

# A Mynsa Tus Kernewek Goslowes

G Bm Em G Bm

A myn-sa tus ker-newek gos - low - es, Dhe'm can yth yll-ons - y clew - es, Rak

5 G Bm Em Am Bm G D

fur ha mus-cok yth yu a gwres omm - a y'n tal gol - es an bys, Rak

9 G Em Bm G Bm Em Bm

my a vyn - sa kew-sel neb-byth, Yn - dell - a na vya den-vyth dhe weth; Rak

13 G Bm Em Bm G D

ke - par del us yn pen, Ha py - sy gans - a ma a vyn

A mynsa tus Kernewek goslowes  
 Dhe'm can yth yllons y clewes;  
 Rak fur ha muscock yth yu a gwres  
 Omma yn tal goles an bys:  
 Rak my a vynsa kewsel nebbyth  
 Yndella na vya denyth dhe weth;  
 Rak kepar del us yn pen  
 Ha pysy gansa my a vyn.

Yma dhen ny Myghtern da,  
 Ha Myghternes maga ta;  
 Bysqueth a wruk don rowl y'n wlas,  
 Mes nyns yu an bobel'vas;  
 Ef a wruk dos a'y bow y honen,  
 Ha tus gans lyes onen;  
 Lystry da a'n dros ef war dowr,  
 Y vewnans sawyes avel owr.

Pan wruk ef gorra tros war dyr,  
 Y fe welcomes, my a wor gwyr;  
 Ha devedhes o dhe Geresk,  
 Maga saw byth a ve pesk;  
 Ena ny wruk ef tryga pell,  
 Mes eth dhe whylas an pyth o gwell  
 An degen rak gorra war y ben,  
 Ha'y gwytha ef a vyn.

## *Literal English Translation:*

If Cornish Folk would but harken  
 To my song, they can hear it  
 For wise and foolish it is made  
 Here in the end of the bottom of the world  
 For I would say something  
 So that no man should be the worse  
 For the same that is at the head  
 And plead with them I will

We have a good king  
 And a Queen as good  
 As ever did bear rule in the country  
 But the people are not good  
 He did come from his own land  
 Good folk with him many a one  
 Good ships brought him upon the water  
 His life saved dearer than gold

When he did set foot on land  
 He was welcomed I know truly  
 And arrived at Exeter  
 As sound as ever was a fish  
 There he did not stay long  
 But went to seek that which was better

# A Mynsa Tus Kernewek Goslowes.....

Myghtern Jamys a waytya y stopya,  
Ny alsa ef, yth eth dhe glopya;  
Y waytya mos dhe'n gwella tenewen,  
Mes y codhas, ny allas nahen:  
Hag oll an bobel a bonyas dhe gudha,  
Hem o prag aga ruler nyns ova;  
Hag ef dh'Ywerdhon eth y honen,  
Rak cows gans y gar Tyrconnel.

Ena y whruk whel lowr dhe wul,  
Bewnans kellys lyes myl;  
Mes Myghtern Wella a wruk an whel,  
Yn kerth aga fesya a'n gwel:  
Ena ef eth yn kerth rak Frynk,  
Rak dybry an taclow yu pur drenk;  
Whath yma-va, my a wor gwyr,  
Ha plotya gans an hagar vyr.

Hag ena, ny a vyn y asa,  
Yn mysk an bobel y gara;  
Ha mos dhe weles an pyth us gwres,  
Y'n pow Flemen, yn mysk an dus';  
Ena 'ma lyes onen kellys,  
Cans ugans dhe vos gweles;  
Whath moy a dal mos dhe'n gledha,  
An lacca aberth an gwella.

Y te agan Myghtern dhe dre erbyn gwaf,  
Ha mos yn kerth arta, pan dhe an haf;  
Dew re-s-sawyo, tre hag a les,  
Rak gul y vewans mur a hes;  
A vynsa ef mes gul dewedha,  
A'n stryf genef, ha'n cres a tothya;  
Myghtern Frynk yth esof-vy ow styrya,  
Agan serrys moy, ef ny vynsa.

King James did not expect to stop him  
But he could not he went limp  
He did expect to go to the best side  
But the ? fell to the contrary  
And all his people ran to hiding "  
That was the reason why he was not over you  
And he to Ireland went himself  
To speak with his friend Tyrconnel

There he made plenty of work to do  
Life lost of many thousands  
But King William did the work  
And drove them away out of the field  
Then he went away for France  
To eat the things that are very bitter  
He is there yet, he, I know truly  
And plots with the ugly look

And there we will leave him  
Among the people that like him  
And go to see what is done  
In the land of the Flemings, among the folk  
There, there is many a one lost  
A hundred score to be seen  
And more must go to the sword still  
The worst among the best

Our King is coming home by winter  
And going away again when the summer comes  
May God save him at home and abroad  
And makes his life great of length  
If he would but make an end  
Of the strife between us, and if peace would come  
The King of France I am meaning  
That one would not trouble us again.

Written by John Tonkin in the style of a Broadside Ballad, to be found in the Gwavas Manuscript ,1698, (*British Museum MSS 28554*) This song was reputedly written in the Autumn of 1693 and is largely in praise of William of Orange. I have here given the unified spelling and translation published by Morton Nance. Again we do not have Tonkin's tune and I have suggested a tune called 'Kerthyans Atla' - "'The Rogues March', popular in the middle of the last century and noted by Dibden ('*Cornish Magazine and Devon Miscellany*' Vol. I, p.774) and apparently popular in Cornwall. (*Gundry, Inglis, Canow Kernew : Songs and Dances from Cornwall. (St. Ives, Federation of Old Cornwall Societies, 1966). p.32.*)