

George The Magic Chough / Jory An Balores

Brian Webb



George the Mag-ic Chough, He lived by the sea And flew a-round old
Jo - ri an ba - lores, a driga ryb an mor, Ha nij-a 'dro an



Com-wall's coast With red beak foot and knee. His wings they were so
als Ker - now yn gol - ow splann an loer; dhiw - ask - ell mar led-



broad And he flapped them up and down To stop from fal- ing
- an a flapp - yas us - kis lowr Y'n mor na wrel - la



in the sea Where he would sure - ly drown
ko - e - dha ha beu - dhi yn - dann dhowr.

George the Magic Chough,
He lived by the sea
And flew around old Cornwall's
coast
With red beak foot and knee.
His wings they were so broad
And he flapped them up and down
To stop from falling in the sea
Where he would surely drown

Jori an blares,
a driga ryb an mor,
Ha nija 'dro an als Kemow
yn golow splann an loer;
dhiwaskell mar ledan
a flappyas uskis lowr
Y'n mor na wrella koedha
ha beudhi yn-dann dhowr.

In the days before the telly
In the days of yester-yore
King Arthur and Queen Guinivere
They picnicked by the shore
While Arthur cut the chips
With Excaliburs sharp blade
Guinivere baked pasties
That she that day had made

Kyns dones an bellwolok
yn oesow koth res eth,
Ryw Arthur ha'y Wynnuwer
a dhybri war an treth;
Hag ev ow treghi askloes
dre Galesvolgh mar splann,
Hy wreg a doemmas pastiw
ha selsik war an tan.

Now George he was a watching
He saw the royal crew
He flew down from his perch on
high
To steal a chip or two
He landed on the table
Just missing the Kings head
And landed in the ketchup
That's why his legs are red

Yth esa an balores
ow mires orth an dhew;
Y nijas a-dhiwar an als
rag ladra askorn tew:
Y sedhis dres an myghtern,
ha war an voes pan dheuth,
Y'n sows aval kerensa
y kevis diwarr rudh.

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Treyllys gans Ken George