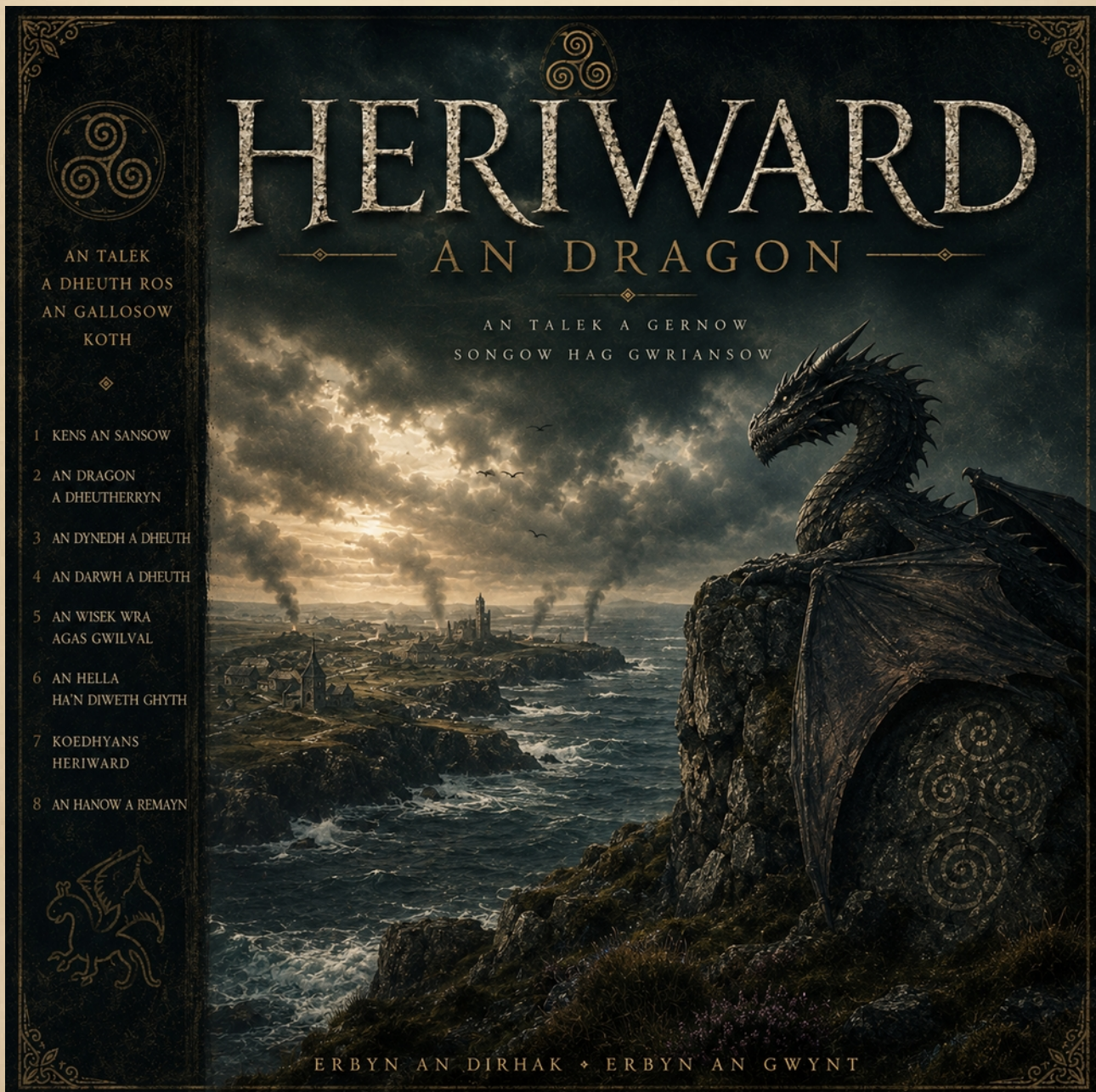


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A Note on the Reconstruction

The surviving tradition around Hereward appears to be fragmentary.

Unlike some other Cornish legends, this is not a tale that comes down to us in a long continuous form with a stable sequence of events. What seems to remain is far slighter: a dragon named Hereward, remembered somewhere in the western land, perhaps near Gulval and Carn Galver, and little more.

This album does not claim to recover a complete ancient narrative word for word. Instead, it offers a creative reconstruction: a possible story built around the surviving trace and shaped into a coherent sung cycle.

That reconstruction takes its bearings from the western landscape, from the older imaginative world of Cornish folklore, and from recurring themes that naturally gather around a fading dragon memory: the old powers before the saints, the coming of settlement, the widening distance between human life and older beings, the growth of rumour, the final hunt, and the survival of a name after the creature itself has gone.

Where the songs move beyond what can be securely known, that should be understood as artistic shaping rather than documentary claim. The purpose is not to replace folklore with certainty, but to imagine how a nearly-lost Cornish dragon story might once have lived.

A Note on the Words

The English translations in this booklet are intentionally close to the Cornish text. They are not meant to read as smooth modern prose, nor as fully polished retellings.

The album is written in a heightened, bardic register. It uses repeated phrases, old-sounding formulae, place-images, elemental forces, and symbolic language rather than straightforward conversational storytelling. Wind, stone, cliff, sea, old speech, fire, flight, silence, and remembered

names all return throughout the cycle.

For that reason, some lines may seem strange when translated directly. A land may “listen.” A wind may feel like a voice. A creature may stand not only for itself, but for an older world passing away. Repetition is not accidental. In sung storytelling, repeated images help carry memory, deepen emotional force, and connect one track to another.

The translations are therefore offered as guides to the Cornish, not as the last word on meaning. The fuller sense of the album lies between the words, the music, the landscape, and the sense of something half-remembered and nearly lost.

This is Hereward’s story not as historical proof, but as reconstructed myth: a dragon tale built from absence, landscape, and memory.

The Legend in Brief

Hereward is remembered not as a triumphant conqueror or a simple monster, but as the last remnant of an older order in the western land.

In this reconstruction, the story begins before the churches, before the saints, before the parish world has fully taken shape. The far west of Cornwall belongs first to older powers: giants, Bucca, ancient speech, sea-wind, and beings whose presence once felt natural to the granite land. Hereward is one of these powers — not merely a beast, but the last dragon still keeping watch over the western country.

He sees generations pass. From high places he watches the sea, the tors, the coves, and the changing weather. For a long while he remains part of the land’s deep pattern, solitary but not yet hunted.

Then the balance changes.

Men come in greater number. Paths become roads. Fires appear where there were once only temporary shelters. Boundaries are fixed, fields are cut, settlements grow, and older understandings begin to weaken. What had once been part of the world becomes something less understood.

In time, fear replaces memory. A missing animal, a flicker of fire on a height, or a shadow crossing the sky is enough to turn Hereward from presence into rumour, and from rumour into threat. The dragon grows larger and darker in the minds of those who no longer share the older world.

Only one human figure still stands between those worlds: the Wise Woman of Gulval, who remembers enough of the old speech and old order to address Hereward not simply as a terror, but as a being with place and history. Yet wisdom arrives too late to halt the movement of fear.

The hunt begins.

Hereward’s last flight is not the fall of a wicked monster at the hands of heroes. It is the exhaustion of something ancient under the weight of generations. At Carn Galver, he falls not from glorious wounds but from weariness, age, and the long pressure of a world that no longer has room for him.

In the final movement, Hereward passes out of living presence and into memory. The dragon does not survive as certainty or full legend. He survives as a name, a landscape association, a hint of old western wind, and the possibility that someone, somewhere, still remembers where to look.

The Places / Mythic Geography

Hereward belongs to a west Cornwall of tors, cliffs, bays, wind, and long memory.

This album treats place not simply as scenery, but as the fabric of the legend itself. Hereward is not dropped into a neutral backdrop. He belongs to a particular imaginative geography: the granite heights, the Atlantic edge, the western peninsula, the older speech of the land, and the uneasy meeting-point between pre-Christian memory and later settlement.

The Western Land

The “western land” is more than a direction. It is a cultural and mythic edge: a place where weather, rock, sea, and old belief feel close together. In the album, the far west stands for survival, remoteness, and the persistence of older presences that have not yet entirely yielded to newer orders.

Mount’s Bay and the Watching Places

From the high ground, Hereward watches the country and the sea. These heights matter because they suit his nature: broad views, exposed weather, and long spans of time. The dragon is not imagined as a creature trapped in a single cave, but as a watcher of the western coast and its changes.

Gulval

Gulval enters the story through the Wise Woman. It represents the human threshold between forgetting and remembering. It is not merely a village-name, but the place where a last thread of older understanding survives within the world of people.

Carn Galver

Carn Galver is the place of the fall.

In this reconstruction it becomes the final resting-height of the dragon: not a battlefield of heroic victory, but a granite witness to exhaustion and ending. It is fitting that the dragon’s end comes on high, stony ground, where the land itself seems old enough to remember him.

The Sea and the Wind

The Atlantic is always present in the album, even when unseen. Wind and sea are the longest-lived companions of the western land. They outlast settlements, fears, and names. For Hereward, they are both companions and witnesses.

The wind especially carries memory through the cycle. It is the medium by which presence becomes rumour and rumour becomes legend. By the end, the dragon survives less as sight than as something borne on air, coastline, and half-heard recollection.

The Old Country Beneath the New

Perhaps the most important “place” in the album is not a mapped location, but the older world beneath the newer one.

That is the true territory of the reconstruction: the layered Cornwall in which saints, towers, hamlets, and fields rest over older agreements, older beings, and older ways of seeing. Hereward belongs to that deeper layer. The tragedy of the album is that the deeper layer does not vanish at once; it thins, recedes, and becomes difficult to hear.

That thinning is the story.

Intro

Kens an Sansow

Before the Saints



The Intro is not yet the story proper.

It is a spoken threshold: a fragment, invocation, and statement of method. Before Hereward appears as a character within a sequence of events, the album first establishes the world to which he belongs. This is important, because the album is not presenting Hereward as an isolated monster dropped into an otherwise ordinary landscape. He belongs to an older imaginative order.

The voice places us in a time before the visible markers of later Cornwall: before saints, before church towers, before the parish

world fully named and bounded the western land. In that earlier imaginative country, other powers were still near at hand. Giants walked the hills. The Bucca ruled the grey sea. Among the granite tors lived Hereward.

The Intro also gives the album its emotional key. Hereward is not introduced as the greatest dragon or the oldest dragon, but as the last. That one word changes the whole story. He is already a remnant. Even before the narrative of settlement, fear, and pursuit begins, the listener is told that Hereward belongs to a vanishing order.

This makes the Intro less like a scene and more like an opening fragment recovered from a half-lost tradition. It does not explain everything. It names what remains.

Key images

Before the saints — the pre-Christian or pre-parochial imaginative landscape.

Before the church towers — the world before the visible authority of later religious settlement.

The western peninsula — Cornwall as mythic edge-country, belonging first to older presences.

Giants — the deep old powers of the land.

The Bucca — the older sea-power of western folklore.

Granite tors — ancient, weathered places where old beings belong naturally.

The last — Hereward as remnant rather than ruler.

The western wind — memory carried in breath, rumour, and landscape.

Selected spoken lines

“Before the saints.
Before the church towers.

The western peninsula belonged to older powers.

Giants walked the hills.

The Bucca ruled the grey sea.

And among the granite tors lived Hereward.

Not the greatest.

Not the oldest.

Merely the last.”

“Of Hereward, little remains...

A name.

A dragon.

A memory carried on the western wind...”

Meaning of the selected lines

The opening phrases place the album in a mythic rather than strictly historical frame. “Before the saints” and “before the church towers” do not need to be read as precise chronology. They signal an imaginative earlierness: a Cornwall beneath or before the better-known Christian and parish landscape.

The line about the western peninsula belonging to older powers establishes the governing idea of the whole album. The land is not empty before human settlement. It already has presences, authorities, and patterns of belonging. Hereward is one of those older presences.

The mention of giants and the Bucca situates Hereward within a wider Cornish mythic ecology. He is not alone in a fantasy vacuum. He belongs to a world in which hill, sea, wind, and creature still participate in an older order of meaning.

The most important turn comes with the lines:

“Not the greatest.

Not the oldest.

Merely the last.”

This deliberately refuses the usual heroic exaggeration of dragon stories. Hereward is not being elevated into a supreme beast of legend. Instead, he is defined by lateness and survival. His significance lies not in dominance, but in being the last visible remnant of a fading world.

The closing fragment — “A name. A dragon. A memory carried on the western wind...” — explains the album’s whole method in miniature. The surviving folklore is slight. The reconstruction begins not from a complete tale, but from fragments: a name, a being, and a sense of remembered westernness.

Listener’s gloss

The Intro tells the listener how to hear the album.

If the later tracks were heard without this opening, Hereward might sound like a dragon hunted down by people in a dark Cornish tale. But the Intro shifts the emphasis. This is not simply a

monster story. It is a story about **the fading of an older order**.

That is why the spoken delivery matters. It sounds less like a conventional song and more like the beginning of an archive restoration, or the first surviving lines of something incomplete. The voice is not only narrating. It is recovering.

The repeated “before” gives the Intro its ritual force. One layer of Cornwall is being lifted away to reveal another beneath it. Saints, towers, and named settlements will come later. But first the listener is asked to imagine the western land as older, wider, and stranger.

By the end of the Intro, the emotional horizon of the whole album is already visible.

Hereward is not introduced in triumph.

He is introduced in remembrance.

A name.

A dragon.

And a memory carried on the western wind.

Track 1

Kens an Sansow

Before the Saints



Track 1 turns the spoken threshold of the Intro into song.

The Intro names the fragments: before the saints, before the church towers, the western peninsula belonged to older powers. This track opens that world out more fully. It gives the listener hills, stones, giants, Bucca, piskies, dragons, human generations, old agreements, offerings, and the first sense of Hereward's loneliness.

This is still not a conflict track. Nothing has yet been broken by iron. No hunt has begun. No village rumour has made Hereward into a monster. The song belongs to the older balance, when the

land was not imagined as empty human territory, but as a shared country of visible and invisible powers.

Hereward appears here not as a threat, but as one being among others in the deep imaginative landscape. Yet the sadness is already present. He is not the greatest. He is not the oldest. He is the last.

That makes Track 1 both an opening and an elegy. It shows the old world while already telling us that it is passing.

Key images

Before the saints — an imaginative time before the later Christian and parish landscape.

Church towers not yet risen — the visible world of settlement and religious order still waiting in the future.

Older powers — giants, Bucca, piskies, dragons, stones, tors, sea, and wind.

Granite hills and tors — the natural home of the old beings.

Hereward among them — the dragon as part of a larger mythic ecology.

The last of the line — survival already shadowed by extinction.

Old agreements — the earlier balance between people, land, and older powers.

Offerings in deep valleys — practical gestures of respect before the old order fades.

The western wind — memory, distance, and loss.

Selected lines

*Kens an sansow, kens an touryow eglos.
An tiredh a dheuth dhe'n gallosow koth.*

*Long-bof-or an ven a dhiberthas rag pysi,
an growan o dhodho war an breyn.*

*Hyder yth esa an rammyow war an breyn,
an Bucca a rewlyas an mor tewl ha loos.*

*Piskies a dhansas ogas dhe'n meyn,
ha dragonyow a nestyas y'n growan-tors.*

Yn-mesk anedha o Hereward an dragon.

*Ny o an moyha war an gwynsek gors,
ny o an kottha y'n dydhyow koth,
lemmyn unnik an diwettha a'n gwith.*

*An tush a viras orth hyns loos an dhowrow,
an gwerinow dydhyow a dheuth ha dheuth a-dreva.*

*Kyn fo pub den oll a gopsas an emglev koth,
ha parsh-liniow a gollas yn touryow koth.*

*An tiredh west o pur fers ha wild,
Hereward a viras dhyworth y dor unnik.
Offrynnow a gollas yn nansow bown,
kens an sansow a dheuth dhe'n koth bre.*

*Hyder yth esa an gallosow koth ow nija,
an levow dhyworth an tors a-bell o gans an gwyns.*

*Hereward o gollas dhe hweles unnik,
skoj gans an gwyns war an tiredh west.*

*Boghes a remayn anodho lemmyn.
Hanow ogas dhe Gulval war an gors.
Dragon gollas dhe dremen an termyn,
ha henna yw oll a remayn.*

Close rendering

Before the saints, before the church towers.
The land belonged to the old powers.
Long before the stone was split for prayer,
the granite was his upon the hills.

Here there were giants upon the hills,
the Bucca ruled the dark and grey sea.
Piskies danced near the stones,
and dragons nested in the granite tors.

Among them was Hereward the dragon.
He was not the greatest on the windy moor,
he was not the oldest in the ancient days,
now only the last of the line.

The people looked upon the grey path of the waters,
the generations of days came and came to dwell.
Everyone understood the old agreement,

and parish lines were lost in old towers.

The western land was very flourishing and wild,
Hereward watched from his lonely tor.
Offerings were left in deep valleys,
before the saints came to the old hill.

Here the old powers were fading,
the voices from the distant tors were gone with the wind.
Hereward was left to watch alone,
a shadow with the wind upon the western land.

Little remains of him now.
A name near Gulval on the moor.
A dragon lost to the passage of time,
and that is all that remains.

Meaning of the selected lines

The opening returns to the same threshold as the Intro, but gives it a fuller mythic body. “Before the saints” and “before the church towers” mark a world before the visible structures of later religious settlement. The song is not offering precise chronology so much as a way of imagining a deeper layer of Cornwall beneath the familiar one.

The granite matters immediately. Stone is not just landscape here. It is age, memory, shelter, and belonging. Long before stone is split for churches or towers, it belongs to the hills and to the older powers that inhabit them.

The list of beings — giants, Bucca, piskies, and dragons — places Hereward inside a wider old-world ecology. He is not a random dragon added for spectacle. He belongs among other presences of land and sea, each suggesting a different part of the older Cornish imagination.

The key turn is the introduction of Hereward as “not the greatest” and “not the oldest.” The song refuses to inflate him into a supreme legendary beast. His importance lies in being the survivor: the last visible remnant of a dragon-line already fading into memory.

The old agreement is central. People and older powers are not yet in open conflict. The relationship may be uneasy, but it still has structure. People know enough to recognise boundaries, leave offerings, and understand that the land is not wholly theirs to command.

The later reference to parish lines and church towers introduces the future pressure of naming, ordering, and dividing the land. The track does not treat this as instant catastrophe, but as the beginning of a change that will eventually make Hereward impossible.

The final lines collapse the great old world into a tiny surviving fragment: little remains, a name near Gulval, a dragon lost to time. This is the album’s deepest sadness. The song has just opened a world of giants, Bucca, piskies, dragons, hills, and offerings — then reminds us that almost all of it has vanished.

Listener's gloss

Track 1 is the old world made audible.

The Intro tells us how to listen. Track 1 lets us enter.

It should feel spacious, ritual, and ancient, but not comfortable. The listener is being shown a world already under sentence from time. The hills still hold old powers. The sea still belongs to the Bucca. Piskies still dance near stones. Dragons still nest among the granite tors. But Hereward is already alone in a way that matters.

That loneliness is the emotional hinge of the track. He is not introduced as a conqueror. He is introduced as a remnant. The song therefore begins the album's tragedy before any human violence occurs. Hereward's doom is not only that people will later fear him. It is that his world is already thinning.

The offerings in the valleys are especially important because they show that relationship once existed. The people did not necessarily understand everything, but they understood enough to act with caution. They knew the old agreement.

That agreement will be forgotten.

The woods will be cut.

The smoke will rise.

The rumour will grow.

But here, for one track, the listener hears what existed before the breaking.

The old powers.

The western land.

And Hereward, already the last.

Track 2

An Dragon a'n Tiredh West

The Dragon of the Western Land



Track 2 begins the story proper.

After the Intro opens the older world before saints and church towers, this track places Hereward within that world. He is no longer only named as the last dragon. He is shown keeping watch over the western land: sea, tors, valleys, winds, offerings, old agreements, and generations of human life passing below him.

This is not yet a conflict song. The mood should feel spacious, ancient, and solitary. Hereward is part of the landscape, not an invader of it. The people know him, fear him a little, respect him a

little, and understand that certain places still belong to powers older than ordinary settlement.

The track is therefore about balance before rupture. The old world has not vanished, but it is already thinning. Hereward watches generations come and go, and the listener begins to feel that his loneliness is not temporary. It is the first sign of extinction.

Key images

The western land — Cornwall as mythic edge-country, watched from high places.

The dark pool and grey-blue sea — water as depth, distance, and old memory.

Generations coming and going — human time measured against dragon-time.

Offerings of bread and tallow — a practical folk-ritual acknowledging the old agreement.

Certain valleys — places still treated as shared, forbidden, or spiritually charged.

The high tor — Hereward's watch-place above ordinary human life.

Fading voices from the tors — the old powers beginning to withdraw.

Founded churches — the newer order arriving, not yet as outright violence, but as change.

Selected lines

*Hereward a gollas war an lenn-lynn tawl,
ow mires orth an fhas a'n mor glass.
Ev a welas gwerinow ow tos hag ow mos,
kepar ha delyow gans an gwyns ha'n deas.*

*Unnik y'n nansow koth, ev a glewas an kelyon,
ha levow an fhasnow ow koedha rann ha rann.
An dhowrow a fhlshyas dhyworth an runnyow sans,
hag ev o ughel-lesr war an dor melyn.*

*Gwerin garlphas a dhowghas own ha rasmwyt,
parsh-vewgow dyflas rag an drah-gon koth.
Offrynnow a dhowgas dhe bederyow an als,
bara hag oles gwerthys gans an tush.*

*Nansow certan o difweth rag an troosow gwan,
tylleryow rynnys gans an deryow koth.
Pub den oll a wodhya an emglev meur,
rewlys gans an enys hag an growan-men.*

*Blydhennyow ha cansvlydhennyow a dremenys gans an gwyns,
an gwerin koth a dhasvewas y'n pras.
An drah-gon o unnik war y dor ughel,
ow clappya orth an lowarth an termyn koth.*

*Lemmyn an levow dhyworth an tors a-bell o clywys,
dysphasow koth ow fhadya a-ugh an mor.
An eglosow selyes a dhowghas an row,
hag ev o gollas dhe hweles unnik y'n splann.*

Close rendering

Hereward watched over the dark pool,
looking at the face of the grey-blue sea.
He saw generations coming and going,
like leaves with the wind and the south wind.

Alone in the old valleys, he heard the flies,
and the voices of the summers falling part by part.
The waters flowed from the sacred hills,
and he was a high lord upon the yellow earth.

Country folk carried fear and respect,
simple life-ways before the old dragon.
Offerings were brought to the foundations of the cliff,
bread and tallow left by the people.

Certain valleys were wilderness to weak feet,
places shared with the old oaks.

Everyone knew the great agreement,
ruled by the island and the granite stone.

Years and centuries passed with the wind,
the old folk lived again in the meadow.
The dragon was alone upon his high tor,
speaking to the garden of the old time.

Now the voices from the distant tors were heard,
old agreements fading above the sea.
The founded churches brought the change,
and he was left to watch alone in the light.

Meaning of the selected lines

The opening image establishes Hereward as a watcher. He is not first shown attacking, hoarding, burning, or roaring. He is looking: across dark water, towards the grey-blue sea, and over a land whose changes unfold slowly beneath him.

The comparison between generations and leaves is important. Human life moves quickly from Hereward's point of view. People come, dwell, age, vanish, and return through descendants, while the dragon remains on the high ground. This gives the track its sense of deep time.

The offerings of bread and tallow show that the early relationship between people and dragon is not simple terror. There is fear, but also recognition. The folk do not fully understand Hereward, yet they know enough to acknowledge him. The old agreement is practical, local, and half-sacred.

"Certain valleys" matter because the land is not yet treated as entirely available for human use. Some places are not simply empty resources. They are shared with older presences, trees, stones, waters, and powers that require caution. This is the world before every boundary has been made convenient.

The image of Hereward alone upon his high tor gives the song its sadness. Even before open conflict begins, he is isolated. The older powers have already thinned. His kin are gone or fading. He speaks to "the garden of the old time" because there are fewer living voices left to answer him.

The final verse introduces change gently but unmistakably. The churches do not yet arrive as weapons. They arrive as foundations, order, naming, and settlement. Yet their arrival marks a shift. The old agreements begin to fade above the sea, and Hereward is left watching alone in the light.

Listener's gloss

Track 2 is the last calm before the long forgetting begins.

It should not feel peaceful in a simple way. It is too lonely for that. But it should feel balanced: land, people, dragon, water, offerings, caution, and memory still existing together in a fragile order.

Hereward's tragedy begins here, not when the hunt starts. It begins in the slow mismatch between dragon-time and human time. He can watch centuries pass, but he cannot stop them. He can belong to the old land, but he cannot prevent the land from being renamed, fenced, preached over, mined, settled, and retold.

The people in this track are not yet villains. They are country folk living close to forces they only partly understand. They bring offerings because the agreement still matters. They fear Hereward, but they have not yet turned him into a monster.

That makes the later rupture more painful.

The old world does not end all at once.
First, the voices grow distant.

The offerings become memories.
The agreements fade.

And the last dragon watches from the tor.

Track 3

Devedhyans an Tush

The Coming of Men



Track 3 brings human pressure into the western land.

In Track 2, people and dragon still existed within an uneasy but recognisable balance. There was fear, but also respect. Offerings were left. Certain valleys were avoided. The old agreement still had force.

Here, that balance begins to break. The coming of men is not presented as a single invasion. It is more ordinary than that, and therefore more dangerous. It arrives through work, hunger, settlement, tools, roads, smoke, walls, mines, and practical

forgetting. The old woods are cut. Tin is taken from the granite. Sacred places are divided. Waters are fouled. Boundaries once felt as living agreements become obstacles to be moved aside.

This is not yet the hunt. It is the making of the world that will make the hunt possible.

Hereward's anger begins here, but the track is careful not to make him a simple monster. He is not attacking from malice. He is watching the land that held him being altered piece by piece.

Key images

Iron and steel — human tools, practical force, and the new confidence of settlement.

The old woods cut without fear — loss of caution before older powers.

Tin mines in the granite — the earth opened for use, profit, and survival.

Smoke reaching the bright sky — human industry becoming visible across the sacred landscape.

Forgotten agreements — the central spiritual rupture of the track.

Broken quietness on the hill — sound replacing silence; work replacing reverence.

Dismantled standing stones — old markers repurposed into ordinary walls.

Poisoned waters — sacred flow made useful, then damaged.

Hereward stirring — not evil awakening, but grief sharpening into anger.

Selected lines

*An tush yonk a dheuth gans horn ha dur,
ow trehi an koadow koth heb own.
Balyow sten a boras mown yn growan,
ha'n mog a dhrehedhas an ebron splann.*

*An emglev koth o ankowhys gans gwerin,
tylleryow sans o dhiberthys ha gwan.
I a glewas trouz an mortholyow ow trehi,
ow terri an kosolet h war an vre.*

*Meyn-sav koth a veu diskargys rag mur,
dhowrow sans gwenenys gans bal-strik.
Ny dhowghas den oll offrynnow orth an als,
lemmyn mog tewl ow liva yn nans.*

*Hereward a glewas dhyworth y gow-fhas,
an thud an thud a-is y'n dor koth.
An gwerin yonk a hwhelas an spens tewl,
heb dhasweles levow an deryow sans.*

*Nansow certan o lenwys gans pysk,
lemmyn tewlys gans re runnys a-dreva.
An drah-gon koth a dhasvewas yn nans,
ow mires orth an fhas koth ow chanjya.*

*Nyns o tebel-best, nyns o spytys malis,
lemmyn sorr ow trehi yn y golon koth.
Ev a sewas dhyworth an dor-grows ughel,
ow kweles an tiredh west ow merwel rann ha rann.*

Close rendering

The young people came with iron and steel,
cutting the old woods without fear.
Tin mines ate deep into the granite,
and the smoke reached the bright sky.

The old agreement was forgotten by the folk,
sacred places were divided and weakened.
They heard the noise of hammers cutting,
breaking the quietness upon the hill.

Ancient standing stones were dismantled for walls,
sacred waters poisoned by mine-waste.
No one brought offerings to the cliff,
only dark smoke flooding into the valley.

Hereward heard from his cave-face,
the thud, the thud below in the old earth.
The young folk overturned the dark boundary,
without looking back at the voices of the sacred oaks.

Certain valleys had been filled with fish,
now littered by those who shared the settlement.
The old dragon stirred in the valley,
watching the old face changing.

He was not an evil beast, nor a spirit of malice,

but anger cutting into his old heart.
He rose from the high earth-cross,
seeing the western land dying part by part.

Meaning of the selected lines

The opening lines deliberately make the human arrival physical. Iron, steel, axes, mines, smoke, and hammer-noise enter the sound-world of the album. This is not an abstract change of belief. It is a change that bites into wood, stone, water, and air.

The “young people” matter because this is also a generational rupture. The old folk remembered caution. They knew the agreement, or at least knew enough to behave as if it mattered. The younger settlement world is more practical, more confident, and less afraid of crossing old boundaries.

The tin mines eating into the granite are central to the track. Granite had previously been Hereward’s natural world: tor, cliff, stone, watch-place, and ancient foundation. Mining turns that same stone-world into material to be opened, worked, and consumed.

The dismantled standing stones show the change in attitude. What was once marker, memory, or sacred presence becomes building material. The act is practical, but the symbolic damage is enormous. The old landscape is not only being used; it is being misread.

The poisoned waters deepen the injury. In Track 2, water was part of the old pattern: pools, sea, sacred hills, flowing memory. Here, water becomes collateral damage. What was once living or sacred is altered by mine-waste and settlement.

Hereward’s listening is important. He hears the “thud, the thud” below the earth. The repeated sound makes the track feel percussive and industrial. It is the sound of the new world striking into the old one.

The final verse prevents the story from becoming too simple. Hereward is not an evil beast, and his anger is not spite. His rage comes from grief, disruption, and the sight of the western land dying part by part. That distinction is essential to the album’s sympathy.

Listener’s gloss

Track 3 is the first wound.

The humans here are not cartoon villains. They are doing what human communities do: cutting wood, mining tin, building walls, making roads, expanding settlement, and turning landscape into livelihood. But the album asks what gets lost when practical need forgets older forms of respect.

That is why the track should feel tense rather than purely violent. The conflict has not yet exploded, but the pressure is building everywhere. The hammer-blows are small, repeated, and local — but together they change the whole country.

For Hereward, the damage is not only environmental. It is spiritual and relational. The old agreement is being forgotten. The people no longer bring offerings. They no longer hear the sacred oaks. They no longer know which valleys should be left alone.

His anger begins as recognition.

He sees what others do not yet see: that the western land is being remade into a place where he cannot continue to belong.

No hunt has been called.

No legend has yet named him monster.

But the old quiet has been broken.

The thud has begun.

Track 4

An Bledhynnyow Tan

The Burning Years



Track 4 is where fear begins to write the legend.

In Track 2, the damage was physical: iron, steel, smoke, mining, broken woods, poisoned waters, and old markers pulled down. Here, the damage becomes social and imaginative. The people do not merely alter the land. They begin to alter the story.

The Burning Years are not presented as a simple campaign of dragon violence. They are a period of confusion, fear, rumour, exaggeration, and misremembering. Something happens on the moor. Livestock vanish. Smoke rises. Fire is seen on the hills.

Warnings are misunderstood. Each retelling grows larger than the last.

That is the heart of the track. Hereward's actions may begin as defence of the old land, the cliff, the pool, and the boundaries that have been broken. But by the time the story reaches the village square, motive no longer matters. The dragon has already become the thing people need him to be: the monster that explains their fear.

This track is therefore not only about fire. It is about how communities create monsters from fragments, rumours, and panic.

Key images

Fire and smoke — warning, defence, destruction, and rumour all blurred together.

The crowded folk — fear becoming communal and contagious.

Lost livestock — small events that begin large stories.

The village square — the public place where rumour hardens into accepted truth.

Growing tales — each retelling enlarging the dragon.

The broken boundary — the real cause beneath the exaggerated legend.

The old laws — the agreements Hereward still believes he is defending.

Hereward's sadness — the creature behind the monstrous story.

The high hunt — fear preparing its own answer.

Selected lines

*Gwerin-les ow poosa, tewl o an nos,
ha'n dhasvewyans a dheuth gans tan ha mog.
Gwynn-les a dhasvewas dhyworth an vre,*

ha gwerin an balyow a gopsas an spens.

*Bestas a gollas dhyworth an gors,
tewl o an moryon gans mog an tan.
Pub hwedhel koth a dhowghas an row,
ow liva an drah-gon gans dhasweles fall.*

*Yn-mesk an gwerin, an hwedhel a dhowgas meur,
pub dhasleverans ow tyfhasi an best.
Ev o delyes ow posa moy ughel es tor,
gans keyn a growan ha dhasweles pur.*

*Hwedhlow a dhowghas spytyys ha dres ow tos,
ow liva an drevow gans tan ha gwan.
An drah-gon veur o gwerthys gans own,
tebel-best a dhrigyas yn nansow koth.*

*Ev a dhowgas an tan dhe gwitha an gors,
dhyworth an horn ha'n gwerin ow trehi an lynn.
Nyns o mab-den y seth, lemmyn gwitha an als,
hag an lloasow koth es rynnys y'n chi.*

*Ev a boras an devedh dhyworth prasow an drev,
rag dhasweles an spens koth o terrys gans mur.
An mog o y arwodh war an vre ughel,
ow leverel dhe'n tush: "A-berth le, nyns owgh sans!"*

*Deep yn y golon, an drah-gon o unnik ha trist,
ow clewel lowarth y genseb ow fhadya a-bell.
Nyns esa lev ow gorthebi dhyworth an tors koth,
lemmyn gwyns loos ow nija dres an tiredness tewl.*

*Hereward a welas an hwedhlow ow tyfhasi,
nyns o y weythret gans tewlyans spyt.
Ev a dhowgas tan dhyworth y golon koth,
rag gwitha an remenant a'n tiredness wild.*

*Lemmyn an wirionedh o gollas y'n mog,
ha'n drah-gon o unnik tebel-best yn hwedhel.
Fear meur a rewlyas an tush y'n gwer,
ow trehi an hyns rag an helg ughel.*

Close rendering

Country folk pressed together; dark was the night,
and the stirring came with fire and smoke.
White fury rose up from the hill,
and the mining folk felt the boundary break.

Livestock were lost from the moor,
dark were the small things in the smoke of the fire.
Every old tale brought the change,
flooding the dragon with false vision.

Among the folk, the tale grew large,
every retelling enlarging the beast.
He was described as looming higher than a tor,
with a back of granite and pure malice.

Tales brought spite and excess as they came,
flooding the towns with fire and weakness.
The great dragon was remade by fear,
an evil monster dwelling in the old valleys.

He brought the fire to protect the moor,
from the iron and the people cutting the pool.
Mankind was not his target, but the guarding of the cliff,
and the old laws that were shared in the home.

He took the sheep from the meadows of the town,
to look back at the old boundary broken by walls.
The smoke was his sign upon the high hill,
saying to the people: "Within this place, you are not sacred!"

Deep in his heart, the dragon was alone and sad,
hearing the garden of his kin fading far away.
There was no voice answering from the old tors,
only grey wind flying over the dark land.

Hereward saw the tales growing;
his deed was not done with spiteful intent.
He brought fire from his old heart,
to guard the remnant of the wild land.

Now the truth was lost in the smoke,
and the dragon was only an evil monster in the tale.
Great fear ruled the people in the square,
cutting the path for the high hunt.

Meaning of the selected lines

The opening image puts the community under pressure. People gather together in darkness, trying to understand fire, smoke, missing animals, and broken boundaries. The track begins with shared fear rather than direct certainty.

The phrase "white fury" gives the fire an almost spiritual force. It is not just physical burning. It is light, panic, anger, warning, and revelation all at once. The people see something on the hill, but they do not yet understand what they are seeing.

The lost livestock are important because they give rumour something small and concrete to grip. A missing sheep is manageable as fact. But once the story is retold, it becomes proof of something much larger. This is how fear grows: not from nothing, but from a small truth pushed beyond its proper shape.

The growing tale is the centre of the track. Each retelling enlarges the dragon. Hereward becomes higher than a tor, harder than granite, filled with pure malice. The image is powerful precisely

because it is false. The community is no longer describing what happened. It is building a monster large enough to contain its fear.

The lines about Hereward's actual motive are therefore crucial. He brings fire to defend the moor, the cliff, the pool, and the old laws. That does not make his actions harmless, but it changes their meaning. The fire is not simply cruelty. It is boundary-language from a being whose older world is being cut apart.

The warning — "Within this place, you are not sacred!" — reverses the human assumption that all land may be taken, worked, walled, or entered. Hereward is asserting an older claim: some places are not yours simply because you have reached them with iron.

The sad verse prevents the track from becoming only spectacle. Beneath the smoke and panic, Hereward is lonely. His kin are gone. The old tors no longer answer. He is defending a world that may already be too far gone to save.

The final verse completes the transformation from event to legend. Truth is lost in smoke. The dragon is no longer understood as a grieving guardian of the old land. He is now an evil beast in the public tale. Once that happens, the hunt becomes almost inevitable.

Listener's gloss

Track 4 is the making of the monster.

That does not mean nothing happened. Fire did rise. Animals were lost. Boundaries were threatened. Hereward did act. But the song is interested in the distance between action and story: what happened, what was feared, what was repeated, and what people eventually decided must be true.

This is why the track should feel restless and crowded. It is full of voices, whispers, claims, half-remembered sightings, and frightened certainty. The dragon grows not only in the sky, but in the telling.

Hereward's tragedy deepens here because he is now losing control of his own meaning. In Track 2, he was known through the old agreement. In Track 3, he became angered by the breaking of that agreement. In Track 4, he becomes a public threat, defined by those who no longer understand him.

The people are afraid, and fear is rarely patient. It does not pause to separate warning from attack, defence from malice, grief from violence, or old law from new panic.

By the end of the track, Hereward has been rewritten.

Not as watcher.

Not as remnant.

Not as the last dragon of the western land.

But as the beast in the story.

And once the story has made its monster, the hunt only needs a path.

Track 5

An Benen Fur a Lulyn

The Wise Woman of Gulval



Track 5 is the still point of the album.

After the smoke, rumour, and public fear of The Burning Years, the story narrows to one woman walking towards the dragon. The Wise Woman of Gulval stands between two worlds: the frightened human community below and the last dragon of the older land above.

She is important because she still understands what others have forgotten. She knows that Hereward is not simply an evil beast. She remembers enough of the old speech, old agreements, and old

landscape to approach him not with iron, but with words.

This makes the track intimate and tragic. It is not a battle and not a rescue. It is an attempted conversation at the very edge of failure.

The Wise Woman can speak to Hereward, but she cannot make the village hear him. She can warn the dragon, but she cannot stop the hunt. She can still name the old world, but she cannot bring it back.

Key images

The Wise Woman — memory, mediation, and the last human thread to the old order.

Gulval — the human threshold between settlement and older mythic landscape.

The ascent to the tor — a deliberate crossing from village fear into dragon territory.

The old tongue — speech that still recognises Hereward as a being, not merely a threat.

Hereward's weary wing — age, loneliness, smoke, and exhaustion.

The village council / square — public fear hardening into action.

Iron and steel — the human answer once words have failed.

The lost garden — the older world fading beyond recovery.

Selected lines

*An benen fur a dhowgas hy rynn dhe'n tor,
ow cerdhes heb gwyns y'n nos tewl.
Hy a welas an drah-gon ow posa yn nans,
ha'n enys koth ow merwel rann ha rann.*

*Ha hi a gomzas ar yezh kozh ouzh an uhel:
"O Hereward, diwall an nemorant splann."*

*Ar bed kozh a varv dindan an treid,
met an eñvor a chom bev er reier.*

*Ar c'hantvedoù a dremen evel an avel,
ha n'eus ddragon ebet ken war an dorgenn.
Va askell a zo skuizh gant ar mog tawl,
nag un unig a gousk em c'hribenn koth.*

*Te n'out ket ur spered drouk, n'out ket ur ruzvil,
met ar spount a ren en o c'halonoù.
Tec'h kuit d'an uhel, kuit eus an nansow,
rak an dud a zegas an houarn hag an dir.*

*Gwerin an balyow ne dhowghas hy lev,
own meur a rewlyas an tush y'n gwer.
I a dhroas an horn hag an dur tawl,
heb dhasweles an emglev war an vre.*

*Lemmyn an drah-gon o unnik yn mog,
ha'n benen fur a oelas orth an als.
Fear meur a rewlyas an hyns rag an helg,
ha'n lowarth koth o gollas gans an gwyns.*

Close rendering

The wise woman carried her path to the tor,
walking without wind in the dark night.
She saw the dragon leaning into the valley,
and the old island dying part by part.

And she spoke the old tongue to the high one:
"O Hereward, guard the bright remnant."
The old world dies beneath their feet,
but memory stays alive in the rocks.

The centuries pass like the wind,
and there is no other dragon upon the hill.
My wing is weary with the dark smoke,
and as a lonely one I sleep in my old crest.

You are not an evil spirit, you are not a monster,
but fear rules in their hearts.
Flee to the high place, away from the valleys,
for the people bring iron and steel.

The mining folk did not carry her voice;
great fear ruled the people in the square.
They brought the iron and the dark steel,
without looking back at the agreement on the hill.

Now the dragon was alone in smoke,
and the wise woman wept by the cliff.
Great fear ruled the path for the hunt,

and the old garden was lost with the wind.

Note on the Breton passages

The Breton lines in this track are not used to suggest that Breton was literally the ancient language of Hereward's Cornwall.

They are used artistically.

Breton and Cornish are related Brythonic languages, and the shift into Breton gives the Wise Woman's speech a deliberately different colour: familiar, but not quite the same; kindred, but set apart from the Cornish narrative voice around it.

In the song, that change of language marks the moment when she steps outside ordinary village speech and reaches towards an older, wider world of memory. It is less a historical claim than a musical and symbolic device: a way of letting her address Hereward in a voice that feels connected to Cornish tradition, but slightly displaced from everyday human argument.

For that reason, the Breton may be read as a "threshold language" in the track: not proof of what was spoken, but a sign that the Wise Woman is crossing between human fear and dragon memory.

Meaning of the selected lines

The opening image is quiet but decisive. The Wise Woman does not stumble into Hereward's world by accident. She carries her path to the tor. That gives her journey ritual weight. She is deliberately entering the older landscape that others now fear.

Her walking "without wind" in the dark night gives the scene an unnatural stillness. After the noise of fire, rumour, tools, and public panic, this track begins almost breathless. The world pauses for one last attempt at understanding.

Her speech to Hereward in the "old tongue" is central. Language becomes the last bridge between human and dragon. The village has reduced Hereward to a monster in the tale, but the Wise Woman still addresses him as a presence with memory, grief, and responsibility.

The phrase "guard the bright remnant" gives her plea its emotional force. She is not asking Hereward to conquer, punish, or take revenge. She asks him to preserve what remains of the older world. Yet the line is tragic because the remnant is already small.

Hereward's reply is weary rather than wrathful. The centuries have passed like wind. There is no other dragon on the hill. His wing is tired with smoke. This is not the voice of a victorious beast preparing for battle. It is the voice of the last survivor realising how alone he has become.

The Wise Woman's warning — "You are not an evil spirit, you are not a monster" — answers the false legend growing in Track 4. She understands the difference between a feared being and an evil one. But she also understands that fear has already taken control of the human heart.

The return to the mining folk and the square shows her failure. Her knowledge does not carry far enough. The people do not receive her voice. Their fear is now more powerful than memory, and iron becomes easier to trust than speech.

The final image of the old garden lost with the wind completes the tragedy. The garden here is not a

literal garden only, but the remembered living order of the older world: kinship, agreement, caution, reverence, and shared place. By the end of the track, that world is nearly gone.

Listener's gloss

Track 5 is the album's last chance for mercy.

That does not mean it is hopeful. It is too late for easy hope. But it is the last moment when someone human still tries to understand Hereward before the hunt begins.

The Wise Woman matters because she refuses the village's simplified story. She does not deny that Hereward is dangerous. She does not pretend that nothing has happened. But she sees the grief beneath the danger and the history beneath the fear.

That makes her powerless in a particularly painful way. She is right, but being right is not enough. She has language, memory, and courage, but the village has numbers, tools, panic, and momentum.

Hereward's loneliness also becomes clearer here. Until now, he has been watcher, remnant, wounded guardian, and rumoured monster. In this track, he becomes a speaking being. The listener hears his weariness directly. He is not asking to rule the land. He is asking, almost silently, whether anything of his world can still remain.

The answer is not given in words.

It comes in iron.

It comes in steel.

It comes in the path of the hunt.

By the end of the track, the conversation has failed.

The Wise Woman weeps.

The village arms itself.

The dragon is alone in smoke.

Track 6

An Helg hag an Nij Diwetha

The Hunt and The Last Flight



Track 6 is where fear becomes action.

After the failed mediation of the Wise Woman of Gulval, there is no longer a meaningful pause between rumour and violence. The village has chosen its answer. Not speech, not memory, not caution, but iron.

The hunt is important because it is not led by legendary heroes. The people who gather against Hereward are ordinary men: miners, villagers, frightened households, practical hands carrying tools that have become weapons. That makes the track more tragic

than heroic. The hunt is not a glorious conquest of evil. It is a frightened community moving together because it no longer knows how else to respond.

Hereward's last flight follows from this pressure. He rises not as a triumphant dragon, but as the last remnant of the older land driven from his own place. The sky, sea, stones, wind, and Bucca all seem to witness the moment. The old world has not entirely vanished, but it can no longer protect him.

This is the album's great turning point: the last flight before the fall.

Key images

The hunt — fear organised into collective action.

Old iron — tools, weapons, industry, and the new human order.

Marching across the moor — ordinary people becoming an unstoppable force.

The Wise Woman weeping — memory and warning finally overruled.

The cave-face above the sea — Hereward's last refuge and last lookout.

The old wing — age, endurance, and the final effort of flight.

The great shadow — Hereward's presence passing over the land one last time.

The Bucca grieving — the older powers witnessing the end of their own age.

Standing stones watching — the ancient landscape as silent witness.

Time changing — the true force that defeats Hereward.

Selected lines

*Gwerin an balyow a dhowgas an horn koth,
ow kerdhes rann ha rann dres an gors tewl.*

*Nyns ens y nebes ramyow po gwerin an als,
lemmyn tush unnik ow sevel orth an dor.*

*An mortholyow a dhowghas trouz yn nos,
gwerin an balyow ow cerdhes heb own.
An benen fur a oelas orth pederyow an als,
hag i a dhroas an dur ughel dhe'n vre.*

*Hereward a glewas levow an helg ow tos,
dhyworth y gow-fhas koth a-ugh an mor glass.
Ev a wodhya lemmyn nag esa le anodho,
yn-mesk an trevow splann hag an tiredh gwan.*

*Ev a dhasvewas y askell koth yn nans,
ow sevel dhyworth an growan rag an diwettha torn.
An ebron tewl a dhowghas an mor ha'n gwyns,
ha'n skeus meur ow nija dres an tiredness wild.*

*An Bucca a oelas orth hyns loos an dhowrow,
ow kweles an drah-gon diwettha ow nija ughel.
Pub men-sav koth a viras orth an ebron splann,
ow clewel dhasvewyans gwan an enys koth.*

*Nyns o torn a fhas po gwerthas gans dur,
lemmyn an termyn ow chanjya rann ha rann.*

*Hereward a nijas dres pederyow y dor,
ow sewas dhyworth an tiredness koth gans an gwyns.*

Close rendering

The mining folk carried the old iron,
walking part by part across the dark moor.
They were not a few giants or people of the cliff,
but lonely people rising against the earth.

The hammers brought noise in the night,
the mining folk walking without fear.
The Wise Woman wept at the foundations of the cliff,
and they brought the high steel to the hill.

Hereward heard the voices of the hunt coming,
from his old cave-face above the grey-blue sea.
He knew now there was no place left for him,
among the bright towns and the weakened land.

He stirred his old wing in the valley,
rising from the granite for the final turn.
The dark sky brought the sea and the wind,
and the great shadow flew over the wild land.

The Bucca wept at the grey path of the waters,
seeing the last dragon flying high.
Every old standing stone looked at the bright sky,

hearing the weak survival of the old island.
It was not a change of face or victory by steel,
but time changing part by part.
Hereward flew over the foundations of his tor,
rising from the old land with the wind.

Meaning of the selected lines

The opening lines make the hunt communal rather than heroic. The people carry old iron and move across the moor together. They are not giants, saints, warriors, or mythic champions. They are ordinary frightened people who have become dangerous because they are many.

That matters because the album is not interested in a simple good-versus-evil battle. The hunters are not noble dragon-slayers in shining legend, but neither are they necessarily wicked. They are people caught inside fear, rumour, and change. Their ordinariness makes the moment harsher.

The repeated sound of hammers links this track back to Track 3. The tools that opened the earth now accompany the hunt. Industry and fear have become part of the same rhythm. What began as settlement and extraction now moves against the last being who still belongs to the older land.

The Wise Woman weeping at the cliff is the emotional hinge of the track. Her failure is now complete. She could speak to Hereward, but she could not stop the people. Her tears mark the end of mediation.

Hereward hearing the hunt from his cave-face gives the moment a tragic stillness before flight. He understands that there is no safe place left for him among the bright towns and weakened land. The phrase does not only mean physical danger. It means the whole human world has closed against him.

The stirring of the old wing is one of the track's great images. It is not youthful power. It is age forced into one last act. Hereward rises from granite, from memory, from the old land itself, but the effort already carries the sense of ending.

The Bucca's grief expands the scene beyond human conflict. The old sea-power watches the last dragon fly, and the standing stones themselves seem to look upward. The landscape is not neutral. It witnesses the departure of one of its own.

The final verse makes the track's deepest point: Hereward is not truly defeated by steel. Human iron matters, but it is not the final cause. The real force is time changing part by part. The hunt is only the visible edge of a much larger transformation.

Listener's gloss

Track 6 is the last flight of the old world.

The hunt gives the song its movement, but the flight gives it its soul. The people march with iron, but Hereward rises with wind, sea, shadow, and memory around him. For a moment the album opens upward: from village fear to sky, from hammers to wings, from human noise to the great weather of the western land.

It should feel enormous, but not victorious.

Hereward's flight is magnificent because it is doomed. He is still powerful enough to cast a shadow over the land, still ancient enough for the Bucca to grieve, still bound deeply enough to the granite that every standing stone seems to witness him. But magnificence is not rescue.

The people below do not understand what they are seeing. To them, the monster is fleeing. To the older powers, the last dragon is leaving the world that once knew him.

That difference is the tragedy of the track.

The hunt thinks it is driving out danger.

The land knows it is losing memory.

By the end, Hereward has taken to the sky for the final time.

Iron follows below.

Wind carries him above.

And time has already chosen its side.

Track 7

Koedhyans Hereward

The Fall of Hereward



Track 7 is the fall.

After the hunt and the last flight, the story reaches Carn Galver. But the fall of Hereward is not written as a heroic victory for the hunters. There is no triumphant sword-blow, no glorious shout, and no clean conquest of monster by man.

That matters.

Hereward does not fall because one man is stronger than him. He falls because the whole world has become too heavy. Weather, age, exhaustion, fear, iron, settlement, and time have all gathered

against him. The hunters are present, but they are not the true force that brings him down. They are only the visible edge of a much larger change.

This track should feel slow, heavy, and inevitable. The great movement of Track 6 has spent itself. The wing has risen. The shadow has crossed the land. Now the dragon's body meets granite.

Hereward's fall is not merely the death of a creature. It is the end of the dragon-age in the western land.

Key images

Carn Galver — the high granite place of final collapse.

The western land seen for the last time — Hereward's final act of witness.

Dark wind and fierce sea — the old elements present at the ending.

No victory by steel — the refusal of simple dragon-slaying triumph.

The weight of generations — time itself pressing down.

The great thud — body, stone, and history meeting in one sound.

The fading shadow — Hereward's presence leaving the hill.

The Bucca carrying the remnant — the older powers preserving what little can remain.

The broken agreement — the final collapse of the old relationship between people and land.

Selected lines

*Ev a dorigyas ughel a-ugh Carn Galver,
ow mires orth an tiredh west rag an diwettha torn.
An gwyns o tewl hag an mor o pur fers,*

ow nija dres an moryon heb gorthebi gwan.

*Nyns o mab-den hag horn ow trehi y gorf koth,
lemmyn an gwerinow ughel ow poosa dres y gorn.*

*Enyval an growan o skuizh gans an splann,
hag ev a goedhas kepar ha delyow gans an deas.*

*An thud meur a dheuth war an tiredness wild,
ow terri an growan-men ogas dhe'n als.*

*An helg ughel a glewas an kosoletth ow tos,
ow kweles an drah-gon diwettha ow merwel rann ha rann.*

*An lerghow koth a gollas dres y dhiwaskell tewl,
ha'n skeus meur ow fhadya dhyworth an vre.*

*Nyns esa lev ow liva yn nansow bown,
lemmyn an gwerin yonk ow sevel heb own.*

*An Bucca a dhowgas an remenant splann dhe'n lenn,
ow tyfhasi an gwedhys tewl y'n mor glass.*

*An oles ha'n bara o gollas gans an tush,
ha'n emglev koth o terrys gans an horn.*

*Koedhyans Hereward o diwedh an drah-gon-oas,
an growan koth ow koedha rann ha rann.*

*Lemmyn an enys a dhrigyas yn tewolgow splann,
hag ev o gollas dhe hweles unnik y'n splann.*

Close rendering

He lingered high above Carn Galver,
looking at the western land for the final turn.
The wind was dark and the sea was very fierce,
flying over the small things without a weak answer.

It was not man and iron cutting his old body,
but the high generations leaning across his horn.
The animal of granite was weary of the light,
and he fell like leaves with the south wind.

The great thud came upon the wild land,
breaking the granite stone near the cliff.
The high hunt heard the quietness coming,
seeing the last dragon dying part by part.

The old tracks were lost beneath his dark wings,
and the great shadow faded from the hill.
There was no voice flooding into the deep valleys,
only the young people standing without fear.

The Bucca carried the bright remnant to the pool,
darkening the dark clothing in the grey-blue sea.
The tallow and the bread were lost by the people,
and the old agreement was broken by the iron.

The fall of Hereward was the end of the dragon-age,
the old granite falling part by part.
Now the island dwelt in bright darkness,
and he was lost, looking alone in the light.

Meaning of the selected lines

The opening places Hereward high above Carn Galver, looking at the western land one last time. This matters because his final act is not attack, but witness. He sees the country that shaped him, failed him, and outlived him.

The dark wind and fierce sea make the fall larger than a local death. The elements that accompanied Hereward throughout the album are present at his ending. The land and sea do not rescue him, but they do not abandon the moment either. They bear witness.

The line “It was not man and iron cutting his old body” is the key to the track. The album refuses the easy shape of a dragon-slaying legend. Hereward is not defeated by a single heroic stroke. Iron may follow him, but it does not own the ending.

The true weight is generational. The “high generations” leaning across him are all the years of settlement, forgetting, fear, rumour, mining, boundary-breaking, and changing belief. That is what brings him down. Not one weapon, but centuries.

The “animal of granite” is a strong image because it fuses Hereward with the land. He is not simply a dragon standing on rock. He has become almost rock-like himself: ancient, heavy, weathered, and tired. When he falls, it feels as though part of the granite world falls with him.

The great thud is the sound of myth becoming geology. It is physical, but also historical. Dragon-body, cliff, stone, and memory strike together. After that impact, quietness arrives.

The fading of the great shadow marks the disappearance of Hereward as living presence. Earlier, his shadow crossed the land in flight. Now it withdraws from the hill. The young people stand without fear because the thing they feared is passing, but they do not fully understand what else is being lost.

The Bucca carrying the remnant keeps the ending from becoming simple extinction. Something is preserved: not the dragon in full, not the old agreement in working form, but a bright remnant. The older powers cannot prevent the fall, but they can carry memory onward.

The lost offerings of tallow and bread close a circle opened early in the cycle. Once, people left gifts in recognition of the old agreement. By this track, those gestures are gone. The relationship has been broken by iron, fear, and forgetting.

Listener’s gloss

Track 7 is not a victory song.

It is the sound of an age ending.

The hunters may think the danger has been removed. The village may think the monster has fallen. But the album frames the moment differently. Hereward’s death is also the collapse of a relationship

between land, memory, creature, and people.

That is why the fall has to feel heavy rather than dramatic in a simple action-story sense. A sword-stroke would make the ending too neat. A heroic cheer would make it false. Hereward does not fall because the new world is nobler. He falls because the new world is heavier.

The most painful part is that no one entirely wins.

The people lose their fear, perhaps, but they also lose the last living sign of the older land. Hereward loses his body and flight, but not entirely his name. The Bucca and the stones remain, but as witnesses to absence.

Carn Galver becomes the place where presence turns into memory.

The wing fails.

The shadow fades.

The old agreement breaks.

And the dragon-age ends with one great thud against the granite.

Track 8

An Hanow a Remayn

The Name That Remains



Track 8 is the aftermath.

Hereward has fallen. The hunt is over. The great shadow has faded from the hill. The dragon-age has ended, but the story does not close with silence alone.

Something remains.

Not Hereward as living creature. Not the old agreement in its working form. Not the offerings, the kin, the dragon-world, or the full tale that might once have been known. What remains is thinner than that, but still powerful: a name, a place, a breath of memory

carried on the western wind.

This track should feel stripped back, intimate, and unresolved. The violence has passed. The frantic movement is gone. The landscape is quieter now, but quiet is not the same as forgetting. The cliffs, stones, sea, and wind continue to hold what human memory has nearly lost.

The final track is therefore not resurrection. Hereward does not return as certainty.

He returns as remembrance.

Key images

Years across the granite — time passing over the old stone places.

Quiet valleys — the world after smoke, mining, fear, and pursuit have faded.

The lonely standing stone — a surviving marker of what cannot quite be explained.

The flying shadow — Hereward's memory briefly returning in wind and light.

The name — the last durable fragment of the lost tale.

The grey voice on the cliff — memory heard rather than seen.

The dragon sleeping in the cliff-foundation — Hereward absorbed into place.

The Bucca keeping the remnant — older powers preserving what human history forgets.

The changed tale — folklore altered by time, telling, fear, and distance.

Selected lines

*Blydhyunnyow dres an growan, an moryon re goedhas dhe gosoleth.
Nyns eus mog yn nansow lemmyn, na bleydh orth pederyow an als.
Gwerin an balyow yw gollas gans an termyn,*

hag horn koth re dhasvewas yn gwerthas an dor.

*Men-sav unnik a dhowg an skeus meur ow nija,
pan wreg an deas liva dres an gors loos.
An lowarth koth re fhadyas dhyworth emglev an tush,
lemmyn an hanow a remayn kepar ha morthol gwan.*

*Hereward, Hereward, lev loos war an als,
clewys gans an lloasow pan vyer orth an mor glass.
Ev nyns yw tebel-best, na mab-den gans dur,
lemmyn gwyns an vre ughel ow sevel dres an corf.*

*Lemmyn an drah-gon a gousk yn peder an als,
gwithys gans an Bucca yn lenn dhowr tewl.
Pub hwedhel koth yw chanjys gans gwerin an drev,
hag ev yw moryon unnik yn splann an hyns koth.*

Close rendering

Years passed across the granite; the small lives fell into quietness.
There is no smoke in the valleys now, nor a wolf at the foundations of the cliff.

The mining folk are lost with time,
and old iron has rested in the victory of the earth.

A lonely standing stone carries the great flying shadow,
when the south wind floods across the grey moor.
The old garden has faded from the agreement of the people,
but the name remains like a weak hammer.

Hereward, Hereward, a grey voice on the cliff,
heard by the generations when they look towards the grey-blue sea.

He is not an evil beast, nor a man with steel,
but the wind of the high hill rising over the body.

Now the dragon sleeps in the foundation of the cliff,
kept by the Bucca in a pool of dark water.

Every old tale is changed by the townspeople,
and he is a small lone thing in the light of the old path.

Meaning of the selected lines

The opening verse moves the album into long time. Years pass over granite. Smoke leaves the valleys. The mining folk themselves become part of the past. Even iron, which once seemed like the force of change, eventually rests in the earth.

That is an important reversal. Iron helped break the old agreement, but iron is not eternal either. The land outlasts the people who worked it, feared it, and tried to master it.

The lonely standing stone carrying the “great flying shadow” gives the track its central image of memory. Hereward is no longer physically present, but under certain conditions — wind, light, angle, recollection — something like his shadow still passes over the land.

The “old garden” fading from the agreement of the people links back to the Wise Woman and to the

older living order she tried to defend. The garden is not simply a cultivated place. It is the remembered world of kinship, caution, shared meaning, and belonging. By this final track, that world has faded from ordinary human agreement.

Yet the name remains.

The comparison to a “weak hammer” is deliberately modest. The name does not thunder with full mythic force. It does not restore the dragon or rebuild the old world. But it still strikes faintly. It still makes a sound. It still leaves a mark.

The repeated calling of “Hereward, Hereward” gives the track the feel of invocation. The name is spoken not to summon the dragon back into life, but to keep the remnant from vanishing completely.

The line “He is not an evil beast, nor a man with steel” corrects the two false simplifications that have haunted the album. Hereward is not the monster made by village fear, but neither is he human. He belongs to another order: wind, hill, cliff, memory, and old presence.

The final verse lets him sleep inside the landscape. The dragon is not merely dead and gone. He rests in the foundation of the cliff, watched or kept by the Bucca in dark water. This is not a biological survival, but a folklore survival: the being preserved as place-memory.

The line about every old tale being changed by the townspeople is a quiet but important ending. Folklore is not fixed. People alter what they inherit. They simplify, distort, forget, preserve, rename, and retell. Hereward survives only through that fragile and imperfect process.

Listener’s gloss

Track 8 is not a return.

It is a remnant.

After the fall at Carn Galver, the album could have ended with impact and silence. Instead, it lets the listener remain in the landscape after the event. That matters because the whole album has been built around a fragment: a dragon-name, a possible western association, and the sense of a story almost lost.

The final track brings that idea back into focus. The body is gone. The old world is gone. The agreement is gone. The people who feared him are also gone. Time has passed over all of them.

But the name remains.

That does not make the ending happy. It is too thin for happiness. But it is not nothing. A name can hold more than it seems. It can preserve a trace of fear, grief, place, warning, and wonder long after the full story has fallen away.

Hereward’s final form is therefore not a corpse, a trophy, or a conquered beast.

He becomes weathered memory.

A grey voice on the cliff.

A shadow in the south wind.

A sleeping dragon beneath the stone.

The album began by admitting how little remains.

It ends by showing why that little still matters.

Postscript

On What Remains

Hereward's story ends where it began: with very little.

A name.

A dragon.

A western place.

A memory almost lost.

That smallness is not a failure of the album, but its reason for existing. Some legends come down to us crowded with episodes, named characters, moral lessons, local variants, and long retellings. Others survive only as traces: a creature half-remembered, a place loosely associated with it, a name that still seems to belong to the wind.

This companion has treated Hereward not as a recovered certainty, but as a reconstruction. The songs imagine the world that might have held such a dragon: the old powers before the saints, the western land, the coming of men, the growth of fear, the failed wisdom of the Wise Woman, the hunt, the fall, and the name that remains.

That imagined story should not be mistaken for proof. It is closer to an act of listening.

To listen to a fragment is to accept that absence also speaks. The missing parts shape the tale as much as the surviving ones. Hereward is powerful because he is incomplete: large enough to suggest a lost myth, faint enough to remind us how easily such things vanish.

In the end, the dragon does not return as fact.

He returns as atmosphere.

A shadow over granite.

A voice near the cliff.

A name carried on the western wind.

And sometimes, with old stories, that is all we are given.

Sometimes, it is enough.