

An Kowl Gwrys

The Leaking Shell

A Companion to *Jan Tregeagle*



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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 a fully polished literary retelling.

The songs are built as dark story-songs: repeated phrases, legal images, moorland weather, courtroom voices, water, stone, shell, breath, judgement, and return. This is not conversational language. It is a sung legend shaped by pressure and repetition.

For that reason, some images may seem strange when translated directly. A charter may become almost alive. A gate may stand for death, judgement, passage, or doom. A shell may be both object and sentence. A pool may be water, prison, mirror, and memory at once.

The repetitions are deliberate. Tregeagle's punishment is repetitive, and so the language circles. The songs return again and again to the same images because the legend itself is a loop: the same task, the same failure, the same return to the water.

The translations are therefore offered as guides to the Cornish, not as the final meaning of the album. The fuller story sits between the words, the music, the moor, the pool, the shell, and the old fear of a name that refuses to rest.

This is Tregeagle's story as a sung judgement: part legal record, part ghost tale, part moorland curse, and part leaking shell scraping forever at the edge of dark water.

A Note on the Legend

The story of Jan Tregeagle survives in more than one form. In some tellings he is condemned to empty Dozmary Pool with a leaking limpet shell. In others, his flight to Roche Rock leads to a different impossible labour, such as moving sand from one shore or place to another.

This album does not attempt to reconcile every version into a single definitive account. Instead, it

follows one dramatic thread through the legend: corruption, judgement, impossible labour, pursuit, temporary sanctuary, return, and final absorption into the moorland imagination.

Where the songs differ from particular local tellings, that should be understood as artistic shaping rather than correction. The purpose is not to replace the folklore, but to make a coherent sung cycle from its recurring images: the charter, the court, the pool, the shell, the hunt, the sanctuary, the moor, and the name that will not rest.

The Legend in Brief

Jan Tregeagle is remembered in Cornish legend as a corrupt and powerful figure: a magistrate, landholder, and oath-breaker whose greed and cruelty outlived his body.

In this telling, Tregeagle begins not as a wandering ghost, but as a man of office and property. He has a house, papers, money, authority, and influence. The world around him has rules, but he bends them. Charters are altered. Boundaries are moved. The vulnerable are harmed. The poor and dispossessed have no easy answer against him.

His wealth does not bring peace. It brings suspicion, shadows, and the rumour that he has entered into a darker bargain. The old stories gather around him: forged deeds, false judgement, the Devil's bargain, and a soul sold for worldly advantage.

After death, Tregeagle is summoned before a spiritual court. His power no longer protects him. The documents that once served him now accuse him. The voices of the wronged return. His plea comes too late.

His sentence is not quick destruction. It is worse: an impossible task.

He is sent to Dozmary Pool on Bodmin Moor and given a limpet shell with which to empty the water. The punishment is perfectly cruel because it is both simple and impossible. He must work forever with a tool designed to fail.

Each attempt repeats the judgement. The shell leaks. The pool remains. Time becomes circular. Tregeagle's identity begins to wear away under water, stone, cold, and repetition.

At times he tries to escape. The storm rises, the demonic hunt begins, and he flees across the moor. He reaches sanctuary, but not freedom. Roche Rock becomes a place of temporary refuge, a narrow pause between holy ground and hellish pursuit.

In some tellings, Tregeagle's punishment shifts at this point into another impossible labour. In this album's version of the tale, there is no true pardon and no clean escape. Whether imagined at Roche Rock, on the shore, beside the pool, or under the open weight of the moor, Tregeagle remains bound to futile work.

For this sung cycle, that curse returns him to the water, the shore, and the leaking shell.

The final movement lets Tregeagle fade into the landscape. He is no longer only a man, nor even only a ghost. He becomes a sound in the weather, a shape in the moor, a name that will not quite wake and will not quite die.

The Places

Tregeagle's legend belongs to a Cornwall of courts, moors, pools, stones, sanctuaries, and old roads under bad weather.

This album treats place not as scenery, but as judgement. The house, the court, the moor, Dozmary Pool, Roche Rock, and the dark paths between them all form part of the sentence. Tregeagle is not merely punished in a place. He is absorbed by place.

The House and the Charter

The story begins with documents, boundaries, wealth, and authority.

The house represents worldly power: property, status, stored wealth, and control over others. The charter represents law — or rather, law corrupted into private advantage. When Tregeagle alters papers and bends judgement, he turns written order into a weapon.

For the album, the charter is more than a legal document. It is the first form of the curse. The false writing that once gave Tregeagle power later becomes part of the evidence against him. The record remembers.

The Dark Court

The court in the songs is both earthly and spiritual.

In life, Tregeagle's authority belongs to human systems: courts, offices, property, and influence. After death, that structure is turned back upon him. The court becomes a place of judgement rather than advantage.

The ledger, the witness, the bishop, the wronged poor, and the voices of the dead all gather into one terrible reversal. The man who used law as a shield finds himself standing inside a law he cannot bend.

Bodmin Moor

The moor is the open field of punishment.

It is wide, exposed, cold, and difficult to cross. In the songs, the moor is not empty. It listens. It carries names, rumours, voices, wind, and pursuit. Tregeagle's crimes move from paper and property into weather and stone.

The moor also removes him from human comfort. There is no great house here, no courtly shelter, no wealth, no soft bed, and no private room where fear can be hidden. There is only exposed land, water, granite, and the long breath of punishment.

Dozmary Pool

Dozmary Pool is the centre of the curse.

Here Tregeagle is given the impossible task: to empty the water with a leaking shell. The pool is important because it cannot be mastered. It does not need to rage or speak. It simply remains.

In the album, the pool becomes time itself. Each dip of the shell repeats the sentence. Each failure proves the judgement again. The more Tregeagle works, the more completely he belongs to the task.

The pool is not merely a place where punishment happens. It is the shape of punishment.

The Limpet Shell

The limpet shell is small, weak, and devastating.

It is not a grand infernal instrument. It is not a sword, chain, wheel, or furnace. It is almost absurdly humble. That is what makes it powerful. Tregeagle's pride, greed, papers, wealth, and legal cunning are all reduced to one leaking object in his hand.

The shell's weakness is the point. It turns effort into futility. It makes labour endless. It gives Tregeagle something to do without giving him any hope of completion.

Roche Rock

Roche Rock is the place of temporary sanctuary.

When Tregeagle flees the hunt, he does not escape into freedom. He reaches a holy or protected place where the forces pursuing him cannot wholly claim him. But sanctuary is not pardon.

For the album, Roche Rock is a pause in the sentence: high, exposed, strange, and narrow. It holds Tregeagle between worlds. Hell cannot fully seize him there, but neither can he return to peace.

It is a refuge with no future.

The Return to the Water

The return is what makes the legend cruel.

If Tregeagle could escape once and be free, the story would become an adventure. If he were destroyed outright, it would become a simple punishment tale. Instead, he is returned to the task.

This return turns the legend into a loop. Pool, shell, labour, failure, storm, chase, sanctuary, return. The pattern matters because Tregeagle's punishment is not merely pain. It is repetition without resolution.

The Moorland Name

By the end, Tregeagle becomes less a person than a presence.

The name remains in wind, water, stone, and story. The man who once used documents to control land is finally held by the land itself. His identity thins into rumour, weather, and warning.

The legend survives because the moor gives it somewhere to live.

Track-by-Track Companion

The following notes are not full translations of the songs. They are intended as a listener's guide: a way of following the story, recognising the repeated images, and understanding how the album turns Tregeagle's legend into a sung cycle of judgement and return.

Each track is built less like a modern narrative lyric and more like a ritual movement. The songs do not always advance by simple plot. They circle around legal images, water, stone, weather, paper, shell, breath, fear, and repetition. Each return adds pressure.

The selected Cornish lines are included for flavour and orientation. They are not a complete lyric sheet. The purpose is to give the listener the shape of the song without burying the story under every repeated turn of phrase.

Track 1

An Chart Koth

The Old Charter



The album begins before the ghost.

Tregeagle is first shown as a living man: wealthy, powerful, legally dangerous, and already morally ruined. He is not yet the figure condemned to the moor with a leaking shell. He is a man in a great house, surrounded by documents, authority, property, and fear.

This matters because the later punishment is not arbitrary. The leaking shell, the impossible task, and the endless return to water all answer something already present in his life. Tregeagle's crime is not simply greed in the abstract. It is greed given paperwork. It is

injustice written down, witnessed, sealed, and made to look lawful.

The old charter is therefore the first haunting object in the album. Before the shell leaks, the document lies. Before the pool refuses to empty, the record has already been corrupted.

This track moves from public power to private dread. Tregeagle's house fills with wealth, but not peace. The moor hears his name. Rumour gathers. At midnight, the bargain becomes explicit. What began as legal fraud passes into spiritual debt.

Key images

The charter — law corrupted into private advantage; writing as weapon.

The great house — status, wealth, enclosure, and the illusion of safety.

False documents — the visible form of hidden sin.

The moor — the place that hears what the court ignores.

The dark hunter — the supernatural creditor waiting behind the bargain.

Blood on the ledger — the pact becoming permanent.

Selected lines

*Jan Tregeagle a dhrigyas yn chi meur a-rag,
ow dhowg an chshon orth an llys tewl.
Ev o arluth an tiredness hag an gwerin bal,
ow liva y seth gans mona ha pals.*

*Y dhiwleuv o lons gans scrif-fhasnos fall,
ow terri an spens koth rag gobyans y dhorn.
Ev a ladhas an gwirionedd gans gwan tewlyans,
ow chanjya an chart rag chshons y eont.*

Close rendering

Jan Tregeagle dwelt in a great house of old,
carrying his office before the dark court.
He was lord of the land and of the mining folk,
flooding his arrow with money and wealth.

His hands were busy with false documents,
breaking the old boundary for the payment of his hand.
He killed the truth with weak intent,
changing the charter for his uncle's fortune.

Meaning of the selected lines

The opening lines establish Tregeagle as a man whose power is both social and legal. He is not merely rich. He holds office. He has standing before the court. He has authority over land and people. That makes his corruption more dangerous, because his wrongdoing can be disguised as administration.

The “great house” is not just a home. It is the visible structure of his status. It stores wealth, protects reputation, and separates Tregeagle from those harmed by his decisions. Yet the house will not protect him from what he has invited.

The repeated image of the hand is important. His hands are “busy” with false documents; later, the same hand will hold the leaking shell. The hand that alters charters will become the hand condemned to useless labour.

The old boundary being broken is both literal and moral. Land boundaries are moved, but so are the boundaries between law and theft, office and exploitation, ordinary greed and spiritual bargain.

The charter becomes the album's first cursed object. It is a document, but it is also a trap Tregeagle writes for himself.

Listener's gloss

Track 1 is the seed of the whole punishment.

Tregeagle's later suffering at Dozmary Pool is not random Gothic unpleasantness ladled on for atmosphere. It answers the shape of his life. He made false order; he is sentenced to endless disorder. He used documents to control land and people; he is sent to a landscape that will not obey him. He turned law into a private instrument; he is given a tool that can never complete its work.

The track should feel heavy but controlled at first: a man secure in his position, surrounded by the machinery of power. But as the song progresses, the world begins to listen back. The moor hears his name. The wind changes over the granite. The old stories begin to form around him.

By the end of the track, Tregeagle has crossed from corruption into doom. The pact is signed. The wealth remains for a little while, but peace has already gone.

The shell has not yet appeared.

But the leak has begun.

Track 2

Edrek an Spyrys

The Remorse of the Spirit



Track 2 begins after death.

Tregeagle is no longer protected by house, office, money, land, or reputation. The man who once stood behind charters and authority is now summoned into a darker court, where those same instruments are turned against him.

This is the trial movement of the album. The focus is not on flames or punishment yet, but on exposure. What was hidden is read aloud. What was disguised as law is named as wrongdoing. The poor, the displaced, the wronged, and the forgotten return as

witnesses.

The title centres the track on remorse, but this remorse is not redemptive. It does not undo the damage. It arrives after power has already been abused, after the bargain has already been made, and after the documents have already spoken. Tregeagle understands too late that wealth cannot follow him into judgement.

The music should feel ceremonial, heavy, and inescapable: a court without escape routes, a ledger without mercy, and a spirit finally hearing the sound of his own record.

Key images

The spirit — Tregeagle stripped of office, flesh, wealth, and worldly protection.

The dark court — judgement beyond human influence.

The ledger — the written memory of false deeds and corrupted authority.

The witnesses — the poor, dispossessed, and wronged returning with voices.

The bishop / holy voice — judgement spoken with authority Tregeagle cannot buy.

The path to the pool — the sentence beginning to take physical form.

Selected lines

*An spyrys a dheuth dhyworth an dor splann,
ow sevel kens an sansow y'n llys tewl.
Nyns esa pals po mona dhasvelas y rynn,
lemmyn an ebron loos ow poosa war y gorn.*

*An ledgyer o lenwys gans scrif-fhasnos fall,
pub dhasleverans ow trehi an golon gwan.
Kens an epscop, kens an gwerin bal,*

an row re dhowgas y dhorvos tewl dhe'n jor.
Jan Tregeagle a oelas orth pederyow an llys:
"Gwithghes va spyrys dhyworth an helgler tewl!"
Lemmyn y lev o kepar ha gwyns gwan,
heb dhasweles da yn chi an emglev.

Close rendering

The spirit came from the bright earth,
standing before the saints in the dark court.
There was no wealth or money to look back upon his path,
only the grey sky leaning upon his horn.

The ledger was filled with false documents,
every retelling cutting the weak heart.
Before the bishop, before the mining folk,
the change carried his dark custom to the gate.

Jan Tregeagle wept at the foundations of the court:
"Protect my spirit from the dark hunter!"
Now his voice was like a weak wind,
without looking back at good in the house of agreement.

Meaning of the selected lines

The opening image is a reversal of Track 1. Tregeagle once lived in a great house and carried office before the court. Now he appears only as a spirit, summoned before a court he cannot influence.

The line about there being "no wealth or money" is central. Everything that gave him power in life has become useless. Money cannot speak for him. Property cannot shelter him. Documents cannot be quietly altered. The worldly machinery has stopped obeying him.

The image of the "grey sky leaning upon his horn" should be read as a stark moorland image rather than a literal description. Tregeagle has lost the roof, court, house, and social shelter that once stood over him. Now there is only exposed sky pressing down. The "horn" gives the line an archaic, almost beast-like sharpness: a hard point of the self left uncovered beneath judgement. It makes him seem less like a magistrate and more like a thing standing bare under weather, sentence, and accusation.

The ledger is the most important object in this track. In life, records and charters were tools of control. In death, they become testimony. The false documents are not forgotten; they are preserved, read, and turned back upon the man who trusted them.

The witnesses matter because Tregeagle's crimes were social, not merely private. The mining folk, the poor, the homeless, and the dispossessed are not background figures. They are the human cost of the corrupted charter.

His plea to be protected from the "dark hunter" is deliberately late and weak. In Track 1, the dark bargain was part of his ambition. Here, the creditor has become terrifying. Tregeagle wants protection from the very darkness he invited.

Listener's gloss

Track 2 is where Tregeagle's story stops being a tale of bad behaviour and becomes a judgement.

The courtroom imagery is important because Tregeagle's crimes were committed through systems that should have protected people: law, office, property, record, and authority. He did not simply steal in the night. He made injustice look official.

So the judgement answers him in the same language. The court returns. The ledger returns. The witnesses return. The documents return. But none of them now belong to him.

This is why the remorse in the title feels heavy rather than comforting. Tregeagle is sorry because he is exposed, not because the world has been healed. The song does not offer easy redemption. It offers recognition.

By the end of the track, sentence is approaching. The court has heard enough. The dark hunter waits outside the edge of the hearing. The moor is no longer rumour; it is destination.

The shell has still not touched his hand.

But the path to Dozmary has opened.

Track 3

An Kelorn Gwan

The Weak Bucket / The Sentence



Track 3 brings Tregeagle to Dozmary Pool.

After the court, the ledger, the witnesses, and the judgement, the punishment is no longer only spoken. It is placed in his hand.

The title is deliberately cruel. “The weak bucket” suggests a vessel, a tool, something meant to carry water. But Tregeagle is not given a true bucket. He is given a limpet shell: small, fragile, inadequate, and pierced by failure before the task has even begun.

This is where the legend becomes terrible in its simplicity.

Tregeagle is not thrown into flames. He is not struck down in a single dramatic gesture. He is given work. The horror is that the work can never end.

Dozmary Pool becomes the centre of the curse. The water remains. The shell leaks. The moor watches. Every attempt proves the sentence again.

Key images

Dozmary Pool — the centre of judgement; water as prison, mirror, and impossible task.

The weak bucket — an ironic vessel; a tool that cannot do what it is meant to do.

The limpet shell — humility turned into punishment; smallness defeating pride.

The clergy and witnesses — judgement made public, formal, and inescapable.

The first dip — the moment Tregeagle understands the shape of eternity.

The leaking holes — futility made visible.

Selected lines

*Devedhyans dhe'n dhowr tewl, dhe'n lenn-lynn loos war an gors.
An spyrys a sevis heb gwynn, ow mires orth an fhas dhyflas.
Nyns esa lowarth splann yn-dann an ebron wild,
lemmyn growan hag owne.*

*Nyns o kelorn horn po dhowg-badell dur,
lemmyn kroghen unnik dhyworth an mor glass.
I a dhroas an chshons gwan gans tolleow yn nans,
hag i a leveras an row orth y dhorn.*

*“Ty a dhowg an dhowr dhyworth an lenn-lynn koth,
gans an kroghen gwan dres an termyn tewl.
Ny vyer orth an chanj, ny vyer orth an gwerthas,*

lemmyn gwerkhe dres oll an vlydhynnyow pals."

*Jan Tregeagle a dhowgas an kroghen gans y dhorn,
ow trehi an fhas-dhowr rag an diwettha torn.
An dhowr a dhowgthas yn-mes rag an tolleow gwan,
hag ev a welas y wane war an growan-men.*

Close rendering

A coming to the dark water, to the grey pool-lake on the moor.
The spirit stood without joy, looking at the bare face.
There was no bright garden beneath the wild sky,
only granite and fear.

It was not an iron bucket or a steel vessel,
but a single shell from the grey-blue sea.
They brought the weak fortune, with holes below,
and they spoke the sentence to his hand.

"You shall carry the water from the old pool-lake,
with the weak shell through the dark time.
Do not look for change, do not look for victory,
but work through all the wealthy years."

Jan Tregeagle took the shell with his hand,
cutting the face of the water for the final turn.
The water carried itself out through the weak holes,
and he saw his weakness upon the granite stone.

Meaning of the selected lines

The opening movement strips Tregeagle of every comfort. There is no house, court, money, shelter, garden, or human order. He stands before the pool under the open sky, with only granite and fear around him. The landscape has replaced the courtroom.

The phrase "weak bucket" is important because it is almost a mockery. A bucket is supposed to carry water. A shell cannot empty a lake. The title therefore gives the sentence its shape before the listener fully sees the object.

The limpet shell is not impressive, and that is the point. Tregeagle's worldly life was full of documents, property, metal, house, status, and authority. His punishment reduces all of that to one small, leaking thing in his hand.

The instruction not to look for "change" or "victory" makes the curse explicit. He is not meant to succeed. He is meant to continue. The task is not designed to produce an outcome, but to turn labour itself into punishment.

The "first dip" is the psychological turning point. Tregeagle sees the water pass through the holes and understands that effort will not save him. The shell leaks because the judgement is built into the tool.

The repeated image of the hand links this track back to the corrupted charters of Track 1. The hand

that altered documents, moved boundaries, and signed away truth is now forced to repeat an honest failure forever.

Listener's gloss

Track 3 is where Tregeagle's punishment becomes beautifully, horribly exact.

The court could have condemned him in grander ways. Instead, it gives him a task so plain that it feels almost ridiculous: empty the pool with this shell.

That absurdity is part of the terror. The punishment is not spectacular. It is procedural. It is work. Dip, lift, leak, fail. Dip, lift, leak, fail. The rhythm of the song should feel like the beginning of a machine that will never stop.

The shell is also a perfect reversal of Tregeagle's pride. In life, he trusted things that looked solid: charters, houses, property, office, money, and status. At Dozmary, solidity abandons him. The pool remains. The granite remains. Only the tool fails.

By the end of the track, the legend has found its central image.

A ghost.

A pool.

A leaking shell.

And the first turn of forever.

Track 4

Skraps an Kroghen

The Scraping of the Shell



Track 4 enters the wear of punishment.

The sentence has begun. Tregeagle has been brought to Dozmary Pool, given the weak shell, and shown the impossible rhythm of his task. Now the story narrows into repetition: water, stone, shell, hand, failure, and return.

This is not the dramatic beginning of the curse. It is what happens after the first horror has become routine.

The shell scrapes. The stone resists. The water escapes through the holes. Tregeagle's hands suffer the work, but the deeper damage is to his sense of time and self. Days no longer behave like days. Night no longer feels like an ending. The same action repeats until memory, pain, remorse, and delusion begin to blur.

The title is deliberately double-edged. The shell scrapes against stone, but it also scrapes at Tregeagle himself. The punishment wears down hand, skin, mind, pride, and name.

Key images

The scraping shell — the sound and action of futile labour.

Bare nails on granite — Tregeagle reduced from magistrate to exhausted labourer.

Broken time — the loss of ordinary days, nights, and sequence.

The bleeding hand — consequence made physical.

Courtroom echoes — judgement repeating inside the punishment.

The fading self — Tregeagle becoming less a man than a function of the curse.

Selected lines

*An howl re gollas y'n tewolgow bras,
ha'n nos lowr re dheuth heb gorthyp da.
Nyns us porpos dh'an dhydhyow ow tremen nans,
lemmyn an morthol ow fhadya y fhas.*

*Y dhowndas y'n growan-men koth o dulas tewl,
ow skrapa an hyns gans y ewines noeth.
An kroghen gwan re dhowgas an crowenn clyw,
hag ev a welas an gwaes war an coeth.*

*An kroghen bihan re drohas an kroghen koth,
gwaes tewl ow liva gans an dhowrow dhown.*

*Nyns esa mona rag gwertha an collyst splann,
lemmyn an morthol ow skrapa heb own.*

*Nyns yw ev Tregeagle an fhas-lyw koth,
lemmyn gwas an spyrys ow troas y'n gors.
Hyns tewl, lenn tewl, heb dhasweles splann,
ow gwerkhe heb gwerthas dres oll an thros.*

Close rendering

The sun has vanished into the great darkness,
and the full night has come without a good answer.
There is no purpose to the days passing now,
only the hammer chasing his face.

His depth in the old granite-stone was dark-palmed,
scraping the path with his bare nails.
The weak shell had carried the wet skin,
and he saw the blood upon the old man.

The small shell had cut the old skin,
dark blood flooding with the deep waters.
There was no money to buy the bright loss,
only the hammer scraping without fear.

He is not Tregeagle, the old face-leader,
but a servant of the spirit turning in the moor.
Dark path, dark pool, without bright looking-back,
working without victory through all the noise.

Meaning of the selected lines

The opening lines show time losing its shape. The sun has vanished, night has arrived, and yet nothing has truly changed. Tregeagle is not moving towards rest, morning, progress, or completion. He is only moving deeper into repetition.

The “hammer” is not necessarily a literal tool. It is the force of the task itself: the repeated blow of labour, judgement, memory, and failure. It “chases his face” because the punishment will not leave his identity untouched.

The image of bare nails on granite strips him of rank. In life, Tregeagle’s hands dealt in documents, seals, boundaries, and authority. Here, the same hands scrape stone. There is no clerk, no servant, no legal instrument, no protection between him and the surface of the punishment.

The shell cutting the skin is important because the sentence is no longer only symbolic. The leaking shell wounds him. The object given as his tool becomes another accuser. It marks the body as the ledger marked the crime.

The phrase about there being “no money to buy the bright loss” reverses Tregeagle’s old power. In life, wealth could alter outcomes. At the pool, money is meaningless. No payment can purchase relief, completion, sleep, innocence, or escape.

The final selected lines show the beginning of identity collapse. Tregeagle is no longer fully the magistrate of the first track. He is becoming a servant of the curse, a figure turning inside the moor's machinery.

Listener's gloss

Track 4 is the sound of punishment becoming ordinary.

That is what makes it grim. The first sight of the leaking shell was terrible because Tregeagle understood the impossibility of the task. But this track asks what happens after that understanding has nowhere to go.

He cannot appeal. He cannot bribe. He cannot complete the work. He cannot stop. So the labour begins to eat the worker.

The scraping matters because it is small, close, and repetitive. This is not thunderous judgement from above. It is the intimate cruelty of a shell against skin, nail against stone, water escaping again and again.

The track also deepens the album's central reversal. Tregeagle once made others suffer through systems that looked official and orderly. Now he is trapped inside a system of his own: precise, repetitive, inhuman, and impossible to satisfy.

By the end of the track, the man is thinning.

The name remains.

The work remains.

The shell keeps scraping.

Track 5

Kevrelek

Interlocking



Track 5 changes the scale of the punishment.

Until now, Tregeagle's suffering has been experienced through body, task, and place: the shell in the hand, the water escaping, the scraping of skin, the wear of stone and time. In this track, the veil lifts slightly. Tregeagle begins to glimpse the larger mechanism behind the sentence.

The title means "interlocking", and that is the key to the track. Nothing in the legend is now isolated. The pool, the shell, the moor, the charter, the court, the saints, the devils, the stones, the

witnesses, and Tregeagle's own exhausted labour all begin to appear as parts of one cold spiritual architecture.

This is not yet escape. It is almost worse than escape being impossible. Tregeagle sees that the punishment is not chaotic. It is ordered.

Every hole in the shell answers the water. Every turn of the task answers the judgement. Every old document answers the granite. Every voice has become part of the structure.

The horror of this track is not pursuit, but pattern.

Key images

Interlocking — the visible structure of the curse; all parts fixed into one mechanism.

The grid of the moor — landscape behaving like a system rather than open wilderness.

The pool and shell — task and failure fitted perfectly together.

Granite documents — Tregeagle's old papers hardened into judgement.

Clockwork labour — repetition with no mercy and no accident.

The system — punishment as architecture, not merely suffering.

Selected lines

*An hyns o kevandhow, an gors o kevrelek nans,
pub growan-men ow sevel avel kessenyans koth.
Nyns esa chanj y'n dhowr, nyns esa fin dh'an rynn,
lemmyn Kevrelek bras ow threlyla oll an nos.*

*An lenn-lynn ha'n kroghen re dhowgas an keth system,
pub tolleow bihan ow gorthebi an fhas-dhowr.
Ev a welas an tro, an troas heb gwerthas splann,*

lemmyn an morthol ow poosa dres an lagha.
Y bapyrow ha'n chartys re dheuth ha bos growan,
pub ger koth scrifys ow kelmi y dhowr tewl.
Nyns us sprys rag chshons, nyns us le rag an dhor,
lemmyn an kevrelek tewl ow tewles y lenn.

Hyns tewl, lenn tewl, kevrelek rann ha rann,
an dhorvos koth ow poosa dres oll an thros.
Ev a welas an system ow kwerandhe heb fin,
ow gwerkhe heb owne gans klywgdwghes an lenn.

Close rendering

The path was completely joined; the moor was interlocked below,
every granite stone standing like an old accord.
There was no change in the water, no end to the path,
only the great Interlocking turning all night.

The pool-lake and the shell carried the self-same system,
every small hole answering the water-face.
He saw the turn, the turning without bright victory,
but the hammer leaning across the law.

His papers and the charters had become granite,
every old written word binding his dark water.
There was no breath for fortune, no place for the earth,
only the dark interlocking throwing its pool.

Dark path, dark pool, interlocking part by part,
the old custom leaning across all the noise.
He saw the system listening without end,
working without fear with the hearing of the pool.

Meaning of the selected lines

The first selected lines make the moor feel less like open land and more like a design. The path, the pool, the granite, and the night are not random surroundings. They are fitted together.

This is a crucial change from the earlier tracks. Tregeagle is no longer merely suffering at Dozmary Pool. He is beginning to understand that Dozmary Pool is one part of a larger judgement.

The pool and the shell “carrying the self-same system” is the core image. The shell fails because it is meant to fail. The pool remains because it is meant to remain. The holes in the shell do not interrupt the punishment; they complete it.

The charters becoming granite is one of the strongest reversals in the track. In life, Tregeagle used paper to alter boundaries, claim property, and bend law. In punishment, those papers harden into stone. The written record no longer moves for him. It becomes fixed, cold, and immovable.

The line about “no breath for fortune” shows that luck, influence, bribery, and worldly advantage have all been removed. Nothing flexible remains. Everything has become structure.

The final passage lets Tregeagle see the system “listening without end”. That phrase makes the punishment feel conscious without needing to personify it too neatly. The moor, the pool, the shell, the court, and the old documents all listen by continuing.

Listener’s gloss

Track 5 is the album’s mechanical heart.

The first four tracks show how Tregeagle comes to deserve the curse, receives it, and begins to break under it. This track shows that the curse is not merely a sentence handed down once. It is a system that continues to enact itself.

That makes it colder.

A devil chasing him would be frightening. A saint condemning him would be solemn. But an entire landscape, legal record, spiritual court, and impossible task all interlocking into one unarguable pattern is worse. There is nobody to persuade. There is no loose joint in the machinery.

The title therefore matters. Kevrelek is not just “connected”. It is fitted, meshed, locked together. Tregeagle’s old world has been rebuilt around him as punishment. The documents, the stones, the shell, the pool, and the night all speak the same verdict.

This is why Track 5 should feel precise rather than chaotic. It is not the storm of escape yet. It is the cold moment when Tregeagle understands the structure holding him.

The shell leaks.

The pool remains.

The system works.

Track 6

Trethek

The Sandy / The Tormented



Track 6 is the break in the machinery.

After the cold interlocking structure of Track 5, the system finally fractures. For a moment, Tregeagle is no longer simply turning inside the same pattern of pool, shell, water, and failure. The great wind rises. The order breaks. The punishment seems to loosen.

But this is not freedom.

The track becomes a flight across unstable ground: moor, weak land, sand, shore, cliff, wind, and pursuing voices. Tregeagle runs, but the world he runs through is not neutral. The moor knows him.

The shore shifts beneath him. The sea is fierce. The devils are close behind. The documents, the witnesses, and the judgement follow as if carried by the weather.

The title holds two meanings together. “Trethek” points towards sand and shore, but the sound and context also allow it to feel tormented: ground that will not hold, a spirit that cannot rest, a path that changes under the feet.

This is the album’s escape movement — but it is an escape without release.

Key images

The broken system — the first apparent rupture in the curse.

The great wind — disorder, pursuit, and the force that scatters the mechanical pattern.

The sandy place — unstable ground; not firm land, not safe water.

The devils’ voices — pursuit made audible.

The shore — a threshold between judgement and possible sanctuary.

The lost papers — Tregeagle’s old crimes following him even in flight.

The shifting bar — the path changing beneath him; escape becoming another trap.

Selected lines

*An kevrelek re dorras gans troas an gwyns bras,
ha’n morthol re gollas y dhowr-lynn noeth.
An ebron wild a dhowgthas an tewolgow dhas,
ow trehi an lagha gans morthel fers.*

*Ev a fhedyas dres an gors, dres an tiredh gwan,
ow mires orth an trethek tewl orth an mor.*

*Y ewines o carna dres an growan-men koth,
hag ev a ganyas y dhorvos heb own.*

*Levow an dhewl re dheuth gans an chwlw fers,
ow fhadya y spyrys a-hedh an tir noeth.
Nyns esa le rag gwithas, nyns esa jor rag meth,
lemmyn an gwynsow ow trehi an rew hir.*

*An bar-treth o gwan, an mor glass o fers,
ow troas an hyns rag emglev tewl yn nans.
Nyns o horn po dur ow gwithas y jor,
lemmyn an growan hag owne dres oll an thros.*

Close rendering

The interlocking system broke with the turning of the great wind,
and the hammer lost its bare water-pool.
The wild sky carried the dark retelling,
cutting the law with a fierce hammer.

He fled across the moor, across the weak land,
looking towards the dark sandy place by the sea.
His nails were hoofs across the old granite-stone,
and he sang his custom without fear.

The voices of the devils came with the fierce cold,
chasing his spirit along the bare land.
There was no place for a keeper, no gate for shame,
only the winds cutting the long frost.

The sand-bar was weak, the grey-blue sea was fierce,
turning the path for a dark agreement below.
It was not iron or steel keeping his gate,
only granite and fear across all the noise.

Meaning of the selected lines

The opening image is a sudden rupture. The “interlocking system” of Track 5 breaks under the great wind. This matters musically and narratively: the perfect cold mechanism of punishment is interrupted by storm, panic, and movement.

But the break is not salvation. The “hammer” remains. The law is still being cut, struck, and reshaped around him. The punishment changes form, but it does not disappear.

Tregeagle’s flight across the moor is described through unstable surfaces: weak land, granite, sand, shore, and sea. He is no longer fixed beside the pool, but he is not restored to ordinary movement either. Every surface becomes part of the chase.

The image of his nails becoming like hoofs is deliberately dehumanising. In earlier tracks, his nails scraped stone as part of the task. Here, in flight, they become animal-like. Tregeagle is no longer a magistrate, barely even a man. He is a hunted thing crossing stone.

The “dark sandy place by the sea” is important because it is neither secure land nor open water.

Sand shifts. It does not offer the firmness of granite or the clear boundary of a road. It is a threshold place, and threshold places in this album are rarely safe.

The devils' voices make the pursuit explicit, but the track does not rely only on supernatural chase. The old papers, the written words, the witnesses, the bishop, the moor, and the sea all seem to pursue him as well. His past has become weather.

The weak sand-bar and fierce sea show that escape has become another form of judgement. Even the route away from the pool is unstable. The path turns beneath him into another "dark agreement".

Listener's gloss

Track 6 is where the curse appears to break open.

For a moment, the listener gets motion instead of repetition. Tregeagle runs. The wind rises. The shore appears. The old pattern of dip, leak, scrape, fail is violently interrupted.

That makes the track feel like escape — but it is the wrong kind of escape.

Tregeagle can run from the pool, but he cannot run out of the story. The moor carries him. The devils follow him. The sand shifts under him. The sea refuses to become a clean road. The records of his life, once paper and law, now move like dark weather at his back.

This is why the track should feel frantic but not liberating. It is movement without freedom. Panic has replaced monotony, but panic is not pardon.

The sandy place matters because it refuses certainty. It is not sanctuary yet. It is not punishment completed. It is the unstable edge between one doom and another.

Tregeagle has left the pool.

The curse has followed.

Track 7

Loeen Dhowr Tewl

The Dark Water Pool



Track 7 is the return to the punishment.

After the rupture and flight of Track 6, Tregeagle is brought back. The escape has not freed him. It has only proved the reach of the sentence. The moor, the stones, the saints, the devils, the shell, the pool, and the old legal record all close around him again.

This track should not feel like a chase. The chase has already happened. This is colder: a slow procession back to the black water.

The pool now feels darker than before because Tregeagle has seen the edge of escape. He has reached unstable ground, storm, shore, and pursuit, yet none of it has broken the curse. The return therefore has a heavy inevitability. The pool is no longer merely the place where the sentence began. It is the place to which all roads bend back.

The title centres the track on dark water. Water here is not cleansing. It is not mercy. It is not release. It is the old task waiting with absolute patience.

Key images

The dark water pool — punishment waiting unchanged.

The backward path — failed escape; movement returning into judgement.

Granite witnesses — the landscape watching without pity or shame.

The saints and devils — opposing powers agreeing on the sentence.

The dragging chain — the pull of the old curse.

The charter returning — the original crime still binding the later punishment.

The shell — the task resumed; futility placed back into the hand.

Selected lines

*An seth re fhashas dres an goyn wild,
ow fhadya y spyrys war-dhelergh dhe'n lenn.
Pub growan-men o odyon koth heb meth,
ow mires orth y ewines gwan orth y thros.*

*An sansow hag an dhewl a skrifas an row,
emglev tewl scrifys gans rew hir an nos.
I a dhroas y chshons heb gwerthas splann,
ow trehi y rynn rag an morthol dhowr.*

*Ev a gerdhas yn nans gans dhowr tewl rann ha rann,
 ow klewel an dhorvos koth ow poosa dres y gorn.
 Nyns esa horn po dur dhasvelas y fhas,
 lemmyn growan-meyn hag owne wild.
 Y dhiwleuv o lons gans an keth chanj koth,
 ow kelmi y dhowndas gans tolleow gwan.
 An chart re dhowgas an chshons dhe'n tewel,
 hag ev a welas y wane yn chi an emglev.*

Close rendering

The arrow had vomited across the wild moor,
 chasing his spirit backwards to the pool.
 Every granite stone was an old witness without shame,
 looking at his weak nails upon his noise.
 The saints and the devils wrote the change,
 a dark agreement written with the long frost of night.
 They brought his fortune without bright victory,
 cutting his path for the water-hammer.
 He walked below with dark water part by part,
 hearing the old custom leaning across his horn.
 There was no iron or steel looking back at his face,
 only granite-stones and wild fear.
 His hands were busy with the self-same old change,
 binding his depth with weak holes.
 The charter carried the fortune into the darkness,
 and he saw his weakness in the house of agreement.

Meaning of the selected lines

The opening image of the “arrow” is strange, but it fits the album’s recurring symbolic language. Tregeagle’s direction, will, force, and fate have all been violently reversed. What once flew outward from him now turns back through the moor, driving him toward the pool.

The granite stones as witnesses are important. The landscape is not neutral. Every stone has become part of the court. Unlike human witnesses, they do not tremble, forget, soften, or look away. They simply stand and observe.

The agreement between saints and devils gives the track its cold power. Tregeagle is not merely being chased by hell. He is being returned by a wider moral order. Even opposing spiritual forces agree that he belongs back at the task. That makes the judgement feel inescapable rather than merely punitive.

The “water-hammer” image links the pool to repeated impact. The punishment is not a single blow. It is the endless striking of water, shell, failure, memory, and return. It is soft in substance but brutal in repetition.

The line about there being “no iron or steel” removes martial escape. No weapon, chain, tool, or

worldly strength is the true force here. Only granite and fear remain. The same hard landscape that watched his flight now receives him back.

The return of the charter is crucial. Track 1's crime has not been left behind. The false legal order that Tregeagle once manipulated now travels with him into the dark. The charter, the shell, the holes, and the pool belong to the same sentence.

Listener's gloss

Track 7 is the sound of escape being cancelled.

That is harsher than simple failure. Tregeagle has not merely run and been caught. He has discovered that running is part of the curse's geography. The moor has routes, but none of them lead out. They bend, darken, and bring him back to the water.

The track should feel processional: less panic, more inevitability. After the storm and pursuit, the rhythm becomes the slow return of judgement. Every step says the same thing: back to the pool, back to the shell, back to the work.

The saints and devils writing the same agreement is one of the darkest ideas in the song. It leaves Tregeagle with no sympathetic court of appeal. Hell wants him. Heaven does not release him. The moor keeps the record.

By the end of the track, the shape of the curse has tightened again.

The flight has ended.

The pool is waiting.

The shell is not finished with him.

Track 8

An Hanow Ny Dhasvif

The Name That Shall Not Wake



Track 8 is the end of the sung cycle.

Not the end of the punishment. That is the point. Tregeagle is not released, redeemed, destroyed, or allowed a clean conclusion. Instead, he fades.

By now, the album has stripped him of almost everything: office, house, money, documents, authority, body, movement, hope, and escape. What remains is not Jan Tregeagle the magistrate, nor even Tregeagle the fugitive spirit. What remains is a name trapped in place.

The title is important. The name does not wake. It is still present, but not alive in any ordinary sense. It lies under frost, water, granite, rumour, and repetition. The moor remembers him, but memory is not mercy.

This track should feel slow, cold, and final without feeling resolved. The punishment continues, but Tregeagle has thinned into the landscape that contains him.

Key images

The erased name — identity worn down until only legend remains.

The wild moor — the place that absorbs and preserves him.

The dark pool — the task still waiting, still listening.

Frost across the stars — cold permanence, stillness, and time beyond human scale.

Granite binding — stone as memory, prison, and final form.

The fading documents — worldly records losing meaning beneath older judgement.

The un waking name — a legend that survives without release.

Selected lines

*An hanow re gollas y'n gors wild,
nyns us lev ow tewles splann war an gew.
Pub ger koth re dheuth ha bos tewel nans,
ow clywres gans an dhorvos koth heb meth.*

*An lenn-lynn a dhowgas an rew hir dres an ster,
pub dhowr-goll ow sevel heb chshons rag gwerthas.
Nyns yw ev gwas, nyns yw ev arluth yn nans,
lemmyn an growan tewl ow kelmi y dhowndas.*

*Jan Tregeagle re fhadyas dhyworth an bapyrow koth,
pub chart ha jartyas ow liva gans an goyn.
Y ewines re dheuth ha bos growan-meyn noeth,
hag ev a gollas y seth war an thros.*

*An ebron wild nans us porpos dh'y fhas,
pub tell bihan y'n kroghen ow fhadya dre'n nos.
Nyns esa mona rag gwertha an collyst splann,
lemmyn an dhorvos ow poosa dres oll an tîr.*

Close rendering

The name was lost in the wild moor;
there was no voice throwing brightness over the landscape.
Every old word had become darkness now,
listening with the old custom without shame.

The pool-lake carried the long frost across the stars;
every loss of water stood without luck or victory.
He is not servant, he is not lord below,
but the dark granite binding his depth.

Jan Tregeagle had faded from the old papers;
every charter and deed flooded with the breath of the moor.
His nails had become bare granite-stones,
and he lost his arrow amid the noise.

The wild sky now had no purpose for his face;
every small hole in the shell faded through the night.
There was no money to buy the bright loss,
only the old custom leaning across all the land.

Meaning of the selected lines

The opening image removes Tregeagle from ordinary identity. His name is not celebrated, spoken with power, or carried brightly across the landscape. It is lost in the moor, but not gone. It has become part of the place's dark memory.

The phrase "no voice throwing brightness" matters because earlier Tregeagle had authority, speech, office, and legal power. He could command, judge, sign, and alter. By this track, that voice has vanished. There is no public force left in his name.

The pool carrying frost across the stars turns Dozmory into something larger than a location. The punishment has moved beyond human time. The cold is not merely weather; it is permanence.

"He is not servant, he is not lord" is one of the central reversals of the track. Tregeagle can no longer be understood by earthly rank. He is not the powerful landholder of Track 1, but he is not simply a servant either. He has become something less personal and more fixed: a depth bound by granite.

The fading of papers and charters completes the legal imagery of the album. The documents that once defined property, authority, and guilt are now flooded by the moor's breath. Human records

give way to landscape memory.

The nails becoming granite-stones is the final transformation of the hand imagery. The hands that forged, signed, grasped, scraped, and carried are no longer fully human. They have hardened into the same landscape that imprisons him.

The final selected lines return to the shell. Even as Tregeagle's identity fades, the holes remain. The shell still leaks. The small failure continues to define the whole curse.

Listener's gloss

Track 8 is where Tregeagle becomes folklore.

Not in the cheerful sense of a tale preserved for entertainment, but in the older, colder sense: a name attached to a place because the place will not let it go.

The man has been reduced past status, past speech, past pleading, past escape. What remains is a pattern: pool, shell, frost, stone, name, silence. The legend no longer needs Tregeagle to act. The moor acts for him by remembering.

That is why this ending should not feel like victory. It is not a release from punishment. It is punishment becoming landscape. The task still turns in the background, but Tregeagle himself has become faint: a ripple under dark water, a scrape at the edge of hearing, a name that does not quite wake.

The album began with documents, property, and a man powerful enough to bend the world around him.

It ends with the world bending him into itself.

The charter fades.

The shell leaks.

The name remains asleep.

Track 9

Loe

The Pool / Echo



Track 9 is the epilogue.

After the legal corruption, the trial, the sentence, the shell, the scraping, the interlocking system, the attempted flight, the return, and the fading of the name, the album no longer needs Tregeagle to speak.

The story has passed into place.

This track returns the listener to the pool, but not as Tregeagle experiences it. The punishment is still there, somewhere beneath the surface of the legend, but the music has withdrawn from direct narration. What remains is wind, water, space, and echo.

There are no argumentative voices here. No court. No sentence. No demonic chase. No pleading. No rhythmic labour. Even the shell is no longer heard as active scraping. Instead, the listener is left with the aftermath of centuries: the moor breathing, the pool barely moving, and the faint suggestion that something below the surface has not ended.

The title is simple: **Loe**, the pool. But the subtitle, **Echo**, matters just as much. This is not the event itself. It is what the event leaves behind.

Key images

The pool — stillness, depth, memory, and the centre of the curse.

The wind across the moor — the landscape speaking without words.

The single plucked string — human presence reduced to one fragile sound.

The wordless voice — lament after language has failed.

The ripple — a small disturbance hinting at what remains below.

The final stillness — the legend continuing without needing to move.

Selected sounds

There are no selected Cornish lines for this track because the epilogue is carried by sound rather than sung text.

Instead, the important “lines” are sonic ones: wind through moorland grass, faint water against stone, a single resonant string, a breathy wordless vocal, and the occasional low pulse like a ripple from something deep below.

Close listening

The freezing fog of the previous track lifts.

The listener hears wind over Bodmin Moor and the quiet lapping of dark water. The scene is no longer theatrical. It is cold, open, and almost ordinary.

A single string enters, then fades into space. A soft wordless voice rises close to the ear, but it does not form language. It is not telling the story now. It is remembering it.

The melody opens slowly, with wide gaps between notes. The silences are as important as the sound. Each pause leaves room for the pool, the moor, and the listener's own memory of what has happened.

A deep pulse occasionally disturbs the lower frequencies, like a slow ripple moving across the surface of the water. It does not announce itself as horror. It simply reminds us that stillness is not the same as emptiness.

By the end, even the music withdraws. Only the field recording remains: wind, water, and the small sounds of an old place continuing after the story has stopped speaking.

Meaning of the track

Track 9 changes the album from legend into residue.

The earlier tracks are full of judgement, action, repetition, chase, and transformation. Here, those forces have settled. Tregeagle's story is no longer being enacted in front of us. It has become part of the environment.

The absence of words is important. Throughout the album, words have mattered: charters, ledgers, judgement, witness, sentence, names, and repeated formulae. This final track removes them. The legal and spiritual machinery has done its work. What remains does not need explanation.

The pool is now the last witness. It does not accuse. It does not forgive. It does not even visibly punish. It simply remains in place, carrying the echo of punishment beneath its surface.

The wordless vocal suggests human sorrow after language has become inadequate. A spoken lyric would make the ending too definite. A wordless voice lets the listener feel that the story is still present but no longer fully reachable.

The final stillness also matters. This is not peace in any simple sense. It is the stillness of a place that has absorbed the legend so completely that it no longer needs to display it.

Listener's gloss

Track 9 is where the album stops chasing Tregeagle and leaves the listener alone with the pool.

That is the right ending. If the album ended with judgement, it would be a punishment tale. If it ended with escape, it would be an adventure. If it ended with destruction, it would be Gothic theatre.

Instead, it ends with landscape.

The moor does not explain itself. The pool does not tell the listener whether Tregeagle is still there, whether the shell still leaks, or whether the old sentence still turns beneath the water. It merely gives enough sound for the imagination to continue the work.

The sparse music is therefore not emptiness. It is restraint. The story has been told. The name has faded. The punishment has become part of the old weather of the place.

By the final seconds, even the human voice has gone.

Only wind.

Only water.

Only the echo.