

An Awhesyth / The lark

Del en - vy ow kerdh-es un myt - tyn ynmys me — , Y clew - ys mor - en yow - ynk neb
As I was a walk ing one morn - ing in the month of May, I heard a young dam sel them

4 ger - yow yn - meth hy; A bup gal - was yn bys ke - kem - mys may — vo a'n
words did — say; Of all — the calling what - ev - er they may be no

7 ar - a - der - yor nyns yu par — yn mys — me yrh - o.
life is like — the ploug - boy — in the — month of May.

Del en-vy ow kerdhes un myttyn yn mys me,
Y clewys moren yowynk, neb geryow yn-meth hy;
'A bup galwas yn bys kekemmys may vo,
A'n araderor nyns yu par yn mys me ytho.'

As I was a walking one morning in May,
I heard a young damsel them words did say;
'Of all the calling whatever they may be,
No life is like the ploughboy's in the month of May.'

An awhesyth a dhyfun a'y nythva y'n myttyn,
Y bron gans gluthennow war ayr gwyn del yskyn;
An awhesyth ha'n maw aradar kescana 'yllons y,
Dh'y nythva yn gorthewer mos wardhelergh a-wra hy.

The Lark in the morning awakes from her nest,
And mounts the white air with the dew on her breast;
O the lark and the ploughboy together can sing,
And return to her nest in the evening.

Yth yskynnys un myttyn mar ughel, ogh mar ughel,
Y vyrys orth an le adro hag orth an ebren tewl;
Yth esa hy ow cana yn mSrttyn oll adro,
Nyns yu bewnans avel araderor un mys me ytho.

One morning she mounted so high oh so high,
And looked around her, and at the dark sky;
In the morning she was singing and thus was her lay,
There's no life like the ploughboys in the month of
May.

Pan yu dewedhys oll whel a'n jeth yma dhodho,
Dhe fer po enclledhyans martesen yth ello;
Y'n keth le y whra cana hag ena y whyban,
Wosa henna dh'y gares whek a-dhre ef ryban.

When his day's work is over that he hath to do,
O' then to a fair or a wake he will go,
And there he will whistle and there he will sing,
And then to his fair love a ribbon will bring.

Sowyn dhe maw aradar pypynak may vons-y '
War'n glyn, neb mowes whek kemeres a whrons-y;
Whybana a wrons ha cana, owth eva coref gell,
Moy lowen yu'n tus ma es myghtern po'n gos ughel.

Good luck to the ploughboys wherever they be,
They will take a sweet maid to sit on the knee;
They'll drink the brown beer, they will whistle and sing,
O the ploughboy's more happy than a noble or a king.

This song is very widespread in the British Isles and has been included in well over thirty publications. The words and theme remain much the same but the tune does vary substantially from area to area. Revs Sabine Baring Gould and Frank Bussell collected different tunes for this song from Samuel Gilbert (of St Mawgan), Robert Hand (of St Breock) and John Old (of St Eval) during visits the Falcon Inn at St Mawgan circa 1891. In his Rough copy manuscript, Baring Gould records Old's version of the tune in a major key but in his Personal Copy Manuscript it is more modal. Gordon Hitchcock published an arrangement of the modal version in 1974 and it is a variant of the modal version which enjoys popularity today. Whether a modal version was ever sung to Baring Gould by Old or whether he deliberately or accidentally altered the key signature to create this is now lost to history and the process of folk tradition. He did, however, record a beautiful modal version from John Hand.